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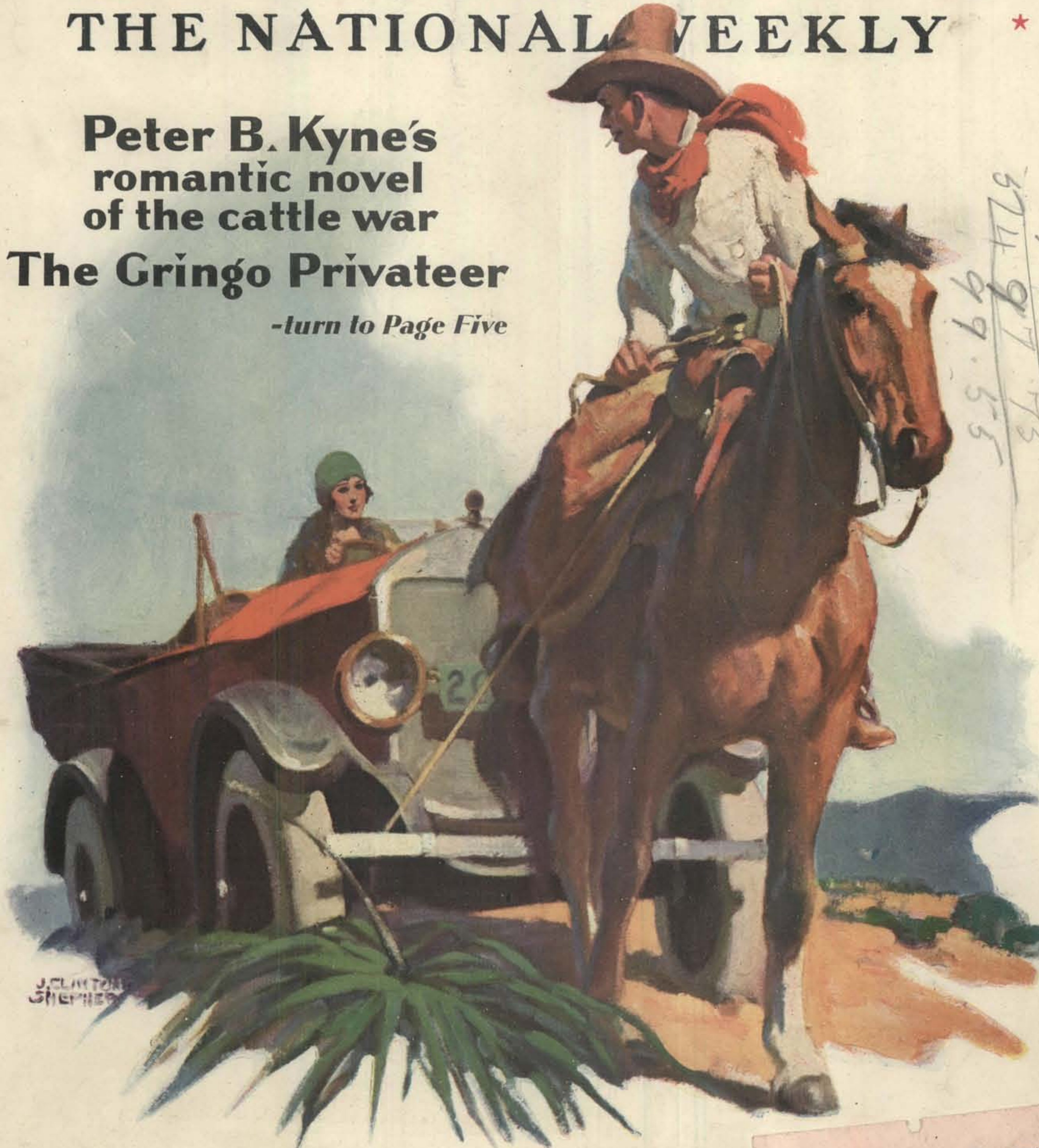
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Peter B. Kyne's romantic novel of the cattle war

The Gringo Privateer

-turn to Page Five



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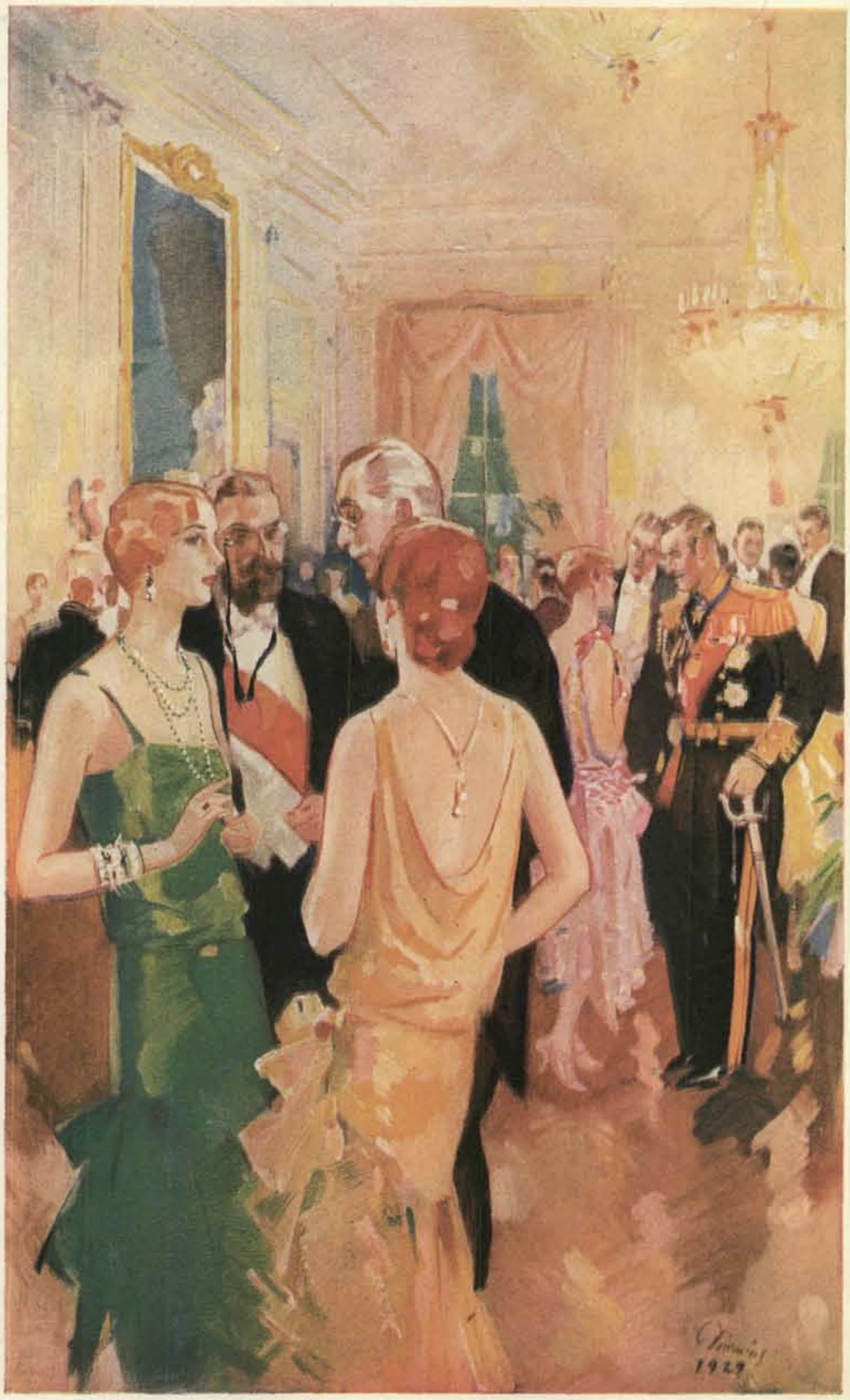

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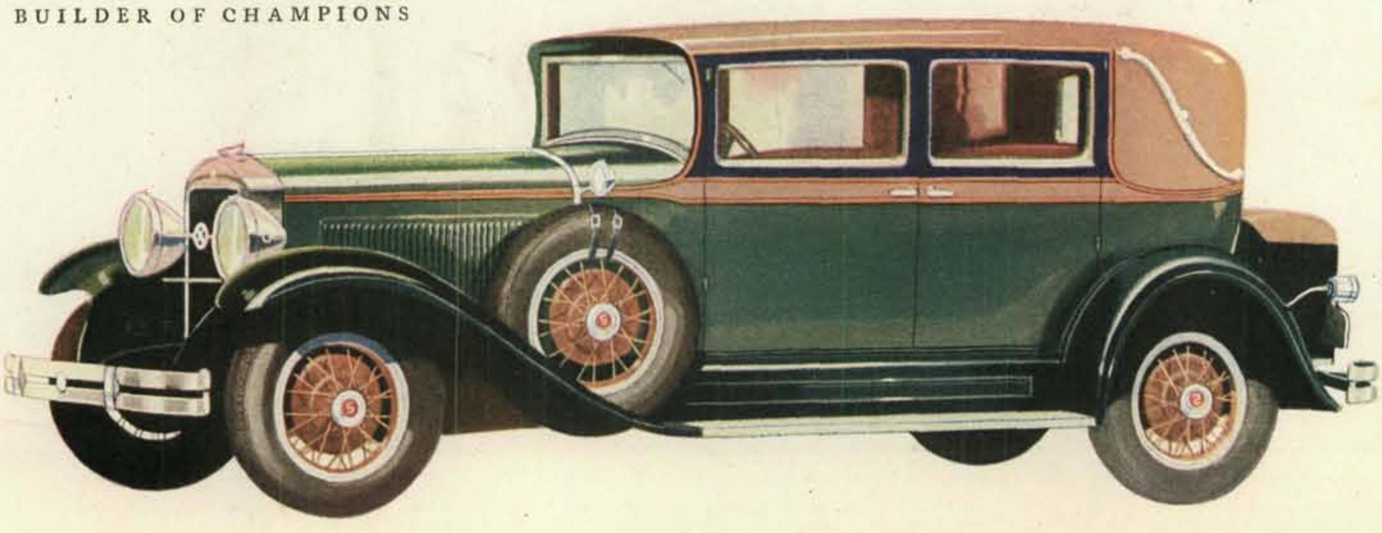

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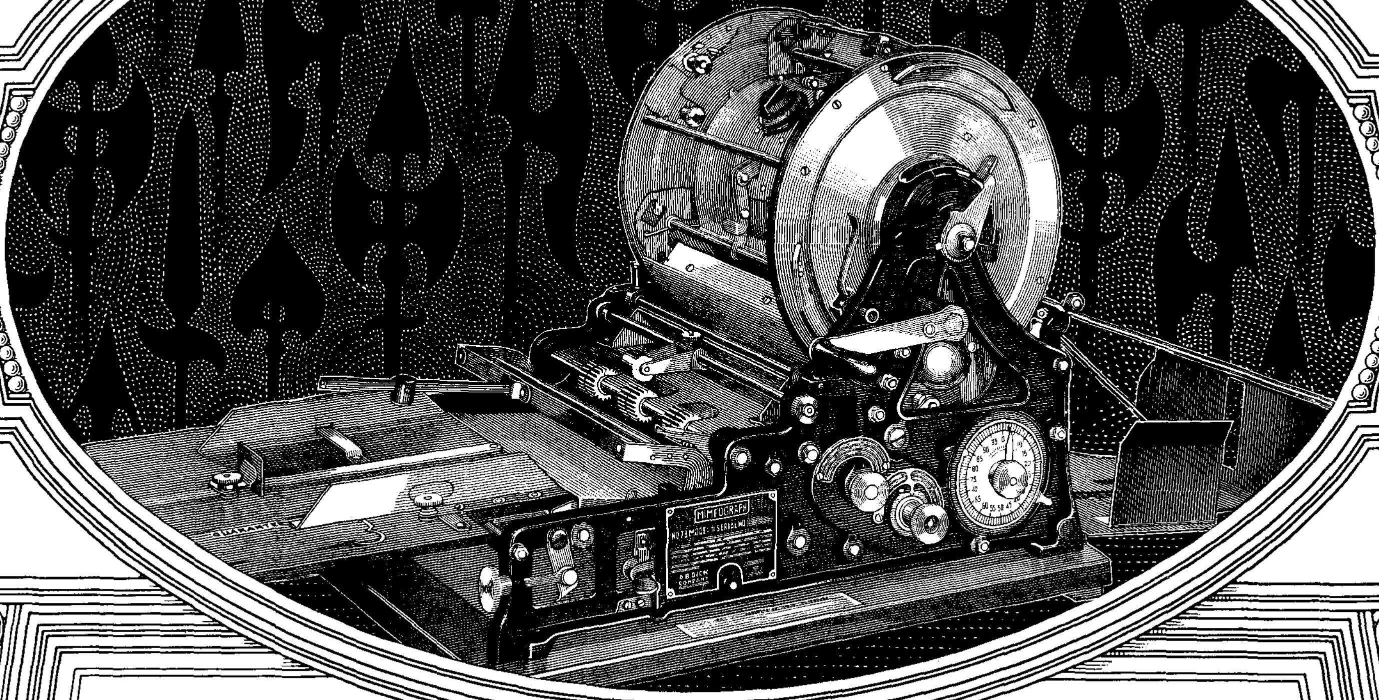

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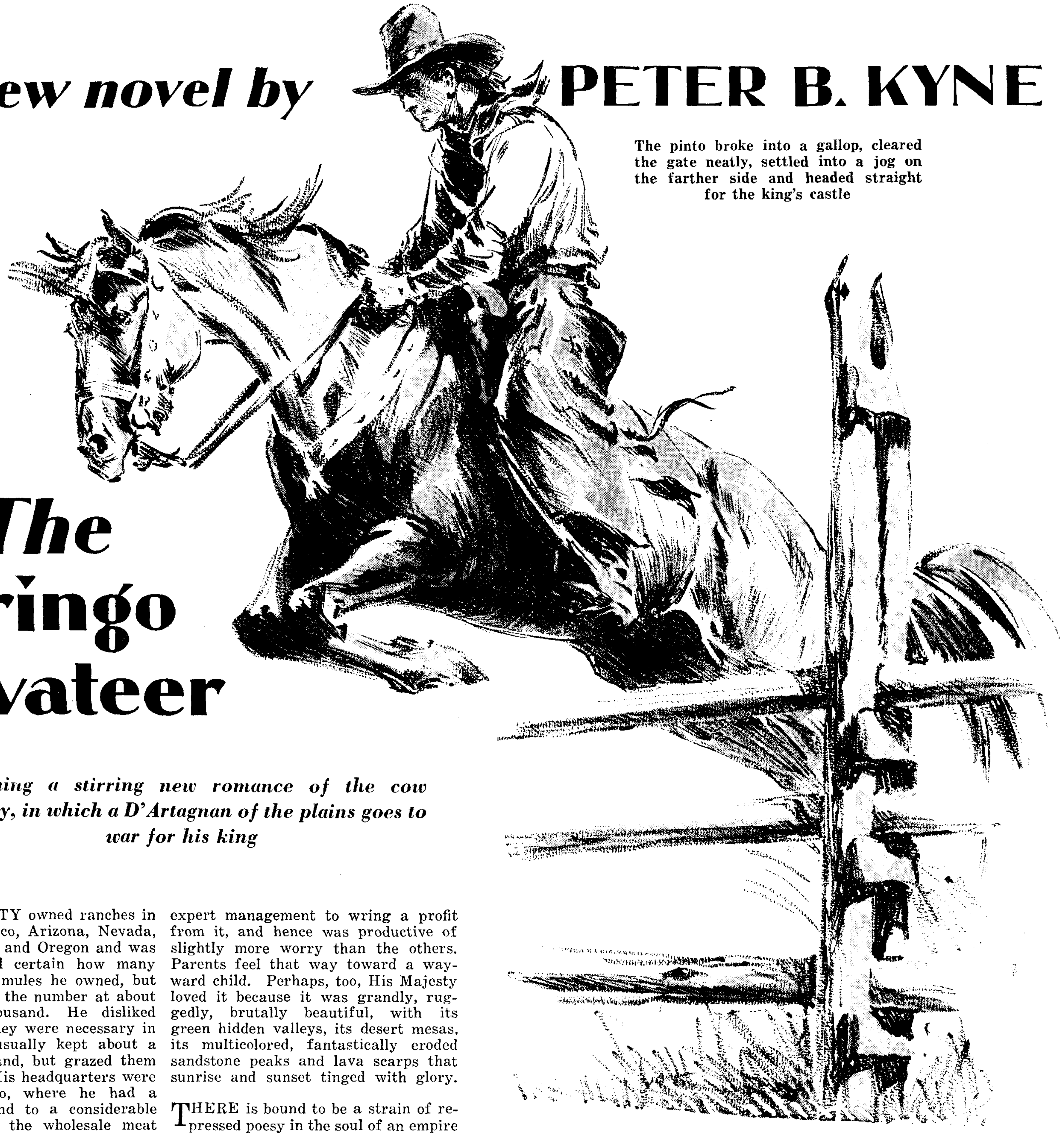
A new novel by PETER B. KYNE



The pinto broke into a gallop, cleared the gate neatly, settled into a jog on the farther side and headed straight for the king's castle

The Gringo Privateer

Beginning a stirring new romance of the cow country, in which a D'Artagnan of the plains goes to war for his king

HIS MAJESTY owned ranches in New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, California and Oregon and was not at all certain how many cows, horses and mules he owned, but roughly estimated the number at about two hundred thousand. He disliked sheep but since they were necessary in his business he usually kept about a half-million on hand, but grazed them on leased land. His headquarters were in San Francisco, where he had a packing plant, and to a considerable extent dominated the wholesale meat trade. Consequently, since in the West the leaders in any industry are known as kings, old Bradley Bardin was known as the Cattle King and a small army of retainers always referred to him as His Majesty, a tribute, doubtless, to his ability to rule his vast empire wisely, justly and profitably.

Of all his ranches, the New Mexico ranch was the largest—approximately a million acres—hence, in a moment of that whimsical irony which so frequently tinges Western humor, he had elected to call it El Ranchito—the Little Ranch. And El Ranchito the king loved best of all, perhaps because it required more expert management to wring a profit from it, and hence was productive of slightly more worry than the others. Parents feel that way toward a wayward child. Perhaps, too, His Majesty loved it because it was grandly, ruggedly, brutally beautiful, with its green hidden valleys, its desert mesas, its multicolored, fantastically eroded sandstone peaks and lava scarps that sunrise and sunset tinged with glory.

THERE is bound to be a strain of repressed poesy in the soul of an empire builder, and whenever His Majesty commenced to feel the down-hill pull, whenever the city, which he hated but to which of late years he was bound, got on his nerves, El Ranchito always called to him and he always answered. He had built himself there an adobe hacienda, with every modern convenience, and a wide, deep, cool veranda that completely encircled the house. From this cloistered seclusion he watched from the east side for the sun to rise; as it marched across the cobalt sky His Majesty would follow it with his chair until, from the west, he saw it go down behind the Santa Lucia mountains and watched the twilight shadows creep down and engulf him.

The beauty, the peace and the silence at El Ranchito were, to His Majesty, as stimulants to clear, concise thinking. On that veranda he ironed out the many problems that were forever confronting him; decisions made here were never altered. As he grew older he formed the habit of holding at El Ranchito a yearly conference of all his ranch managers; one by one they came, spent a day or two with him on the veranda and returned to their jobs to think over his praise, his condemnation or his suggestions, but not his orders, for he never gave any. His Majesty cared not how his inferiors managed their domains, provided the figures of his traveling auditor proved satisfactory. If his managers could explain to his satisfaction the reasons for red ink in their

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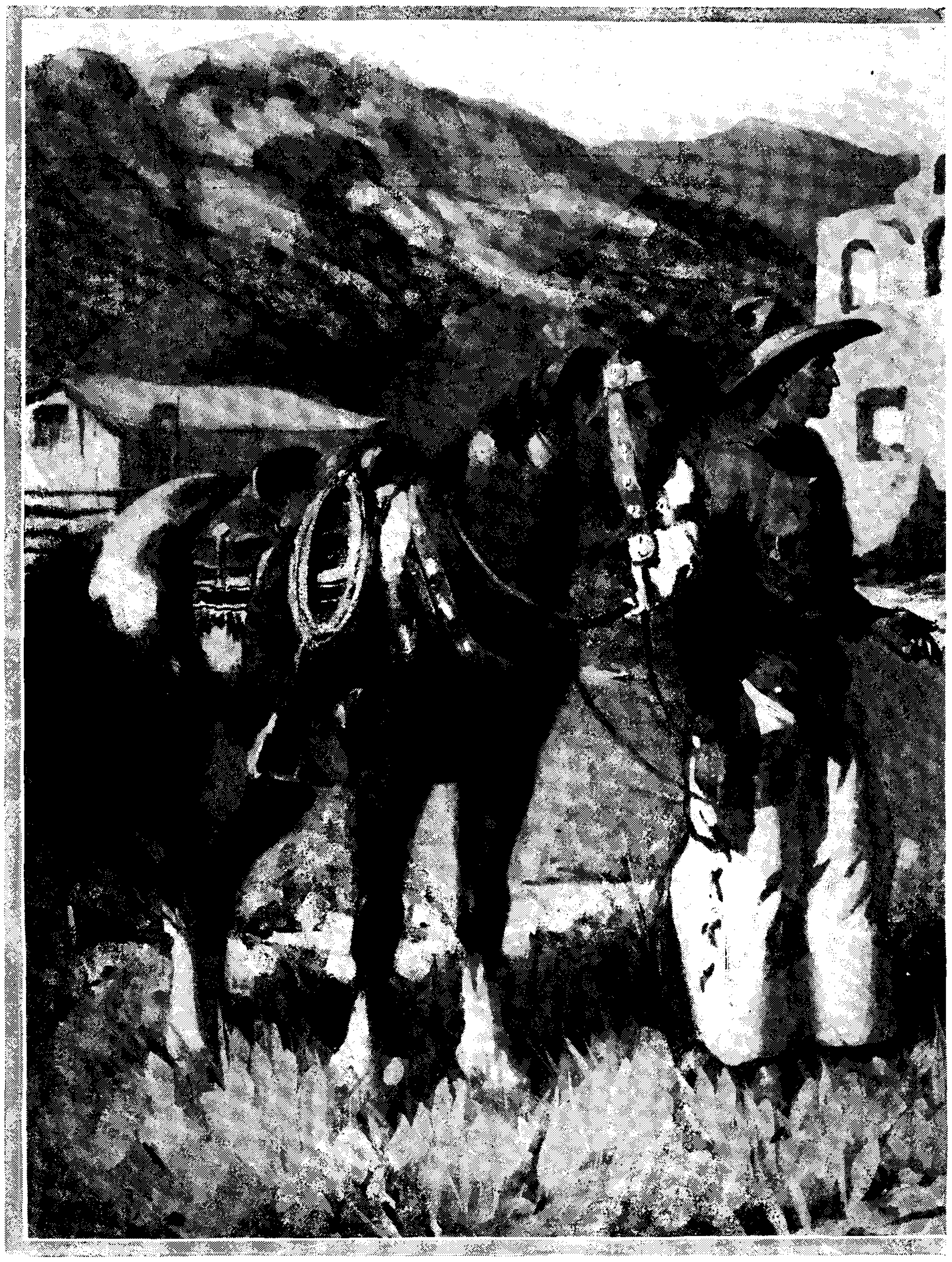
annual reports, he was tolerant and forgiving: if they could not do this he dismissed them without mercy and without rancor and searched for a man who could.

This evening His Majesty was considering the management of El Ranchito. Art Graydon, who managed its destinies, His Majesty considered as good a cattleman as the West had ever produced. Graydon knew men; he could manage them and lead them; he was honest, industrious, loyal and devoted, but—he was getting old and with the years had developed a tendency to avoid battle, to argue rather than go to the assault, to close his eyes to conditions he would have attacked valiantly a decade ago.

In particular His Majesty was perturbed over a situation existing in a portion of El Ranchito that lapped over into Old Mexico, a grant of some hundred and fifty thousand acres in a valley known as El Cajon Bonita. There was a saddle-colored rowdy there by the name of Miguel Gallegos, a fellow of mixed ancestry. His Majesty suspected that one of those ancestors had been known as Michael Gallegher and he desired to make war upon the man Gallegos without bringing the State Department into the imbroglio.

YES, Art Graydon was too cautious. He talked too much of international complications. . . . And there was that grizzled old wolf, Martin Bruce, of the Triangle B outfit, his neighbor to the west. Brother Bruce His Majesty suspected of collusion with Miguel Gallegos, for some of Martin Bruce's cattle also ranged below the Line. His Majesty could not rid himself of a belief that the Triangle B herd was being built up at the expense of the Double B, which was His Majesty's brand, for he had known Martin Bruce for thirty years and had never known anything good of him. His Majesty had once read that habits formed after the age of seven are rarely broken and if he learned nothing else in the grim processional of his sixty-odd years, he had at least learned that the leopard does not and cannot change his spots!

"I need a young man on El Ranchito," the king decided. "A young man who does not think too long or too deeply. An ambitious young man with notches on his gun. Yes, I must cast about for some bold, brave bucko who can see a hole in a ladder. But I can't dismiss Graydon. He's too valuable, he's been too long on the payroll and has made too fine a record to be retired now. I'll promote him. He shall have an easier job and a better salary."



"You're a gorgeous young son-of-a-gun," said the king, interestedly, as he came

Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd

He glanced off toward the flaming Santa Lucias and over a knoll a mile away a horseman showed, silhouetted against the sunset. The man bestrode a pinto horse, so the king knew him for a stranger, for on El Ranchito there was not one pinto horse such as this one. Lazily he watched the horseman ride up to a five-foot gate that led into the irrigated horse pasture. A hundred yards from the gate the pinto broke into a canter, then a gallop; he rose to the gate, cleared it neatly, settled to a jog on the farther side and headed straight across the pasture toward the king's castle. Down the eastern boundary of this pasture ran a four-rail fence, which the stranger leaped before jogging up to the edge of the lawn in front of the veranda upon which the king sat in contemplation.

The rider and the king exchanged long penetrating glances. The king was thinking: "What a direct fellow this pilgrim is! Goes straight across country to his objective. Wonder who he is and where he came from. Horse is up on his toes, so he must be a neighbor."

The king was more interested in that horse than he was in the man who bestrode him. He judged the horse might weigh twelve hundred pounds. In color he was a blend of large patches of white and deep brown, almost a mahogany color, and where the brown and the white met there was a faint tinge of blue. He stood with upraised head, small ears pricked forward, eyes on the low roof of the hacienda, tail slightly arched. A regal pinto, this, with a fine chest, straight legs, wide action, a full barrel and powerful haunches. The king saw that he possessed one crockery eye, but in all other particulars he was as handsome a horse as His Majesty had ever seen.

The king's appraisal of the rider was less lingering, for he was not interested in wandering cowboys and had sensed, intuitively, that the young man on the pinto horse was calling at El Ranchito for the purpose of locating a riding job, and this was out of the king's department. So His Majesty merely removed the cigar from his lips and waved his arm in a wide circle, to indicate that somewhere to the north of the hacienda the stranger would find headquarters and the riding boss, who might or might not place him on the payroll. The stranger evidently understood, for he answered with a half-perceptible nod, but stood his ground.

"If you hustle right along, son," His Majesty assured the young man, "you'll find the boys just about finishing supper. Walk right into the mess hall and sit down. Some of the boys will show you the corral where you can put your horse. There's hay in the rack there, but if you've come far, say so and somebody'll give you grain for him."

THE horseman lifted his hat with Castilian courtliness and bowed low in his saddle. "*Gracias, señor,*" he replied. "Am I by any chance addressing the general manager of El Ranchito, Señor Art Graydon?"

"No, son. I just work for Art." And he smiled a little at his little jest, for indeed the king did labor hard to keep his good men on the payroll. It was one of the great privileges of his kingship!

"Ah," the stranger murmured, "Mr. Bradley Bardin himself. I had no idea you were in the country. Well, a king can only be concerned with affairs of state and I'm looking for a riding job, as Your Majesty discerns. I'll call upon the Grand Vizier."

"You're a gorgeous young son-of-a-gun," the king replied interestedly. "Better let me look you over before you present yourself before the riding boss. He has a grudge against mail-order cowboys."

His Majesty came down off the veranda, crossed the lawn and looked the stranger over. And the better to aid this appraisal, but acting also under the stimulus of instinctive good manners when addressing a superior, the stranger dismounted and stood to horse, holding his bridle reins.

"White calfskin chaps with deep brown leather borders, silver conchos tied in with buckskin thongs, two fancy pockets and your initials on the belt. Those chaps must have cost you fifty dollars, son. Where's your cartridge belt and pearl-handled pistol?"

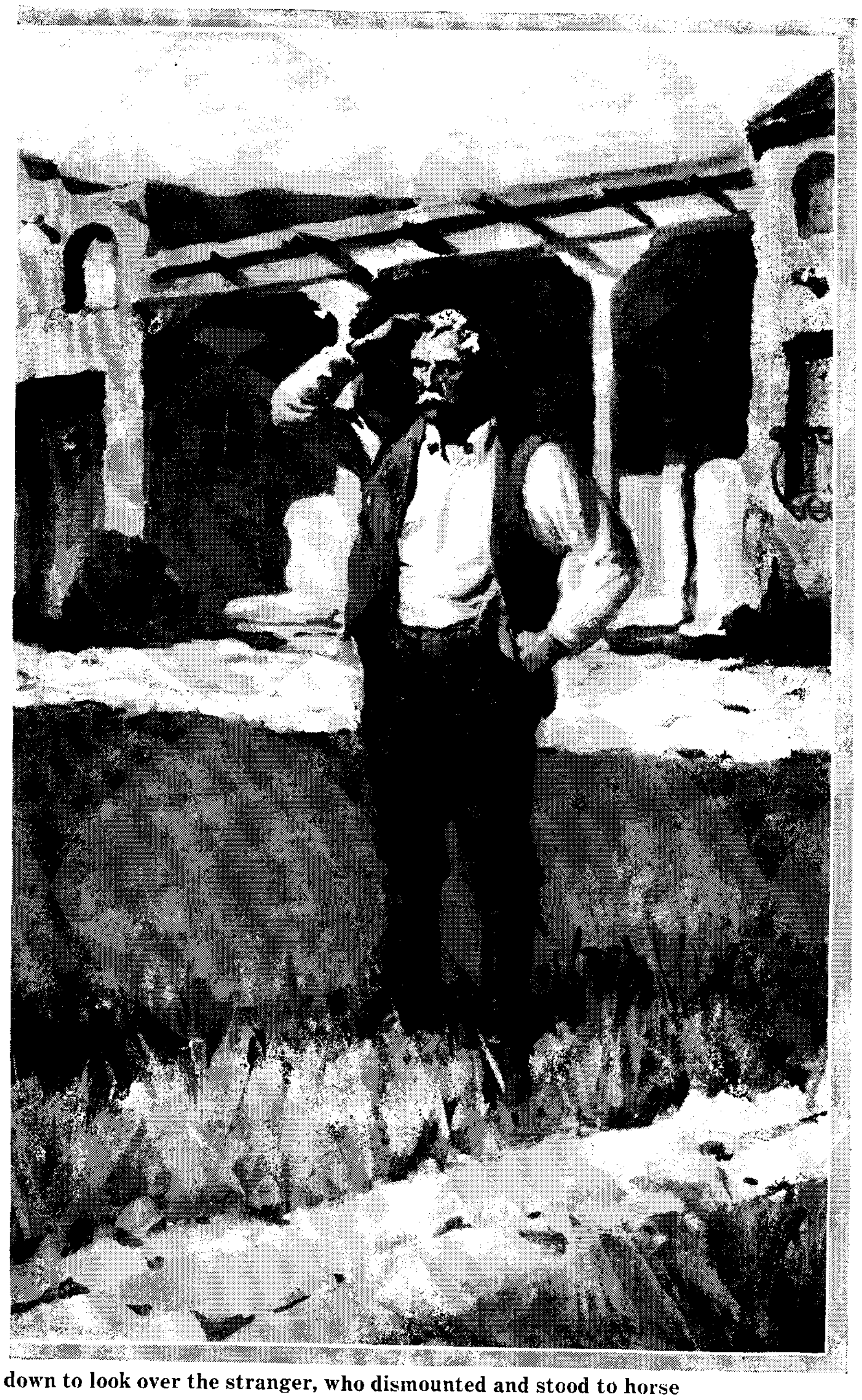
"In my bedding roll, on a foot-sore pack horse, tied to a pine tree just over the hill, sir. He quit on me there, so I left him and hurried on here before your cook could clean up the supper dishes. I have observed that cooks grow peevish when a customer comes in after all the hands have eaten."

"Your boots cost twenty-seven dollars made to order and your pants are made of light English whipcord. Very expensive, but perhaps they'll outlast many pairs of denim overalls. Your spurs—man, somebody will kill you for this outfit, sure. Win it at a rodeo?"

"No, sir. Where I came from we're rather partial to very nobby outfits."

"Hum-m! Center-fire rig and a rawhide riata. You're from California!"

"Yes, sir. Does Your Majesty like my sombrero? I won that in a poker game from a man whose head was the same size as mine but not quite so well



down to look over the stranger, who dismounted and stood to horse

furnished. He assured me he paid a hundred dollars for it."

"Yes, it's wonderful." The king resumed his appraisal. "Gray French flannel shirt and black silk necktie. How long you been on the road, man?"

"Two days, sir."

"And you shaved today! You *are* a dude. Who ever told you you were a cowboy?"

"Formerly my avocation, sir, but now my vocation."

"I see. Well, you *might* make a hand, although I doubt it. What's the breeding of that horse?"

"By a pure-bred Arab out of a Steeldust mare, sir."

"Ought to be all horse."

"He is, sir."

"And what's your name, young man?"

"Permit me, sir," the stranger replied. He drew a small black walrus-hide cardcase from his breast pocket and handed the king a card. The latter read:

Mr. Kenneth Burney
Santa Inez Rancho
Tres Pinos, California

"What has happened to the Santa Inez Rancho?" the king inquired. "I know that ranch. Forty-two thousand eight hundred and forty acres, well watered and one of the best fattening ranges in California."

"Your Royal Highness took over its cattle on a chattel mortgage loan a year ago," Kenneth Burney replied.

The king was momentarily nonplused. "The hell I did," he blurted unbelievingly. "I don't remember giving orders to close out Felix Burney."

"WELL, you didn't close him out—not exactly. He got a dirty letter from your attorneys and figured the jig was up. You had a plaster on the cattle for seventy per cent of their value, the beef market was low and very unsteady, and the doctors recently had told the old man that he had a bad heart and if he wanted to live a few years longer he had better avoid excitement, work and worry. He knew he couldn't pay the chattel mortgage, so he sent your office a bill of sale for all the cattle and retired. He had enough money to last him as long as his heart will last him, what with the salvage on the cattle and the lease money for the ranch."

"Who are you?"

"I'm his son. I used to be ostensibly his riding boss, but mostly I played polo at Santa Barbara. My dad was very indulgent."

"That's why he went broke," His Majesty charged. "Strain of Spanish in his blood. Always the Hidalgo." His Majesty was distressed. "He might have known I wouldn't have crowded him, son," he went on. "That letter my attorneys sent him was just a routine letter. He hadn't paid his interest and they thought a jacking-up might produce it. I'm sorry."

Suddenly he turned almost fiercely upon Kenneth Burney. "You all washed up on the fine gentleman business?" he demanded.

"*Seguro, señor.* No more polo for Ken Burney."

"That pinto a polo pony?"

"No, sir. That's my top cow horse."

"WHAT are you doing in this country?"

"Looking for excitement and a job. I thought I might find both on El Ranchito. It's a handicap to have been born the heir to a small cattle business, you know. The only boys who amount to a hoot are those that start at the bottom and grow up with it. And I concluded that since the cow business was to be my life work and that life work had to be done for somebody else, now that my father has been cleaned, I'd pick the biggest and best cattleman in the world and go to work for him."

His Majesty looked at his watch. "Too late to eat at the mess hall now," he observed. "I'll telephone Art Graydon to send one of the boys over the hill for your pack pony before it gets too dark, and also have another man come for your horse. Come in, Mr. Burney."

The recent arrival bowed graciously, murmured his thanks, dropped his reins and left the pinto tied to a zephyr, while he followed the king into his spacious living-room. Here he kicked off his gorgeous chaps and tossed them and his hundred-dollar sombrero on a divan while the king was fussing at a sideboard.

"Drink?" said His Majesty presently.

"What have you got?" Ken Burney inquired politely.

"Anything you want, son."

"Bourbon whisky, the drink of gentlemen, sir. I'll have it neat."

The king handed him bottle and glass and he helped himself. "Have another," His Majesty suggested hospitably.

"Thank you, sir, I will." And the visitor had another.

"Well," His Majesty again suggested presently, "I daresay it's been a long time between drinks. How about another?"

"Thank you, sir, but two reasonable drinks are my limit."

The king telephoned instructions for the care of his guest's horses, summoned his butler and ordered an extra place set. Then personally he escorted Ken Burney to a guest chamber with a bath opening off it. At the sight of this Mr. Burney commenced shedding his raiment frantically. "I'll be out and dressed again in time for dinner," he called.

His Majesty smiled paternally and retired to his living-room, where he sat before the open fire and did some serious thinking. "He's young," the king decided. "About twenty-eight. College man, I imagine. His English is perfect. Santa Clara University, doubtless. The dons all send their boys there. And Old Man Burney taught him his manners. The trouble with Felix Burney is that he's too fine a gentleman and not quite fine enough as a business man, although he *was* a good cattleman. This boy Ken is direct, frank, cheerful, clean and intelligent and in him the old Hidalgo strain must be about washed out. He's no hand-shaker. If he had been he'd have refused the drinks I offered him and told himself that an acceptance might prejudice me against giving him a job. The plain fact of the matter is he didn't give a damn. He'll always be himself. I like men like that. Oh, the trucklers and the pussyfooters! They've cost me millions of dollars and years of worry. . . . Yes, I'll ask Art Graydon to give this lad a riding job at seventy a month for six months and see what he's made of. If he holds up—"

He roused from his musing as Ken Burney reëntered the room. "You speak Spanish, son?" the king demanded.

"Yes, sir. It runs in our blood like a wooden leg. I even read and write it."

The king nodded his satisfaction. "Some one of these bright days I may ask you to ride down across the line into El Cajon Bonita and talk Spanish to a *pisano* there by the name of Miguel Gallegos."

"Thorn in your side, sir?" Young Mr. Burney's tones were freighted with sympathy.

The king favored his guest with a cold, direct, beetling glance from under shaggy, wild eyebrows. "I'm certain he brands my cattle. What's more, he gets away with it, son." He paused. After a while he said: "Gallegos wants killing!"

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised," his guest replied, still more sympathetically. "I shall be very happy to attend to the matter for you if placed in the killing department. Is it a one-man job?"

"THAT'S the hell of it," the king confessed. "He has about three hundred followers and I suppose he can get more if he needs them. They'll all go."

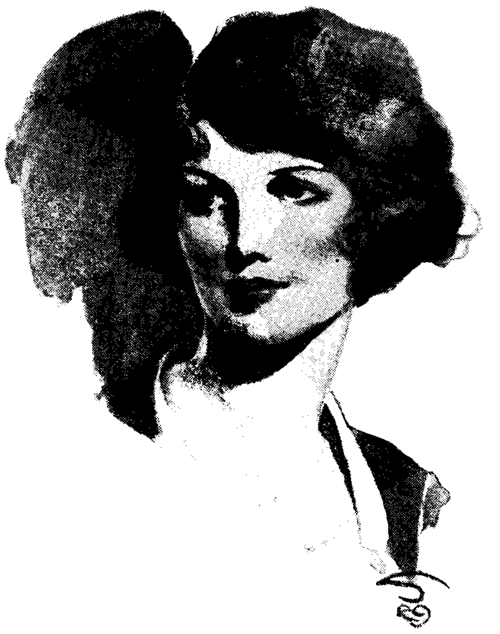
"In that event," young Mr. Burney murmured, "what you need is a new chief in your diplomatic corps. A three-hundred-man mess might develop international complications and we must avoid that."

"You haven't heard the half of it," the king complained.

"I can guess it, however. You are, I believe, referring to Mr. Martin Bruce, of the Triangle B. I worked two months recently for Mr. Bruce, and naturally, around the bunk house at night I heard more or less gossip, put two and two together and decided to come to work for you."

The king menaced him with his forefinger. "Young fellow," he charged, "the men who get along in this world create their own opportunities."

"Well, I was spared the necessity for creating this opportunity, sir, but when I learned that the opportunity existed and that there were, in all likelihood, no other candidates for the unpleasant job of smothering it, I made up my mind to seek the nomination. Mr. Martin Bruce's definition of a maverick is not only loose, but he is, in addition, sheriff of the adjacent county, Cochise County, Arizona. The Bruce ranch laps over into Arizona. (*Continued on page 50*)



"She's as beautiful as an army with banners!"

Under Mr.

The newer arts thrive in Minnesota, Mr. Volstead's home state, as much as elsewhere—perhaps more, for there the state agricultural department has unwittingly paved the way for them. And wet local option, that latest device of popular government, also thrives.

In this article Mr. Shepherd describes the production and distribution of the favorite beverage of St. Paul and Minneapolis—"Minnesota Thirteen."

Mash vats in a haymow (above) and alcohol tanks in a wagon shed of a Minnesota barn distillery, which failed when the well ran dry

HAVE you been back to your old home town since federal prohibition went into effect?

You knew where all the old saloons used to stand; you knew the various social strata—from business men down to railroad switchmen—that the different saloons attracted. You knew who used to drink too much and was therefore called the "village drunkard," and the fellow who used to take only a little, at spaced intervals during each day. You knew the occasional fellows who half-disgraced themselves by "taking home a little" at the end of an evening, for a morning uplift. You knew the "pay-day-night drinkers," who never got home with an uncashed check. You knew the fellows who were arrested occasionally for overdrinking. You knew the homes that the "beer wagon" used to visit. You knew the homes where they "had wine."

Back in your old home town, with your knowledge of how things used to be, you have a measuring stick to test the working of federal prohibition in at least one American community today.

It was to my old home towns of St. Paul and Minneapolis that I went, not many days ago, to investigate the problem of federal prohibition enforcement. I had made similar investigations, during previous years, in dozens of our cities. In these other cities I was always slightly handicapped by having to take someone else's word about how "wet" or "dry" a town used to be before we asked a comparatively small handful of Uncle Sam's politically-picked prohibition policemen to try to keep us dry. In St. Paul and Minneapolis I did not suffer under this disadvantage. My yardstick of the old days was a familiar one.

I was a police reporter on the old St. Paul Dispatch and on various other newspapers of the two cities. It was a police reporter's duty to know what was going on in the saloon world. By this I don't mean to say that a police reporter was supposed to be a sort of "society reporter" hanging around the bars, looking for "items." He knew what was going on by the records of the police stations and by the cases in the police courts.

Given up for Lost

Scram, the first old acquaintance I met on the street, breathed forth a liquor fog, just as he did before prohibition. Tom Lally, who used to run the newspaper men's saloon, is now floor detective for a department store. Gannon, who used to drop his editorial pencil and run down to Tom's bar frequently in the course of the night, showed me a one-gallon tin can of alcohol, wrapped in a newspaper, ready to take home for cocktails at a country club party. Only Swede lumberjacks used to drink alcohol in the old days. They wound up in the police station with delirium tremens. Here stood Lank Weed's saloon; closed now. Here was another saloon, where we used to go on football nights; now a restaurant. Carling's! What a place that was! It had a big fireplace for a cold Minnesota winter's night. Carling's was only a pay-day place for reporters and journalists. Only very well-to-do men dined there daily. Every sort of food and drink you could think of was there. Carling's now stands grim and empty. One corner of the low, graceful building juts into Fifth Street, blocking traffic. It wasn't an unpleasant obstacle when its lights were aglow; now you're annoyed as you circle around it.

"Have a drink," said my old friend Bill—grayer now, but prosperous as a professional man. You're in his private office. His secretary brings in the "makings" of cocktails; no man used to drink in his office in the old days. There's white alcohol, to give the drink a kick. Alcohol again! Why, we used to look upon drinkers of white alcohol as we do today upon heroin users!

"Have a drink," said Bob, in his home, surrounded by *his* sons and daughters, as he drew forth a bottle of Scotch "from Canada." He didn't have a drink in *his* father's home, back in the old days. "Mrs. Bob"—you knew her when she was a girl—takes a drink with you. There wasn't any booze in her girlhood home.

I went down into the police court where I hadn't set foot for 20 years.

There was the same reporters' table. And there sat the police reporters as I used to sit.

There was an extra chair, and I drew it up to the table. By habit I reached over and got the "court calendar," a large mimeographed sheet giving the names of prisoners, their offenses and the name of the arresting officer.

Times Change, But Not People

I looked down the list to see what offenses had been charged up against the morning's batch of prisoners. There were offenses mentioned on that sheet that 20 years ago would have set our pencils to scribbling and our typewriters to banging like mad. These were new offenses; new crimes that couldn't have existed a fifth of a century ago for the simple reason that automobiles were horseless carriages in those days and they were so few and harmless that no laws had been made against overparking or obstructing traffic or hitting pedestrians.

But aside from these twentieth-century automobile crimes, the calendar looked just as it did in the very old days.

I looked for the "drunks"; surely there couldn't be as many of them as there were when 600 saloons were running full blast in the city and you had only to pass through a swinging door to get as much booze as you could pay for or carry.

But there they were—the "drunks."

"John Smith, you're charged with being drunk," read the clerk. "Guilty or not guilty."

"Guilty," said John Smith.

"Have you any excuse to make?" the judge asked.

"No, Your Honor."

"Ten dollars or ten days."

That's about the way it went; there was nothing new about it. I was finding it pretty dull and drab, being an old-timer, so I tried to dig up, out of the old days, a novelty which these new whipper-snapper police reporters of motor-car days would appreciate.

"We used to have regulars in my time," I said. "There was Mary Sullivan. One year, I remember, she spent only thirty days out of the workhouse. As soon as her term would expire she'd go into some back room of a saloon and drink herself into a stupor. Then off to the workhouse she'd go again."

One of the young reporters gave me a pitying look.

"We've got a better one than that," he said. "His name is John Livingston. That fellow spent only sixteen days out of the workhouse in 1927 and he did about as well in 1928. The judge always gives him thirty days to sober up, but as soon as he gets out he gets drunk again and goes back."

"But Mary Sullivan used to have saloons handy," I suggested.

"Well, Livingston has his speakeasies handy," said the reporter, defensively. "And we've got several repeaters almost as good as Livingston.

Volstead's Nose

By William G. Shepherd

Judge John W. Finehout himself told me I was right in my guess that his court was grinding out the same sized grist as in other days, even though, theoretically, there are no saloons.

"The number of cases of drunkenness today," he told me, "is about the same as it was twenty-five years ago. But the nature of the cases is different. I have made inquiry in practically every case that has come before me since the enactment of the prohibition amendment and find that slightly over sixty per cent of the cases of drunkenness that are brought before me are due to the fact that the defendant secured his moonshine through some friend or casual acquaintance who gave or sold it to him from a bottle which he had on his person.

"Also, today, with the poisonous moonshine and concoctions not only sold by bootleggers and moonshine joints but also frequently made in homes, a few drinks often produce serious physical disorders and in some cases partial or total blindness."

Figures Tell the Story

Figures as well as the observations of an old-timer tell the story of how drinking has NOT BEEN DECREASED by federal prohibition in the Twin Cities. Here's the St. Paul police record for drunkenness:

1912	2,823
1913	2,971
1914	3,260
1915	2,799
1916	3,492
1917	4,027
1918	2,825
1919	2,070
1920	1,472
1921	3,432
1922	3,683
1923	3,885
1924	3,747
1925	4,081
1926	3,919
1927	3,551

Here's the Minneapolis police record for drunkenness:

1912	5,856
1913	7,442
1914	6,553
1915	6,900
1916	8,143
1917	7,014
1918	5,084
1919	3,715
1920	2,363
1921	5,243
1922	7,820
1923	7,289
1924	7,249
*1925	7,435
*1926	6,581
*1927	6,051

*Actual convictions for drunkenness.

Yes, sir, if I had been wondering and worrying during the past eight years as to how the St. Paul boys were getting along in the face of federal prohibition, my worry ceased, while my wonder grew, during my visit to the old home town.

Thirst will find a way anywhere in the United States. Why not in St. Paul and Minneapolis? Why should I have felt that the friends and acquaintances of my earlier days were any less ingenious and determined than people elsewhere in this land? I might have known they would have gotten along somehow.

Some of the men I knew around St. Paul and Minneapolis have probably forgotten how to stand up to a bar. Rocking chairs, big easy leather chairs, reading tables with soft overhanging lamps are some of the features of the places in which they drink now when they are not at home or at their clubs.

There are many booze-selling apartments in both cities from which supposedly puzzled janitors daily remove garbage which consists solely of bottles and lemon rinds. And there are the "chicken shacks"! They are scattered along the Twin City motor highways. "Chicken shack" was a new word to me; it's a new word, I believe, in America's ever-changing booze slang. High-school boys and girls "run out" to these rude roadside stands. There is dancing; there is drinking. There are sandwiches and soft drinks. The places keep open until all hours of the night.

"'Chicken shack' doesn't mean the kind of chicken you eat," a high-school boy told me. "The name is just a joke on the girls."

Minnesota feels, thinks and acts wet—though, at the polls, its action may seem somewhat puzzling. It gave Herbert Hoover a majority of, roundly, 160,000, but consider the following: There is a young ex-wartime flyer in St. Paul who was running for reëlection to Congress while I was there, on a wet Republican ticket. His name is Melvin J. Maas. St. Paul likes him. He takes breakfast in St. Paul and dines in Washington, when he flies off to the national capital. Way out there in Minnesota, where Andrew Volstead himself is a prohibition enforcement official, Maas was as wet as the wettest Tammany man.

How he lambasted hypocrisy in his campaign! His audiences were loud when they cheered him, but they were even louder when they hissed hypocrites.

"The present situation is intolerable," he told his audiences. "We are fast becoming a nation of hypocrites. We talk and preach one thing and more or less openly do another. On every hand we see the prohibition law commonly and widely violated and yet are frequently told by the very men who are the drinkers that they support the continuance of the law for the economic benefits it has brought to industry and the alleged improvement in the laboring man's lot, although unwilling to obey it personally."

That paragraph brought cheers for Maas and hisses for the upper-class drinkers.

"If this law is to apply to the employee," he would shout, "it must also apply to the employer. (Applause.) If it is to apply to the rich it must apply to the poor. (Applause.) If it is to apply to the cities it must apply also to the farms. (Applause.)

"The common failure of the public to support this law has caused its failure. Bootleggers do not make people drink. It is the people who make bootleggers. (Applause.) There is a sufficient percentage of the respectable population who will not be bound by prohibition. . . . The day may yet come when we shall have to declare martial law to defend ourselves against the underworld forces that are leaguing themselves together and organizing, with bootlegging as their rallying point.

In the Hands of the Drys

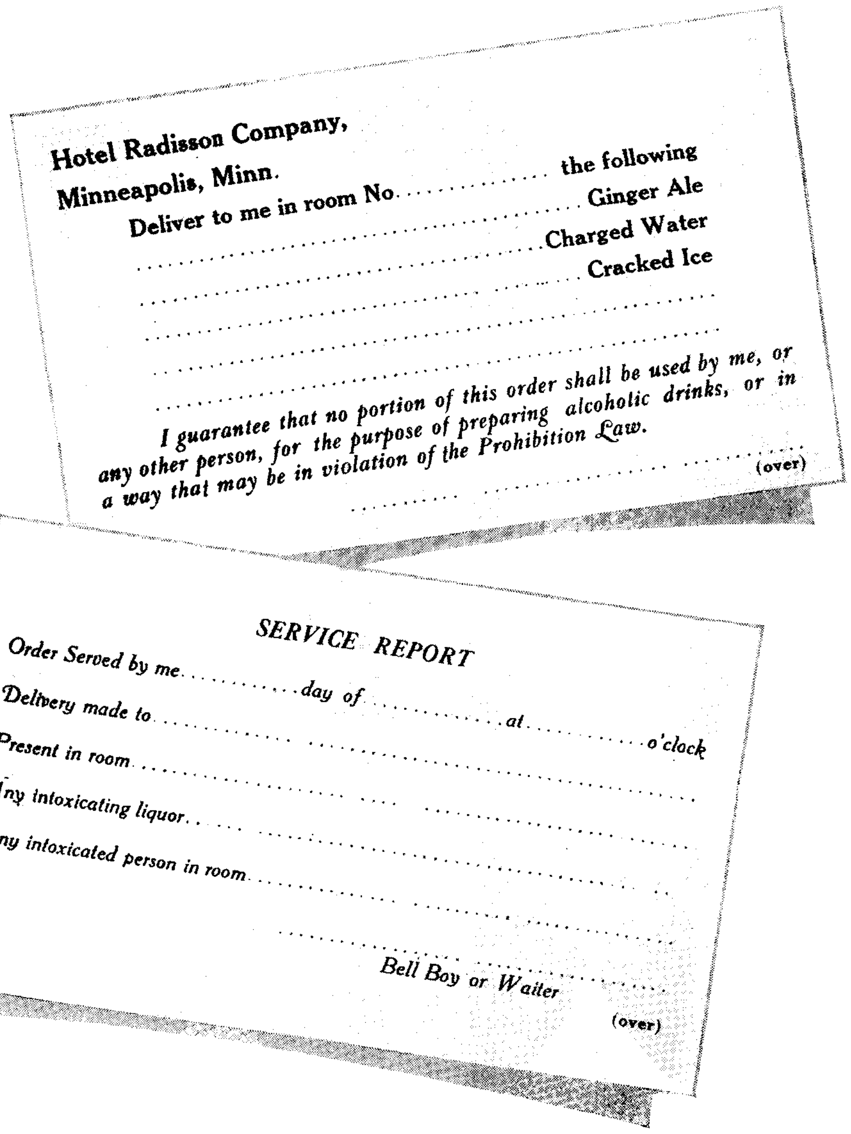
"The failure of prohibition can be charged to no one but the Drys themselves. It has been the uncompromising attitude of the salaried professional Drys that is responsible for the present tragic situation. The Anti-Saloon League, after sandbagging the country into prohibition, destroying every vestige of one hundred years' work for temperance, has insisted upon forcing its program for enforcement upon the country. Let no one tell you that the failure of enforcement is caused by the so-called Wets. The machinery of enforcement has at all times been in the hands of the Drys. Since prohibition the Drys have been in the saddle and, hand in hand with the underworld, they have prevented every move that could have resulted in real enforcement or a change in the laws to promote genuine temperance.

"This fomenting terror of unenforceable, crime-creating, graft-breeding, murder-inciting [there was a string of several murders, including that of one woman, in a bootleg ring in St. Paul], life-destroying prohibition is one that scars every city, town and hamlet with its trail of moral and physical destruction."

In quoting Mr. Maas, I am not passing on the merits of what he said. I am only giving his campaign argument.

FORMER PRESIDENT WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT HELPED INCALCULABLY TO ELECT MR. MAAS.

Maas quoted a letter written in 1918 by the gentleman who is now Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. It was Mr. Taft's marvelously accurate prophecy of what federal prohibition would (Continued on page 75)



Hotel Radisson Company,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Deliver to me in room No............... the following
.... Ginger Ale
.... Charged Water
.... Cracked Ice
....
....
....

I guarantee that no portion of this order shall be used by me, or any other person, for the purpose of preparing alcoholic drinks, or in a way that may be in violation of the Prohibition Law.

....
(over)

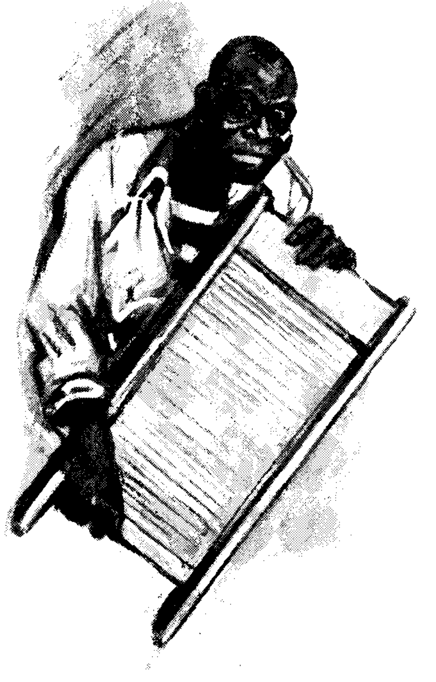
SERVICE REPORT

Order Served by me............*day of*............*at*............*o'clock*
Delivery made to..............................
Present in room..............................
Any intoxicating liquor..............................
Any intoxicated person in room..............................
....
Bell Boy or Waiter
(over)

See what the bellboys of a hotel that tried to be dry were expected to do, by use of a card system. (Left) Judge John W. Finehout, of the St. Paul Police Court

Music Got to Moan

By Roark Bradford



Chords on a cordwood pile make mighty sad melody, too

CAPTAIN COOLEY, hunched down in his split hickory rocking chair on the boiler deck, raised his eyes from the pages of a biography of Phineas T. Barnum, swept the levee top with an expert glance, and turned sourly to one of his four upstream passengers.

"I've been on the river for sixty-three years," he declared with feeling, "and this is the first time I ever stopped a steamboat to take on a saxophone player."

It really was not that bad. The old John D. Grace, hugging the bank to avoid the swift Mississippi River current, had not actually come to a stop. The mate had directed the swinging out and the lowering of the stage as the boat glided by and a lanky, swanky black man had hopped upon the gangplank.

The minute his foot touched the plank, the new passenger was in enemy territory. It may have been that the bitterness of the proud old river captain toward the idea of being more or less forced by slack business to resort to "excursion dances" in the country towns along the river was communicated to the loyal and understanding roustabouts below. Or it may have been because the musician negotiated the distance down the swinging plank stiff-legged and awkwardly rather than with the sweepy, rubbery "coonjine" step of the rousters. Whatever it was, he did not have a friend on the boat from the instant he hove into sight.

"WAWKS like he got a poker in he pants," observed a short, sturdy, bow-legged rouster known as Iron Man. "He too stiff in de laigs."

"No mind de stiff laigs," grinned Bugaboo Jones, a black giant. "Wait to us hits a wood pile. Hit ain't nothin' will grease a man's knees like totin' wood down a steep plank. And de old man's hickory. Dat hickory and dat woodpile learn anybody to coonjine."

"Man, man," agreed the short rouster, sadly. "I wisht I'd never learnt dat thing. I might be out yonder behind de levee right now, plowin' me a mule, ef'n I hadn't learnt dat coonjine step."

The saxophone player finally reached the deck, set down a big suitcase and the instrument box which held his precious saxophone, and eyed the congregated roustabouts. They weren't much to look at, he decided. Half dressed, barefooted or shod in ancient, shapeless leather that had been slashed generously for comfort's sake, they were in heavy contrast to his own spotlessly white linen suit and bright yellow shoes. He had been employed by one of the steamboat's freight agents to play a saxophone in an excursion dance orchestra, and the ill-kempt rousters, sprawling lazily around all sorts of freight, did not look like what he imagined an excursion boat should look like.

"Whar de leader?" he inquired.

"De which?"—from Iron Man.

"De leader," repeated the saxophone player. "De band leader er dis hyar band which de white man hired me to play in."

"Awwww," said Iron Man as the light broke upon him. "You de boy which aims to play in we's band, hunh? What kin you play?"

"Me?" The new arrival seemed surprised that anyone in the world did not know what he could play. "I plays de sax."

"De which?"

"De sax. Dat's de shawt for saxophone."

Iron Man hastily surveyed him from his bright yellow shoes to his blue-banded straw hat, exchanged an ominous glance with Bugaboo, and assumed a puzzled air.

"I ain't hyared nobody play dat kind er sack," he declared. "I play wid a sack er sugar, but ain't nobody kin put a sugar sack in de band."

Both Bugaboo and Iron Man laughed at the joke, and Bugaboo proceeded to spread the light.

"DAT saxophone is a hawn," he explained. "Hit's a funny-lookin' hawn which you blows on. Us seed one, back er town one night at Mink Eyes. 'Member? A boy had one and he blowed dat song about Yes, My Baby."

"Aw, yeah," admitted Iron Man. "I 'members. Kin you blow one er dem things?"

The musician had a sneaking notion that he was being kidded. Yet, the sincerity and amazement evidenced by the chunky little rouster smothered the idea.

"Kin I blow one?" he repeated. "Boy, I'm gonter tell you what's a fack. I might not be de champeen saxophone in de world, onderstand, but I kin take and mock de champeen."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. You kin take and let de champeen set down and blow a song and I set and listen. Den I'll git up and blow dat same song so good dat you can't tell hit's de same song."

"Naw!"

"Aw, yeah." He was warming up to his favorite theme. "I comes f'm Georgia. Atlanta, G. A. Dat's whar I learned de sax. Den I played all over ev'ywhar. Dey all calls me de Georgia Pain."

Iron Man chuckled—a deep sarcastic chuckle that dampened the saxophone player's enthusiasm. "Well, Pain," he said, "us don't need no champeen-mockin' saxophoner in us's band."

"But de white man done hired me—"

"I don't keer who hired you."

"Is you in de band?"

"Me?" Iron Man was sarcastic, sure enough. "Naw, I ain't in de band. Jesse, yonder, he's in de band. He whups de drums. And Henry, he basses on de bull fiddle. And hit's a boy in de cookin' galleys name Egbert which drags up de seconds wid his guitar—"

"AND me," put in Bugaboo. "I plays de washboa'd. Don't forgit me, Iron Man. You know how good dat sounded when I was rubbin' dat stick on dat washboa'd. I done a lot er good-soundin' stuff dat time—"

"Yeah," admitted Iron Man, "but you went and busted up dat washboa'd, beatin' hit on de floor when us was playin' dat fast song which Egbert knows."

"De ole cap'm got plenty er washboa'ds," insisted Bugaboo.

"But he ain't gonter let you tear 'em up jest 'cause Egbert puts a little stuff on dat song he knows."

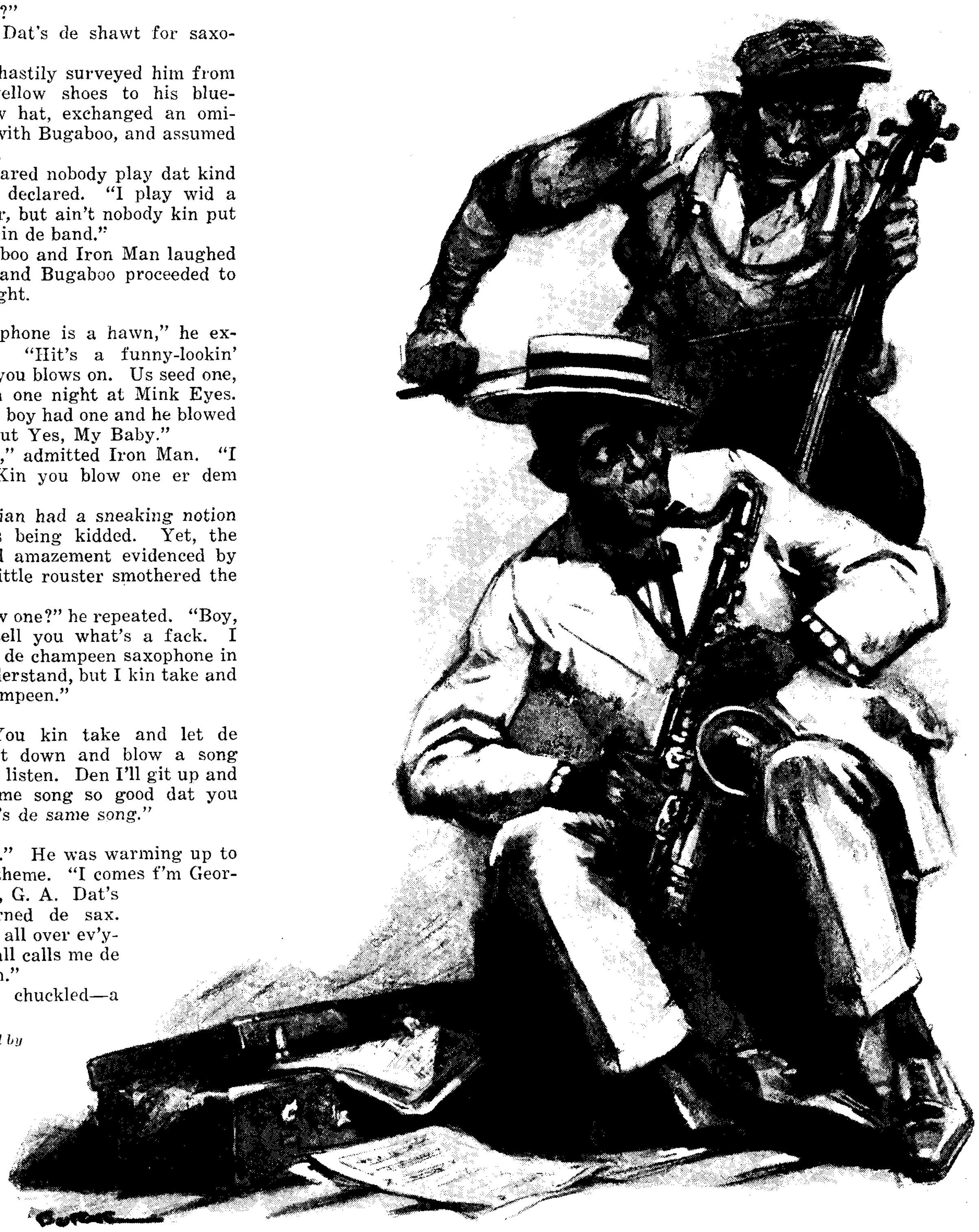
And while the saxophone player waited, half amused, half amazed, the argument between Bugaboo and Iron Man waged until finally a compromise was reached whereby Bugaboo could be considered a member of the band so long as the captain kept him supplied with washboards. When that point was reached, the Georgia Pain wormed back into the conversation.

"You must be de leader, hunh?" he suggested.

"Must be," admitted Iron Man. "I started hit off."

"Well, Perfessor," said the new musician, "all dat bull fiddle and drums and washboa'ds and stuff makes a mighty heap er noise, but hit takes mo' den jest noise to make music. Music got to moan. What you needs is old Georgia Pain blowin' dem moans in wid all dat yuther noise—"

Iron Man raised his hand. "Nunh-unh, son," he cautioned. "Don't come tellin' me nothin' 'bout dat band needin' no moanin'." He drew a cheap har-



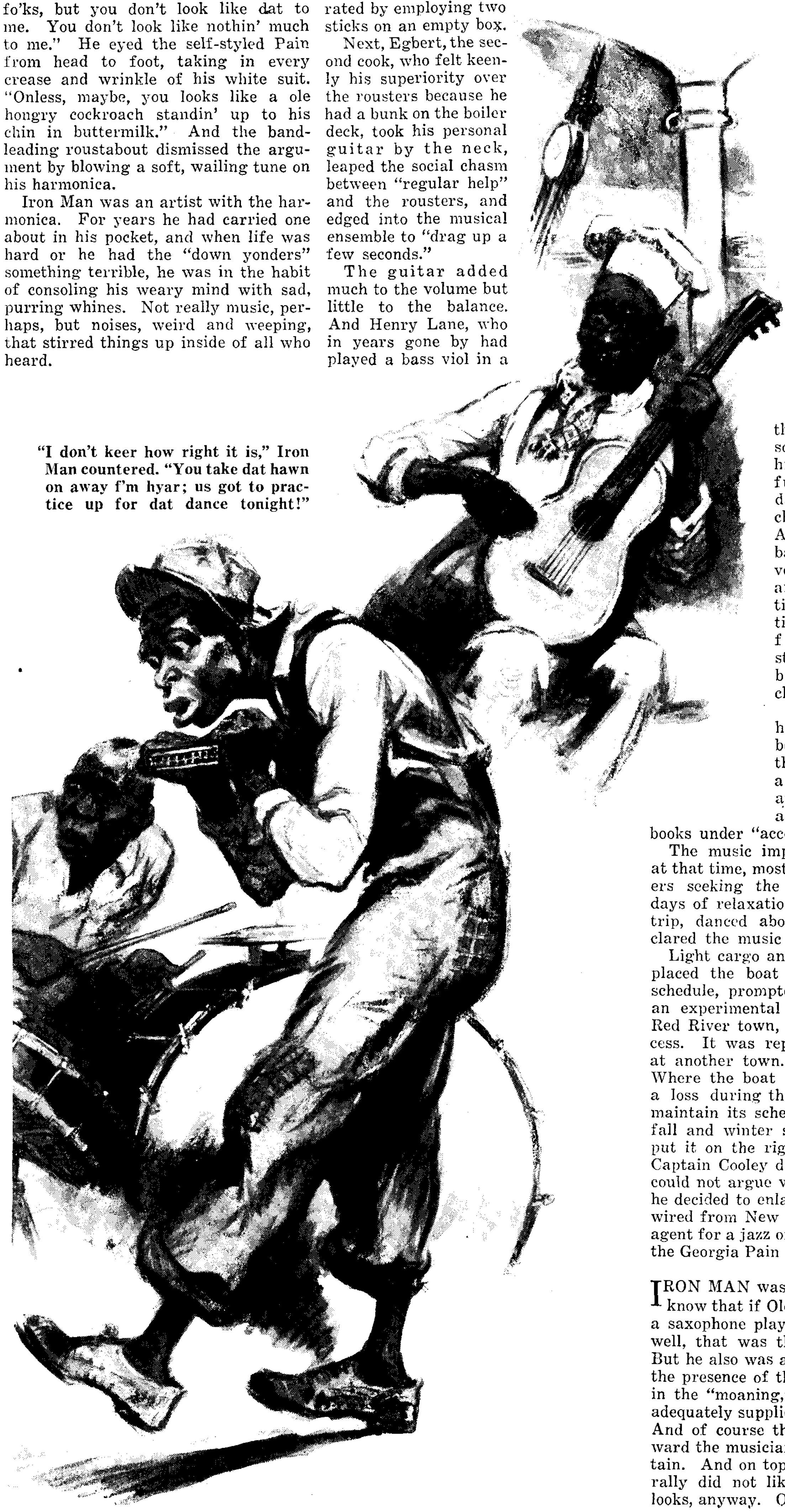
Illustrated by Harry Burne

monica from his overall bib pocket and breathed suggestively against its reeds. "When I gits to blowin' on dis mouth harp," he declared, "well, she moans and groans like a hell-bound sinner."

"Humph!" snorted the saxophone artist. "Fo'ks which hyard me blow moans on my sax names me de Georgia Pain—"

"Son," interrupted Iron Man, "you might look like a Georgia Pain to some fo'ks, but you don't look like dat to me. You don't look like nothin' much to me." He eyed the self-styled Pain from head to foot, taking in every crease and wrinkle of his white suit. "Onless, maybe, you looks like a ole hongry cockroach standin' up to his chin in buttermilk." And the band-leading roustabout dismissed the argument by blowing a soft, wailing tune on his harmonica.

Iron Man was an artist with the harmonica. For years he had carried one about in his pocket, and when life was hard or he had the "down yonders" something terrible, he was in the habit of consoling his weary mind with sad, purring whines. Not really music, perhaps, but noises, weird and weeping, that stirred things up inside of all who heard.



"I don't keer how right it is," Iron Man countered. "You take dat hawn on away f'm hyar; us got to practice up for dat dance tonight!"

It was from Iron Man's harmonica that the "band" and, later, the excursion dances grew. Jesse Dunbar, a fellow rouster, for no reason at all, developed into a trap drummer. He was touched to the soul by Iron Man's strange notes and he began hammering out the tempo with a stick against the side of the boiler. Both Iron Man and Jesse recognized the appropriateness of the beating, and Jesse elaborated by employing two sticks on an empty box.

Next, Egbert, the second cook, who felt keenly his superiority over the rousters because he had a bunk on the boiler deck, took his personal guitar by the neck, leaped the social chasm between "regular help" and the rousters, and edged into the musical ensemble to "drag up a few seconds."

The guitar added much to the volume but little to the balance. And Henry Lane, who in years gone by had played a bass viol in a Memphis, Tenn., street band, swore to his soul that unless the noise had some bass mixed into it, he'd go crazy. So he went to Captain Cooley and begged for financial backing in the purchase of a bull fiddle.

The captain went below and heard the orchestra. Iron Man was "chokin' down" on his harmonica, extracting weird, smothered sounds from it. Egbert was "cawdin'," with his guitar, just a trifle behind, and Jesse, seated on an empty box, was rattling a pair of drumsticks, improvised from the handle of a worn-out broom, against an iron stanchion, and was kicking his bare heels against the side of the box in measured beats. The captain knew nothing about the theory of harmony, but he knew the orchestra needed something—drowning, probably.

Yet, in spite of the clawing, discordant sounds, there was something arresting about it, something that stirred his memories of those fuller, happier river days, of the first Ouachita or the palatial America when cotton bales were piled to the very smokestack tops and gallant blades spun tightly corseted beauties through intricate figures to the gay strains of the steamboat's uniformed orchestra.

"Well, I'll be darned," he said, but when the boat left New Orleans the next time there was a bass violin and trap and bass drums on board and more items in his books under "accessories."

The music improved. Passengers—at that time, mostly young school teachers seeking the inexpensive fourteen days of relaxation offered by the river trip, danced about the deck and declared the music "heavenly."

Light cargo and few landings, which placed the boat ahead of its normal schedule, prompted the captain to try an experimental excursion at a little Red River town, and it was a big success. It was repeated the next night at another town. Revenue poured in. Where the boat had been operated at a loss during the summer, merely to maintain its schedule for the lucrative fall and winter season, the excursions put it on the right side of the ledger. Captain Cooley didn't like them but he could not argue with profit and loss, so he decided to enlarge his orchestra. He wired from New Orleans to his Angola agent for a jazz orchestra musician, and the Georgia Pain was the net result.

IRON MAN was roustabout enough to know that if Old Cap'm Cooley wanted a saxophone player added to the band, well, that was the captain's business. But he also was artist enough to resent the presence of the saxophone to assist in the "moaning," which he felt he so adequately supplied with his harmonica. And of course the resentment was toward the musician rather than the captain. And on top of that he just naturally did not like the Georgia Pain's looks, anyway. Or his bragging.

"What kin you do besides blow dat hawn?" Iron Man asked.

"I kin blow so good I don't got to do nothin' else," the Pain explained. "'Cou'se I *kin* cawd a little on de piano."

Iron Man laughed. "Cawdin' on de piano ain't gittin' you nowhars," he said. "Us ain't draggin' no piano dis trip. And de onliest yuther cawdin' us might need done is on all dat cawd wood piled on de bank which us totes on to fire up de engine wid. Kin you play cawds on a cawdwood pile?"

THE Georgia Pain did not understand that carrying cord after cord of wood aboard was about the hottest, hardest, steadiest work the rousters were required to do, and that the Iron Man was having his little joke with the words "cord" and "chord." But he could tell that Iron Man was making a joke on him, and he felt that he had stood enough of that.

"Maybe I kin and maybe I can't," he said. "But I bet I kin take my Wade & Butcher and play a grave-diggin' song on yo' ribs."

Iron Man glowered dangerously and for a moment the situation was extremely tense. But before anything could be done the whistle sounded a long blast. Then a short. Another short, and a long.

"Y'all settin' hyar argyin' 'bout a woodpile," Bugaboo accused sadly, "and I bet dat ole pilot man done found one."

The boat had left the Mississippi and was plowing through Old River. And the vermilion tint of the water indicated it was approaching the mouth of the Red. There was no landing in that vicinity.

"Must be," admitted Iron Man. "I can't see no wood pile but de ole pilot man ain't never missed one yit. I swear, I bet dat man got eyes like a eagle."

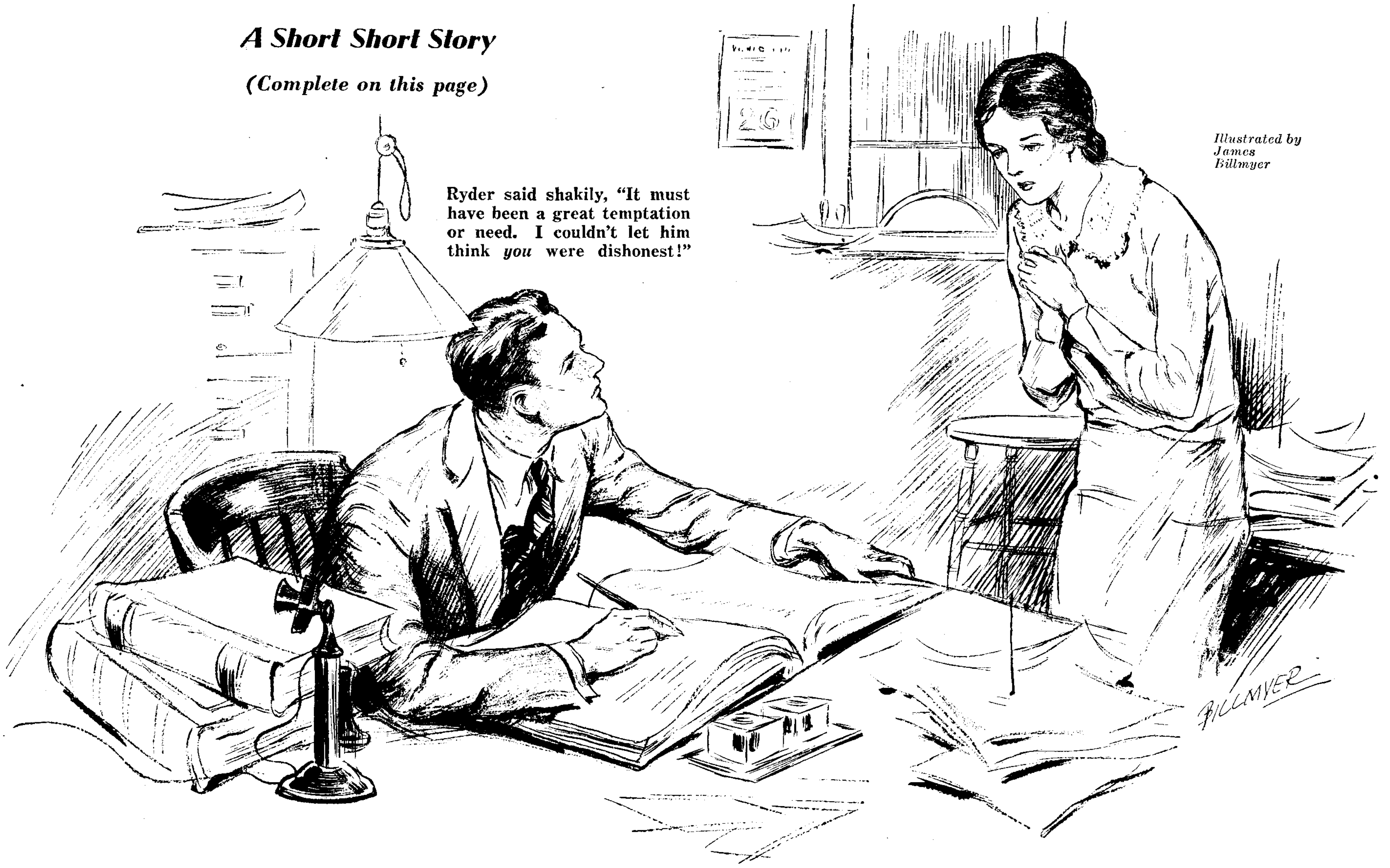
The mate descended and directed the swinging out of the stage. A line man trotted ashore to make the boat fast. The mud clerk with a long scaling rod followed. The old boss rouster scrambled to his feet at the foot of the stage.

"Gimme dat wood," he ordered. And sure enough, the mud clerk found five cords of four-foot loblolly pine, cut, split, stacked and dried ready for the furnace, sequestered behind a clump of willows.

The band was forgotten. The erstwhile musicians became roustabouts once more and up and down the plank they trotted bringing on armfuls of wood and stacking it around the boiler. Iron Man was Iron Man again, bare to his waist. His (*Continued on page 58*)

A Short Short Story

(Complete on this page)



Ryder said shakily, "It must have been a great temptation or need. I couldn't let him think *you* were dishonest!"

Illustrated by James Billmyer

The Boomerang

By Harold Titus

BILLINGS would lick a customer's boot or eat the heart out of an employee for a dime. To his patrons he was a servile merchant; to his clerks he was the very devil and some declared he could teach Beelzebub tricks.

Certainly, only a hell-born ruthlessness prompted him to do what he did to Millie and Ryder. A defaming lie is bad enough anywhere but when it strikes at two such sensitive beings and when the object is to nip deliberately a budding love idyll, words fail!

Billings despised love, was afraid of love; he had seen cowed help slip from beneath his thumb before all because they fell in love. He could quell rebellion over wages, hours or his discipline but his tyranny was all empty, harmless noise in the face of an amour.

Two factors, now, roused him to particular savagery. One was that Ryder, his bookkeeper, was almost indispensable and Millie was the best cashier he had ever had; the other was that the thing had been going on without his knowledge and he took vast pride in knowing everything about his store.

He was at his practice of eavesdropping when he heard the notions clerk say to the hosiery buyer: "And Ryder will never have the nerve to help himself! Both up to the ears in love and too shy to make a move!"

This gossip alarmed Billings greatly and set him at his spying.

Boy and man, Ryder had been there a dozen years, quiet, unobtrusive, loyal to the job, a prize, he was, perhaps largely because his temperament narrowed his horizons and enslaved him to his small niche and to his loneliness. He had no intimates; none even knew him, though many had made ineffectual attempts to penetrate that shyness and become his friend.

Millie was new help; as lovely and as retiring as a madonna, indeed, but no madonna ever did well behind a dry-goods counter. She was quick and accurate with figures, it developed, and so when his cashier stood for her last bulldozing Billings put Millie at the wicket and there she stayed.

That put her right in the glass cubicle with Ryder and opened the way to friendship, but they were what they were, encased in reserve. However, now and again one would look at the other covertly and the softness in those glances indicated but one thing: love, leashed by diffidence!

Seeing, Billings knew that eventually, unless something was done, even chains would not restrain that emotion, so he gnawed his cigar and marshaled lists of objectionable personal traits until he hit upon what he believed both Ryder and Millie would consider an inexcusable shortcoming. . . .

RYDER was shocked at the brusque summons from Billings that day.

"Ryder, last week's receipts are short!" He snarled the lie and the other lost color. "Thirty-four dollars stolen! Evidence of deliberate theft here! It's one of you two in the office! What've you got to say?"

The youth swayed a trifle. "Oh, who'd ever dream—" he stammered while sweat beaded his forehead and Billings warmed. He had been right! To Ryder dishonesty was unthinkable. Believing the lie, sure of his own innocence, he would know that guilt could rest only in one place.

"Well? Who'd ever dream what?"

"That it'd show up so soon," Ryder mumbled, dazed, and Billings snatched at his cigar. "I got caught in . . . an investment. . . . Thought I could replace it before you'd know." Billings' jaw sagged. "I'm in your hands, now."

Billings snorted, completely floored. "Come clean, eh?" He fought to cover amazement. "You'll have to pay it back; what else happens, we'll see!"

Billings, left alone, fumed. What was the fool thinking? Shouldering blame, eh? Would he keep on mooning over a girl he thought a thief? Well, he'd try Millie, anyhow; all he had to sour was one of 'em!

He called and, slender and dark-eyed, she appeared, pulse high in her soft throat. Again he snarled the lie and panic swept her lovely face.

"Oh," she moaned, as if all hope slipped away. Then: "Oh!"—as if inspired. "Temptation. . . . When one is tempted. Oh, I can't deny it!"

"You too!" he croaked but Millie, face in her hands, did not detect his incredulity. The man breathed fast. "You'll have to make it up!" he panted. "Quit blubbering and get to work. That's your chance to escape arrest: working harder'n ever and paying back!"

All day Billings marveled. People that looney! Yet by throwing suspicion on one he had shocked the other, knocked 'em flat in turn, and he guessed he'd put a stop to any mush in that office! Though they were dotty enough to protect each other from its consequences neither could bear the thought of dishonesty.

At dark when he went out he noticed that the two were fussing at their desks. He stopped where he could safely watch and after a moment saw Millie turn quickly to confront Ryder.

"Oh, how could you?" she cried starkly. "Smashing everything!"

RYDER'S mouth worked and he said shakily: "It must've been a great temptation or need. I couldn't let him think *you* were dishonest and—"

"That *I* was dis— What do you mean? He said money was missing and I said I'd taken it to save you—"

"You *what?*" Ryder's voice pinched thin. He sat looking up into her face. "You *what?*" he demanded and his voice was full and strong.

Billings swayed dizzily; rage and chagrin made his head buzz but he saw Ryder rise and heard him cry: "You did it for *me!*" His voice was like a silver trumpet and Millie's like its echo when she moaned: "And you'd blacken your own name for someone who is . . . who means nothing to you?"

"Nothing, dear Millie?"—in a whisper. "Nothing to me?" And Billings saw entwining arms gain courage and slunk silently away.

They'd quit him, now; he might offset today's lie with another but he'd never had any luck with lovers. And if he'd kept his mouth shut they might *never* have worked up the courage to talk!

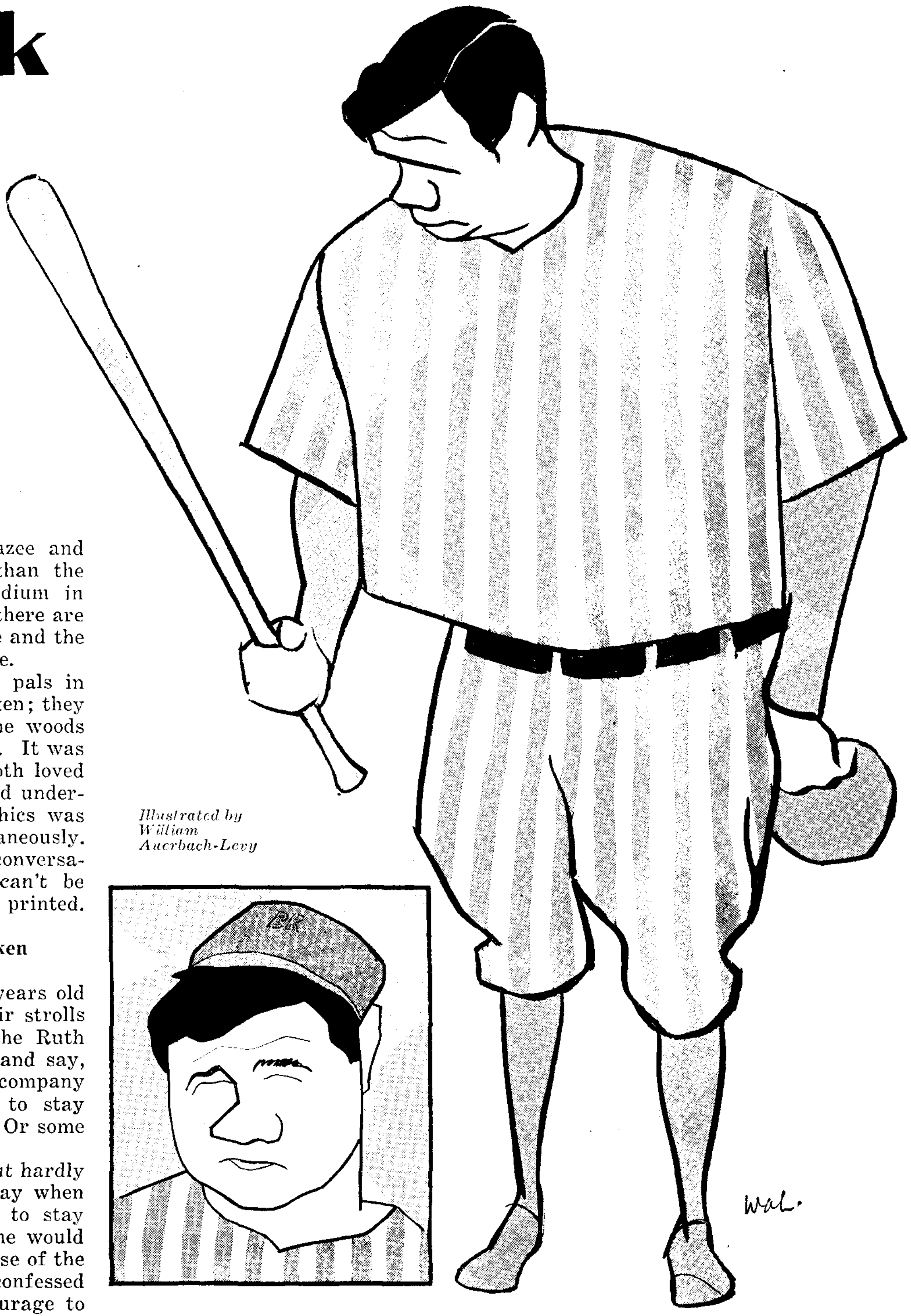
"Dirty trick," he mumbled as he let himself out; then added hastily as if to correct a false impression: ". . . on me!"

Pluck and Luck

or, the rise of a Home Run King

By Ring Lardner

Mr. Lardner has a genius for digging up facts about great men and presenting them as facts. This article in his thrilling series of Very Little Biographies is said to concern a writer named Ruth who has gained quite a reputation as a baseball player



Illustrated by William Auerbach-Levy

The Babe's ankles are the envy of many a chorus gal. They are too slender to support him, so Colonel Ruppert has to attend to that

MR. RUTH was not christened Babe. Even in his infancy his parents never referred to him as Babe or Baby either one. You can't go around the house speaking of Baby when the person you mean is six feet two in his rompers and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds. His real given name is James Joseph and only when the war broke out did he acquire the nickname Gene.

The Babe's ankles are the envy of many a Broadway chorus gal. They are too slender to support him, so Colonel Ruppert has to attend to that. It is an open scandal amongst the baseball experts that these ankles are the reason he hits so many balls out of the park; it is less of a strain on them to trot around the bases than to dash full speed.

And I might state at this point that Mr. Ruth favors a very sensible change in the playing rules of the National Pastime; he wants it fixed so that when it becomes evident that a ball hit by him or anybody else is headed into the stands or over the fence, the batsman shall be permitted to return at once to the bench from wherever he is at without going through the ridiculous formality of circling the bases. This would save time as well as wear and tear on the ankles and the bases themselves and decrease the number of divots to be replaced in the base lines by the groundkeeper.

Harry Frazee sold the Babe to Colonels Ruppert and Huston for $137,500. Personally I am like Mr. Frazee and would rather have $137,500 than the Babe, because I have no stadium in which to keep him and besides there are already four Babes in my home and the congestion is something terrible.

One of Mr. Ruth's boyhood pals in Baltimore was Henry L. Mencken; they used to take long walks in the woods together, looking for odd Flora. It was an ideal companionship, for both loved to talk and as neither one could understand the other, no law of ethics was broken by their talking simultaneously. I would repeat some of their conversations, but Mencken's words can't be spelled and the Babe's can't be printed.

You Can't Fool Mr. Mencken

When the Babe was twelve years old and Mencken thirty-seven, their strolls together became infrequent; the Ruth boy would telephone Mencken and say, "H. L., I won't be able to accompany you this afternoon; I've got to stay home and mend the highboy." Or some other flimsy excuse.

Mencken was not deceived, but hardly hurt, and decided that some day when his little friend did not have to stay home and mend the highboy, he would ask him pointblank the real cause of the estrangement. Babe, however, confessed before H. L. had mustered courage to put the question.

They had been sitting in one of the lower branches of their favorite tree, a full-grown hickory, idly watching the antics of a couple of efts, MacDonald and Goldstein. It came time to go home and they dismounted.

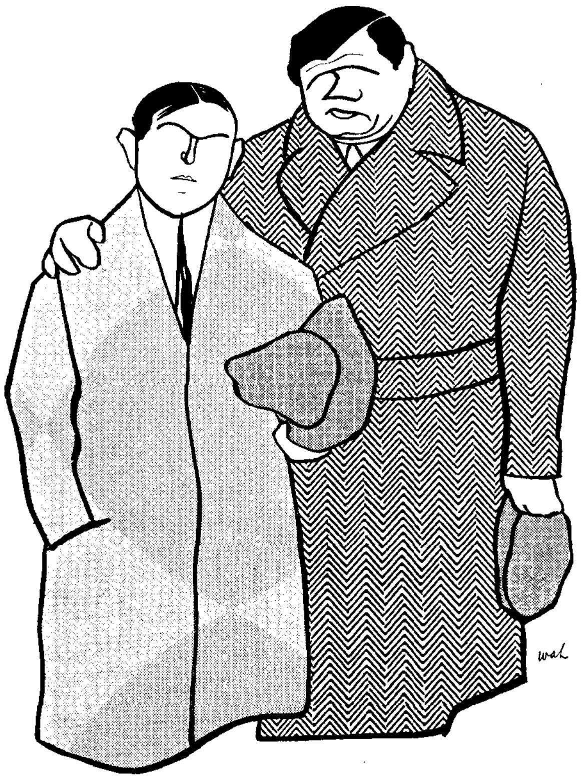
"Wait a minute," said the Babe. "I think I'll take this along with me."

And before Mencken realized what he meant, he had picked up the tree, thrown it over his shoulder and started along the path toward town.

"You perhaps wonder," he said to his companion, "what I intend to do with it."

"No," replied Mencken. "But I do wonder whether you have noticed that Nathan has taken a fancy to the word 'presently,' using it to signify 'at the present time; now,' a definition called obsolete by Webster."

"I thought you would," said the Babe. "Well, I purpose biting off the roots, the branches and the bark and employing it as a bat."



Henry L. Mencken was one of Mr. Ruth's boyhood pals. It was an ideal companionship

It then dawned upon Mencken that the Babe had gone into baseball and his admiration for the youngster was so great that he, too, became a devotee of the game, and to this day, whenever the Yankees are playing in New York, you will find the famous editor and critic in the Algonquin Hotel, casting sheep's eyes at a blank page of copy paper.

The Babe Becomes a Pitcher

On the afternoon following the above episode, there was a game between Ruth's school team and a team of horses from the Pimlico race track. The Pimlicans were surprised when they saw the Babe come up to bat with his nude tree, and something more than surprised when he swung and missed the first pitch but knocked down the third baseman, shortstop and left fielder.

There was an argument which resulted in a ruling from the umpire that the bat must be shortened so that even when reaching for a ball outside the plate, the Babe could no more than graze the third baseman's chin. Ruth, disgruntled, gnawed the tree apart at the point indicated by the official and with the abbreviated utensil knocked the next pitch through a lavatory window in the Dupont Hotel at Wilmington.

The Babe began his baseball career as a shortstop, but a left-handed shortstop had to turn around twice before throwing to second or first base and this process made Ruth so dizzy and bewildered that he developed into one of the greatest left-hand pitchers in agonized baseball.

His record with the Baltimore club soon attracted the attention of big-league scouts. An ivory hunter from the Philadelphia Nationals was the first to reach the scene and advised his employer to lay off as it would take a quarter of a yard of extra material to build the Babe a uniform. And when you stop to think that a ball player had to have a home uniform and a traveling uniform, well, zounds!

The New York Giants were tipped off that Ruth liked malt beverages and Mr. McGraw turned him down, saying, "I have already had too many pitchers full of beer." (Editor's note: This one came from the Old Testament—Deuteronomy 2168. Operator: What office? Editor: Deuteronomy. Operator: Thank you.)

Brooklyn rejected him when Manager Robinson learned that he (the Babe) was a prolific user of such language as is seldom heard outside the theater. "I'll brook no rival on my club," said Robbie. "Gracious! Hey-day! Gemini! God bless me! Lackadaisy! Save the mark!"

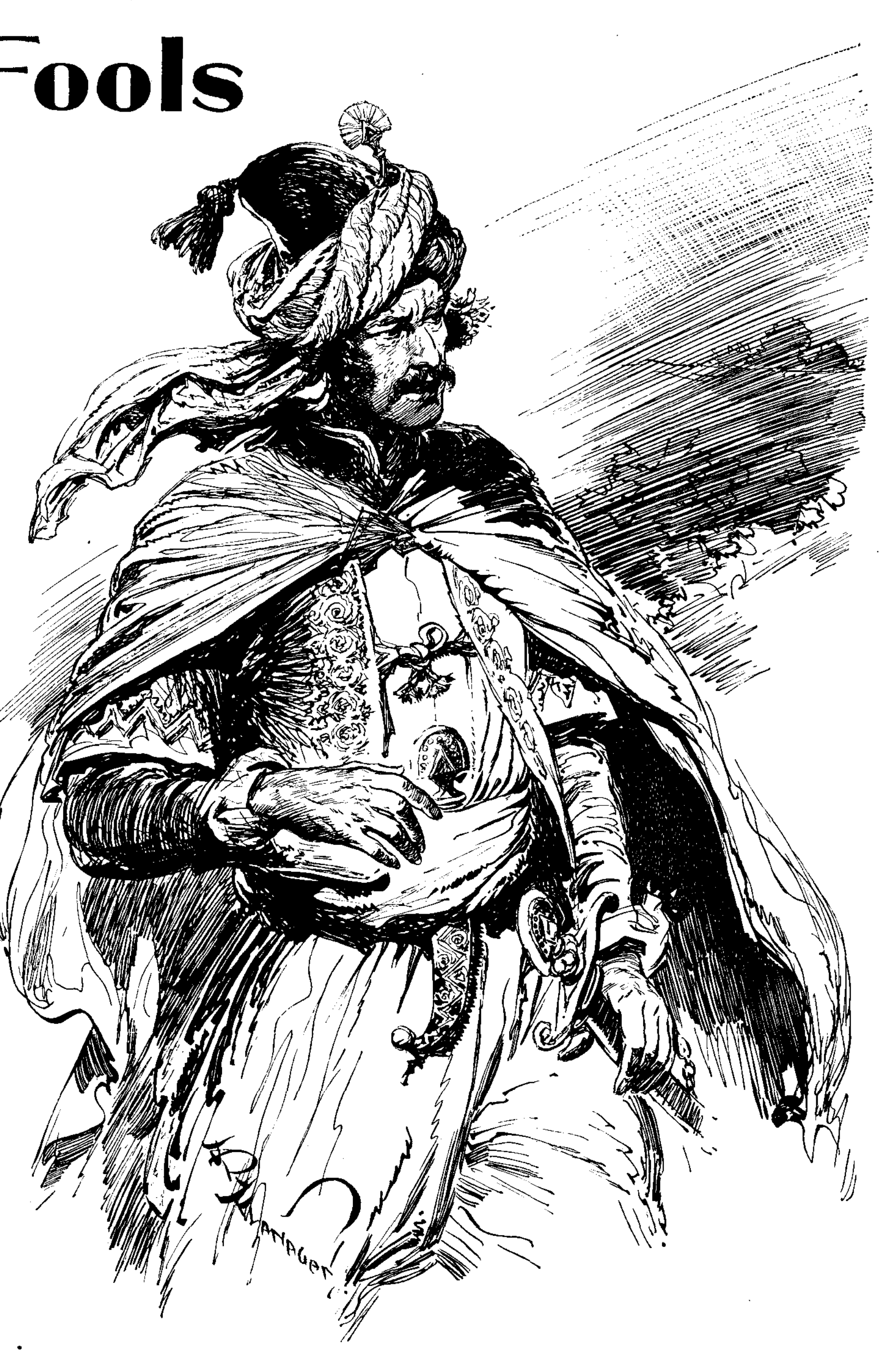
The Baltimore (*Continued on page 74*)

The Honorable Fools

By Achmed Abdullah

A story of love that was stronger than hate—even in a land of magnificent hates

Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan



IF YOU describe Mehmet Yar, the city-bred, you describe Ali Hassan, the country-bred. The first was captain of horse in the army of His Majesty, the Grand Khan of High Tartary, while the other was chief of the Abdali tribe whose small stone houses stippled a fair valley tucked snugly into the yellow, brittle swash of the steppe far east of Samarkand.

They were tall men both, brisk men and hearty, a bit hard in the look, a bit braggart, with storm-gray eyes that never narrowed at the sight of danger, and prey to stubborn, self-hurting pride. Twin brothers they might have been. But—and this happened before they were striving for the full, red, terrible thing called love of woman, striving with the tense passion that stops for neither sleep nor supper nor mercy—they hated each other.

As sweet as honey was this hate, as bitter as gall. Yet until the end their blades remained in their scabbards like doves in a cote.

For there was fear.

Not fear of each other. But fear of what would happen, so swift and cruel, to what was most dear to them: in the chief's case to his tribe, and, where the captain was concerned, to his younger brother back home in Samarkand. Fear well-grounded, since neither could forget the memory of a day, a few years earlier, when the Grand Khan of High Tartary, lolling against the cantle of his saddle, his leathery face curled in a smile half-morose and half-ironic, had been surveying his troopers' handiwork; broken swords and daggers, splintered lances, bodies of man and horse and camel stark and lifeless, and already the vultures dipping low.

THE Grand Khan saw, pitied, shuddered a little, then shrugged his shoulders. He abhorred strife. But—he thought—what was he to do? He was the ruler of this land. Its weal was his duty. And these Abdali—arrogant, lawless, thumbing their noses at decent authority, ambushing caravans, raiding to the very gates of Samarkand . . . why, he told himself, peace was a white thing, but must at times be mulched in blood to make it grow more sturdily. . . .

He turned to Ali Hassan, erect before him, his haughty face raised at a keen angle on the square, flagging chin. He pointed at the battlefield.

"You have learned the lesson of peace—and the harsh price of peace?" he asked in a purring voice.

"Peace only because you are the stronger," came the vanquished rebel's reply.

"But peace that you swore upon the Koran. If you break this oath—ah—I warn you. . . ."

"I am not afraid."

"Of course you are not for yourself. But what about your people? You love them, eh? Very well. Hear *me* give oath: If you deviate a hair's breadth from the clean path of peace—if ever again you show your teeth—by Allah!—I shall make this land a crimson shambles for jackals to roam in. You understand?"

"Yes."

"Good!" The Grand Khan turned away from Ali Hassan. "Mehmet Yar!" he called.

"My lord?" The captain stepped forward and salaamed.

"The bravest of the brave you are, a prince among tall warriors and storied heroes. But you are like this Hassan. Your pride, too, is as bloated as a drunkard's nose. Seven times, during our ride through the steppe, you fought duels because of trivial insults. Once you spoke insolent words to my first-born and threatened him with naked steel. Can you blame me that hereafter I consider your presence unwelcome in my pleasant city of Samarkand?"

"Exile?" the captain demanded stiffly.

"Exile with high honor since bravery, be it ever so reckless, must have its reward. I appoint you governor over the Abdali. By the way," he went on while the other bowed his thanks, "you heard the warning I gave to Ali Hassan?"

"I did, My Lord."

"The same applies to you. You, too, are not afraid of death. But there is your younger brother. He is dear to you?"

The captain inclined his head. He thought of his younger brother, the gentle scholar, an alien to the world's clashing, factious turmoil, quite unlike himself . . . and how he loved him, had always, since their parents' passing away, been father and mother to him. . . .

"Dearer than my salvation he is to me," he replied.

"Let him be dearer to you than your pride. For"—the Grand Khan's voice rose shrilly—"I desire peace. I want no private feuds, no bragging, bloody duels. Or else—remember your brother! Be pleased to remember that my executioners are skilled at removing heads!"

He smiled at the two men, captain and chief.

"Here you are—both as full of beggarly pride as an old turban is of dirt. Very well. Be as proud as you please. Hate each other all you please. But—no deeds of violence. If you disobey—you know the punishment."

And he galloped away, followed by his officers, while Mehmet Yar and Ali Hassan stood there, proud, silent, until finally the former—perhaps because the victor, he could afford to be generous—spoke jovial words:

"It is in my mind that you are the very one I would choose to ride with side by side. Let us be friends!"

"We are enemies."

"No longer. There is peace."

"Peace of the hand, not peace of the heart. You are the conqueror, I the conquered."

"Who can prevent what fate has written on the forehead? Come," Mehmet Yar repeated, "let us be friends!"

The other did not reply.

"What is it to be between you and me?" asked the chief after a while.

"There is safety only in silence."

"Aye! Silence—and hatred—between you and me—always!"

And they bowed to each other with stilted, false urbanity and went their ways, Ali Hassan taking the road down to the village of his clan, Mehmet Yar to a small oasis, on the rim of the valley, where his copper-faced Mongol troopers were making camp.

SO THE years passed. Years of unabated hate and silence. Years, by the same token, of peace while the land prospered under the captain's stewardship, with new trails blazed through the steppe, stout bridges built to span rivers, caravans trading profitably, and bounteous crops. A traveler seeing at night the smoke wreaths from cozy hearths linger on the air, might have said:

"Here, by Allah, is happiness!"

But it brought no happiness to Mehmet Yar. All it meant to him was crushing loneliness.

Of course he had his troopers. They were loyal, good-natured. But they were Mongols, aliens, speaking an uncouth tongue; savages recently, and rather forcibly converted to a travesty of Islam—and what had he in common with them?

What he needed was a friend with whom to converse during his hours of leisure of the things dear to his Tartar mind; horses, poetry, perhaps a stirring retelling of former, epic deeds of prowess . . . and less than a spear's toss away dwelled the Abdali. City-bred, he—and they country-bred; yet men of his own race.

They could not avoid speaking to him on affairs of local administration. Otherwise, whenever he met them, there was none to wish him the decent time of day. For there was his covenant with Ali Hassan that silence meant safety, and the latter's order to his tribe:

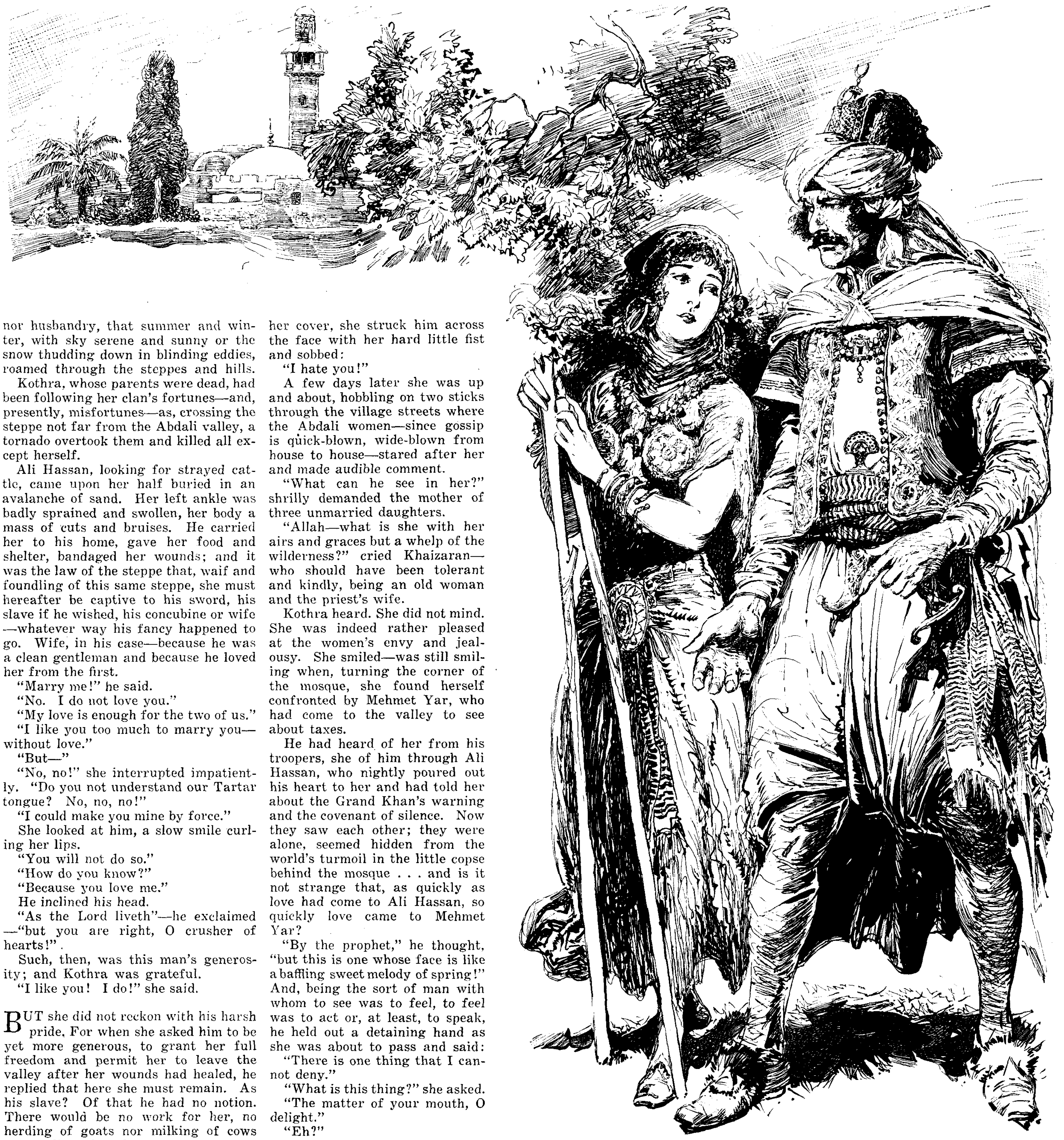
"Peace I have sworn. Peace I shall keep. But no more than peace. He is the enemy. I hate him. Let silence be about him like a cloak."

So there was none even to give him a friendly look—with the exception of Khaizaran, the priest's gray-haired old wife, who occasionally would flutter an eyelid at him as if to say: "I am sorry for you."

And then one day there was an end to silence, if not to hate, when to the valley came a russet-haired girl whose name was Kothra, which means Born-in-a-Green-Place.

Here, in her name, you have the gist of her story.

For had she been city-bred or country-bred hers would have been a proper Moslem name: Ayesha or Miriam or, belike, Zemzem. But she was wilderness-bred, belonging to one of the small, scattered clans that cared for neither trade



Kothra was frightened and yet thrilled as she saw both men's hands reach for their sword hilts

nor husbandry, that summer and winter, with sky serene and sunny or the snow thudding down in blinding eddies, roamed through the steppes and hills.

Kothra, whose parents were dead, had been following her clan's fortunes—and, presently, misfortunes—as, crossing the steppe not far from the Abdali valley, a tornado overtook them and killed all except herself.

Ali Hassan, looking for strayed cattle, came upon her half buried in an avalanche of sand. Her left ankle was badly sprained and swollen, her body a mass of cuts and bruises. He carried her to his home, gave her food and shelter, bandaged her wounds; and it was the law of the steppe that, waif and foundling of this same steppe, she must hereafter be captive to his sword, his slave if he wished, his concubine or wife—whatever way his fancy happened to go. Wife, in his case—because he was a clean gentleman and because he loved her from the first.

"Marry me!" he said.

"No. I do not love you."

"My love is enough for the two of us."

"I like you too much to marry you—without love."

"But—"

"No, no!" she interrupted impatiently. "Do you not understand our Tartar tongue? No, no, no!"

"I could make you mine by force."

She looked at him, a slow smile curling her lips.

"You will not do so."

"How do you know?"

"Because you love me."

He inclined his head.

"As the Lord liveth"—he exclaimed—"but you are right, O crusher of hearts!"

Such, then, was this man's generosity; and Kothra was grateful.

"I like you! I do!" she said.

BUT she did not reckon with his harsh pride. For when she asked him to be yet more generous, to grant her full freedom and permit her to leave the valley after her wounds had healed, he replied that here she must remain. As his slave? Of that he had no notion. There would be no work for her, no herding of goats nor milking of cows nor carding of wool.

"Then why—why. . . ?"

"To see you each day of my life—to dream—and wait—and hope. . . ."

"In vain!" she cried. "Never my lips to touch your lips!"

"Nor ever your lips to touch of another man's lips!"

She implored. He did not budge. She stormed, insulted. He did not care. And when she threatened that, as soon as her ankle was well, she would run away, that the wilderness would welcome and hide her, he laughed. She would be well watched, he informed her; and should she run away the Abdali would find her and bring her back.

Then, as he bent over her to arrange her cover, she struck him across the face with her hard little fist and sobbed:

"I hate you!"

A few days later she was up and about, hobbling on two sticks through the village streets where the Abdali women—since gossip is quick-blown, wide-blown from house to house—stared after her and made audible comment.

"What can he see in her?" shrilly demanded the mother of three unmarried daughters.

"Allah—what is she with her airs and graces but a whelp of the wilderness?" cried Khaizaran—who should have been tolerant and kindly, being an old woman and the priest's wife.

Kothra heard. She did not mind. She was indeed rather pleased at the women's envy and jealousy. She smiled—was still smiling when, turning the corner of the mosque, she found herself confronted by Mehmet Yar, who had come to the valley to see about taxes.

He had heard of her from his troopers, she of him through Ali Hassan, who nightly poured out his heart to her and had told her about the Grand Khan's warning and the covenant of silence. Now they saw each other; they were alone, seemed hidden from the world's turmoil in the little copse behind the mosque . . . and is it not strange that, as quickly as love had come to Ali Hassan, so quickly love came to Mehmet Yar?

"By the prophet," he thought, "but this is one whose face is like a baffling sweet melody of spring!" And, being the sort of man with whom to see was to feel, to feel was to act or, at least, to speak, he held out a detaining hand as she was about to pass and said:

"There is one thing that I cannot deny."

"What is this thing?" she asked.

"The matter of your mouth, O delight."

"Eh?"

"A slender, red mouth for which a man would do great deeds and sin great sins. And"—coming a step nearer—"one thing more—"

She looked at him. Her heart drummed.

"Yes. . . ?" she whispered.

"I would kiss you. Only . . ."

"Only. . . ?"

"You might run away."

"How can I—with my foot injured—and me hobbling along so clumsily on two sticks. . . ?"

He took her in his arms. Their lips met. She heard the zumming of his blood in her own veins with a steady reverberation, a puissant rhythm and measure. A shiver ran through her like a network, immensely delicate and immensely strong, of a million feathery touches.

"There is a dream in me," she heard him say, "of the first gold of morning dancing through the window and lighting on a pillow with russet hair tossed upon it and a rounded cheek upon a hand like milk. I love you!"

"And I love you!"

"Will you marry me?"

"None else, O king!"

"When?"

"Today."

"Neither today nor tomorrow nor ever at all!" cut in a harsh voice that drove the lovers apart—that cleared the mist of passion from Mehmet's brain when he saw Ali Hassan approaching, stepping softly and craftily as a great leopard might.

Kothra was frightened and yet thrilled as she saw both men's hands reach for their sword hilts.

"By my honor," (*Continued on page 32*)

300 Dresses a *Year*

By Paul Poiret

Not a decent stitch to your back? Tut, tut, my dear. If that's so it's wholly your own fault. If you had real imagination and a spark of ingenuity, you'd have 300 dresses a year. No, no. Not a word, now. Paul Poiret of Paris says so and you can have them without increasing your clothing budget—much

TO THE dismay of many charming ladies—and most of them are never more deliciously charming than when dismayed—and the consternation, I fear, of many harried husbands, I have set 300 dresses a year as the requirement of the well-dressed woman.

That sounds like quite a lot—almost too many. But it really isn't, when you consider that every costume should fit the hour and the place and the occasion. Your smartly dressed woman will not wear the same costume when she lunches at the Ritz as in the morning when she is buying her shrimps. Nor indeed the costume she wore at the Ritz when she lunches at one of the less pretentious hostelries, in a private home or, shall we say, in a speakeasy?

It is, alas, too true that there are not many whose incomes allow of their providing their wives with 300 gowns every twelve months. The cost could be quite staggering—and not infrequently is. But before the alarmed husband starts slipping this Collier's behind pillows or tearing out this page, lest his wife should read it and launch a campaign, let me point out that there are tricks in all trades—even in the ancient trade of appearing charming.

In the first place, one dress, with a little imagination and originality and forethought, may easily be made three or even four costumes. Changing a sash, an ornament, turning a lapel or switching a blouse may accomplish wonders.

Good taste too is no longer a matter of money. Though I, to use your American phrase, say it, as shouldn't, charming little gowns may be picked up by women of limited income for as little as $15 and $25 each. I know, for I have seen them in your shops. They may be copies; they may be originals. And more often than not they require a little fixing, the removal of an offending touch here and there to make them better suited to the individual.

But therein lies the trouble. So few American women have imagination and originality or, having those qualities, are willing to use them. I see it in Paris. Our French women come into the salon and they demand something suited to their individualities — something new and different. They will suggest changes. Or combinations of two costumes to make one that pleases them.

American women are different. Show them something that everyone is wearing at Longchamps or Deauville or Palm Beach and they want it instantly.

But we must be practical. In America we must be very practical indeed. So let us assume that the American wife is willing to use her imagination a little, to shop around a great deal and to buy dresses for as little as $15 each. Even that, if you figure on 300, runs to $4,500 a year—a bit steep.

But the law of compensation enters into it. Because the woman whose husband's income is limited does not run around as much as the wealthy woman, she will need fewer costumes. She goes to fewer places, at fewer times.

The stenographer or working girl needs two or three costumes, chosen with taste, and all her requirements are met.

So it's not as terrible as it sounds, is it? And then I hinted at one costume taking the place of four or five. Well, this can be done particularly with afternoon and evening dresses. Remove the sleeves, for instance, of a tasteful afternoon frock and you have an acceptable evening costume, with a change of jewelry, stockings and shoes. Simple!

Many a sports costume for the country needs only the substitution of a blouse for a sweater to become a charming walking suit for town.

But vision is needed in shopping for these things. When the dress is selected, the shopper should have in mind the possibilities of converting it.

Then, a woman of imagination can do wonders working with a home dressmaker. Ideas are to be found everywhere. A Chinese print may offer a suggestion for a hand bag. A vase, for a choker: A French telephone even may have lines that offer hints for a becoming hat, when properly translated.

You see, in the creation of costumes, nature has set no precedent. Herself, she provided none. So we have to reach out to other objects and translate their lines and their beauty into garments.

I can go through a museum and come away with countless ideas that later can be translated into charming things. But most women going through a museum acquire only a set of impressions but have no idea how to make use of them.

I wonder if your young people, even in the artistic departments of the schools, are ready to be impressed and if they have any idea of how to use the impressions they get. They are not trained to create because they are trained to copy. Myself, I never copy; I translate.

Ask anyone to create a new animal. He cannot. He can draw a beast with the body of a snake, the head of an elephant and the wings of a raven; but he is unable to create a new being.

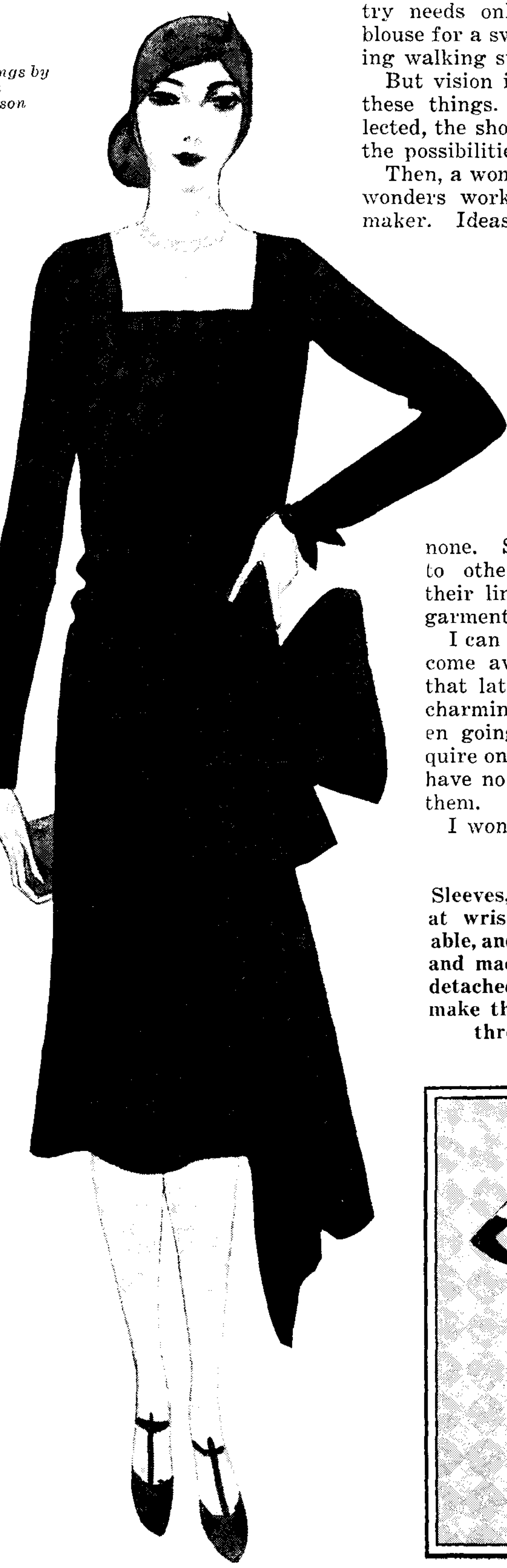
Ask anyone to create for you even so simple a thing as a new design for playing cards. He will be baffled. And yet with a little imagination one could easily produce new faces for the cards that would be more colorful and charming than those now in use.

So with costumes. Your wife may depend entirely on the costumer—and it is, perhaps, as well for us of the profession that so many women do so. But if limited means prevent, she can at least put her own love of beauty to work. She can pick up ideas as the professional designer picks up ideas.

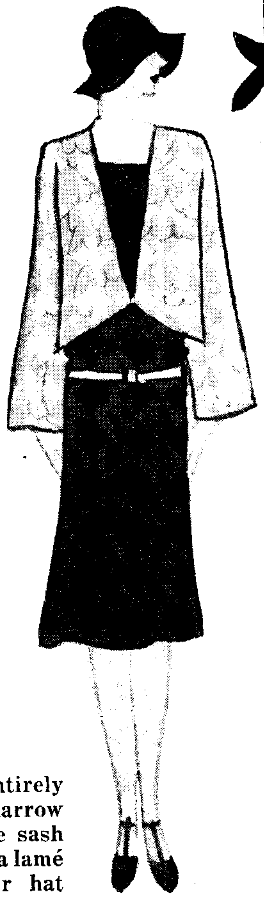
In America you are never inspired by the idea of going out of the ways of others. You are conservative; you know your tastes and you fear to change them. They must be changed for you. So!

In your factories I have seen models from Paris. You copy them admirably, faithfully, slavishly. Your women accept these deliberate, unimaginative copies because they lack the initiative to demand new ideas. Yet anyone with an idea of her own can create costumes, inexpensively enough, that are more suited to her individuality and more becoming and in better taste than those which she will buy because twoscore women she passed on the avenue yesterday afternoon were wearing them.

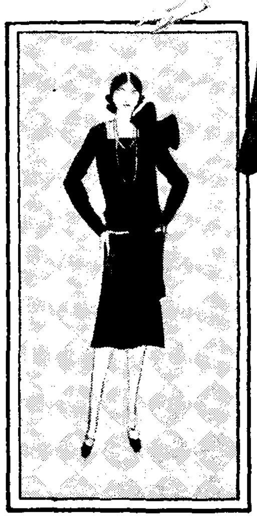
Drawings by Robert Patterson



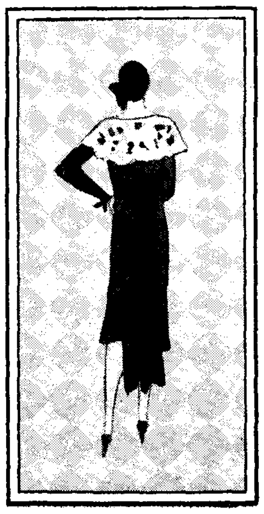
Sleeves, sash and bows at wrists, all removable, and a panel, lined and made so as to be detached at neckline, make this dress equal three or four



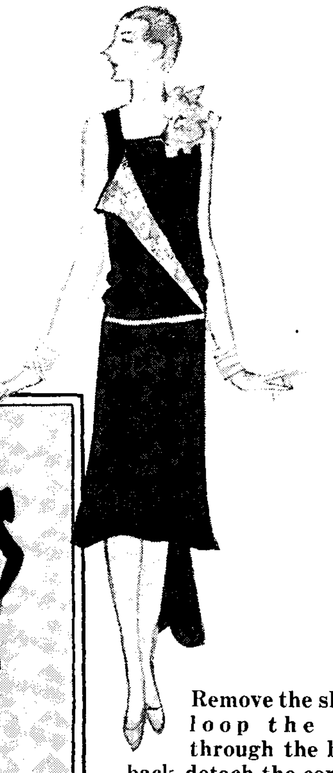
A different thing entirely appears with a narrow belt in place of the sash and the addition of a lamé jacket and another hat



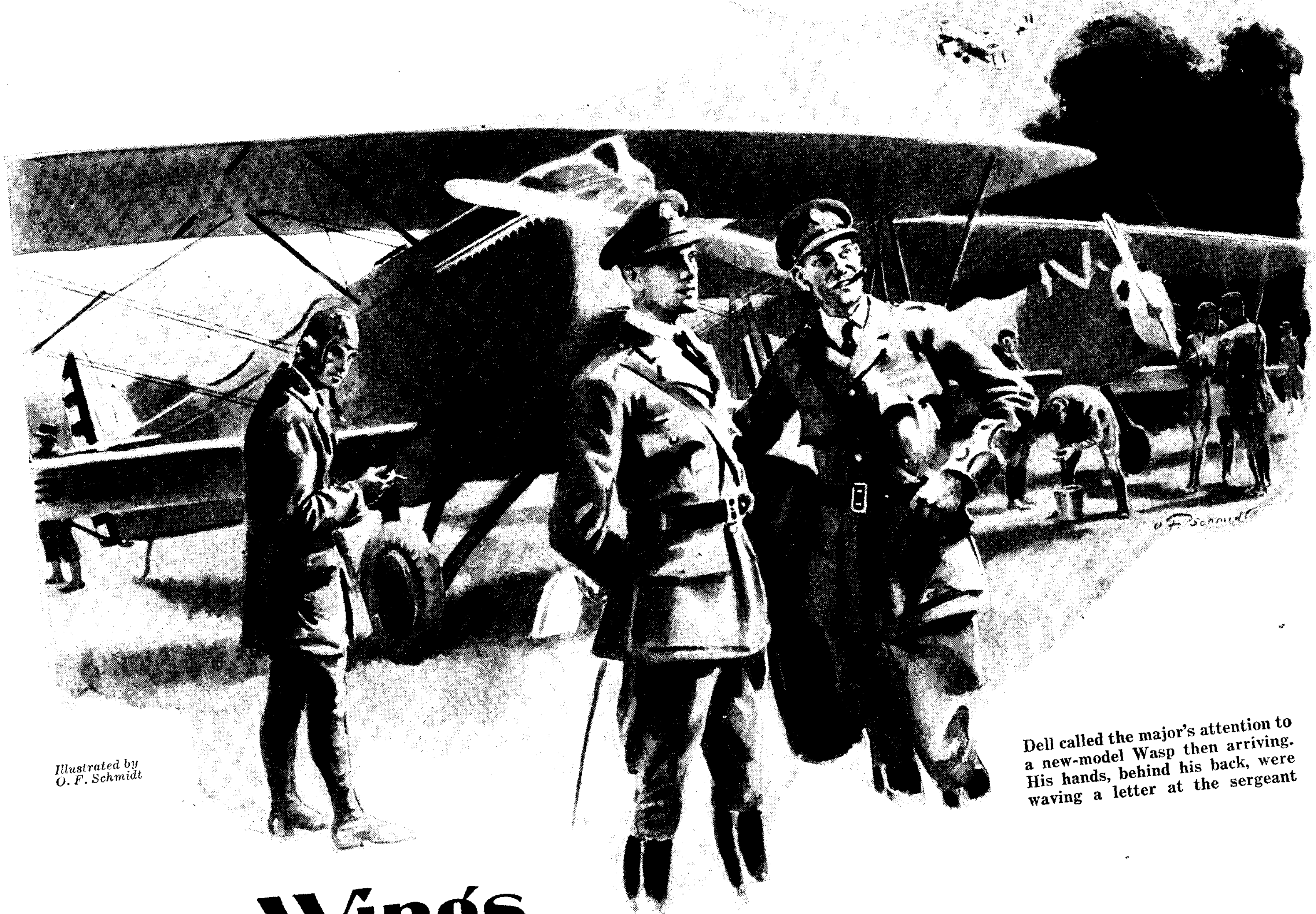
The appearance is radically changed by putting the bow on the shoulder, removing the wrist bows and adding a long necklace to change neckline



The bow is used in still a different way, a lace bertha is added and the dress becomes almost elaborate



Remove the sleeves, loop the sash through the belt in back, detach the corner of the panel, add a chiffon flower and—you have an evening gown



Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt

Dell called the major's attention to a new-model Wasp then arriving. His hands, behind his back, were waving a letter at the sergeant

Wings of Destiny

By George Weston

The Story Thus Far:

MILLARD DELAVAN, an orphan, the son of a once famous actor who was supposed to have committed suicide because of a love affair with a Mrs. Van Deusen, is dismissed from the United States air force on the charge of striking a superior officer and of cheating at cards.

Major Henrichs, thinking the charge absurd, befriends the boy and introduces him to his brother, Judge Henrichs, who is scheduled to be sent to Switzerland as head of the United States Intelligence there. The Judge offers Mill the job of preceding him abroad and doing some advance work for him, entirely on Mill's own responsibility, however.

Mill meets, at Judge Henrichs' home, Joyce Van Deusen, the attractive niece of the aforementioned Mrs. Van Deusen, and Baroness Mitzi von Seidler, a German agent, who is also sailing for Europe.

Mill, because of his excellent German, succeeds—thinking to get some valuable information for the Judge—in getting an appointment in the German Intelligence service and sees a good deal of Mitzi. In order to gain the confidence of his Chief, he performs several jobs of trust for the Germans and is finally rewarded by being given a vacation in Paris from his headquarters, Charleville.

In Paris he and Mitzi both work under M. Goya until one evening he and Dell get into a fight—fencing—and Goya is killed. The powers that be are more glad than sorry but Dell is ordered back to Charleville.

Joyce, in Paris with the Red Cross, realizes that Mitzi is a spy and suspects Dell. She is unhappy over it and Dell, of course, cannot enlighten her. Mitzi, realizing Joyce's suspicions of her, asks, through Dell, for a truce.

Major Morin, a British major from whom Mitzi expects to gain important information and who a few days before had saved Dell from being killed by street ruffians, calls to Dell in the Lanterne restaurant the evening before Dell's departure. Dell stops at the table trying to think of some way to keep the major from talking too much to Mitzi, without arousing his suspicions.

IX

"MY FRIEND is just leaving," began the major, "but as this is my last night in Paris till Heaven knows when, I don't quite fancy putting on the shutters so soon. Sit down, Lieutenant; sit down before the captain rises. You see us here *simplex munditiis*, or whatever old Horace says."

The captain arose—tall, dark and frowning—a hairy man, with a long, careful nose.

"I think you'd better come with me and call it a night, Major," he said.

"And why, please?" asked Major Morin, a sudden frosty clearness in his eye.

"Because—you'll have a busy day tomorrow," said the other.

"All the more reason for an idle night tonight. *Au revoir.* Tell the concierge not to get too far from the bell. . . .

"A splendid chap," he continued to Dell as the captain made his way to the door, "but positively no imagination. That's what I like about you Americans. You have an absolute genius for imagination. But tell me—speaking of gifts—and—er—what not—tell me your secret for attracting such charming ladies. That stunning girl, for instance, with whom you dined tonight—the one with the Red Cross pin—you knew her in the States?"

"Yes," said Delavan. "I knew her very well."

"And Madame Seidler," continued the major with a vast carelessness. "You met her in Washington, I believe?"

INSTINCTIVELY, Dell went on guard, helped partly by the obvious largeness of the major's casual manner—a manner which was reminiscent of the wide, blue-eyed innocence of a schoolboy who has an elastic catapult on his thumb and finger.

"You wish to know my secret?" he asked.

"I am expiring to know it!"

"Then I'll tell you in one word. Discretion. They know I never talk about them—not even in my dreams."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the major, beaming; though again Dell thought he detected the gleam of frost in the other's glance. "He isn't so squiffed as I thought he was," he told himself; "or perhaps he's one of those whose wits work better when 'lubricated by the classic oil'."

However that may have been, the major applied himself to the classics again.

Had he detected a false note in Mitzi's meeting with Joyce? Some jangling chord which had started other discords? If so, it wouldn't take much, thought Dell, to make him suspicious of Mitzi. But could he be trusted not to tell her the source of his suspicions?

"He could not!" Delavan grimly told himself. "Not if she once started to find out!"

Besides, it would be a difficult thing to make the major just so suspicious of Mitzi, and no more. And if that point were passed, she would almost certainly be arrested.

"And that won't do!" thought Delavan. "I'm not having old friends arrested—just to keep the major from spilling the beans!"

"You have been in Paris long?" continued the major.

"About a week," said Delavan; and to cover his activities with another veil of discretion, he ingenuously added, "I'm leaving tomorrow morning to inspect a new American squadron that's just been attached to your 10th Army."

"How are you going?"

"By plane. From Neuilly."

Again the major was the soul of careless inquiry.

"At what hour, may I ask?"

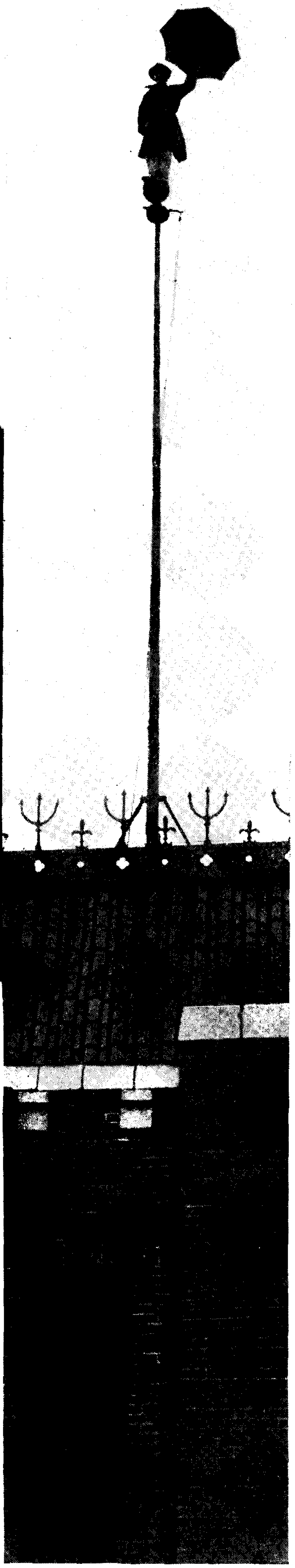
"At ten o'clock."

It seemed to Delavan that he could almost see the major's mind at work. If this young American in the British aviator's uniform really kept his word about flying from Neuilly, his good faith would be established; and after that, neither his charming young friend of the Red Cross, nor Madame Seidler of the dancing brown eyes, need be questioned. On the other hand—

"Do you (*Continued on page 62*)

They Win!

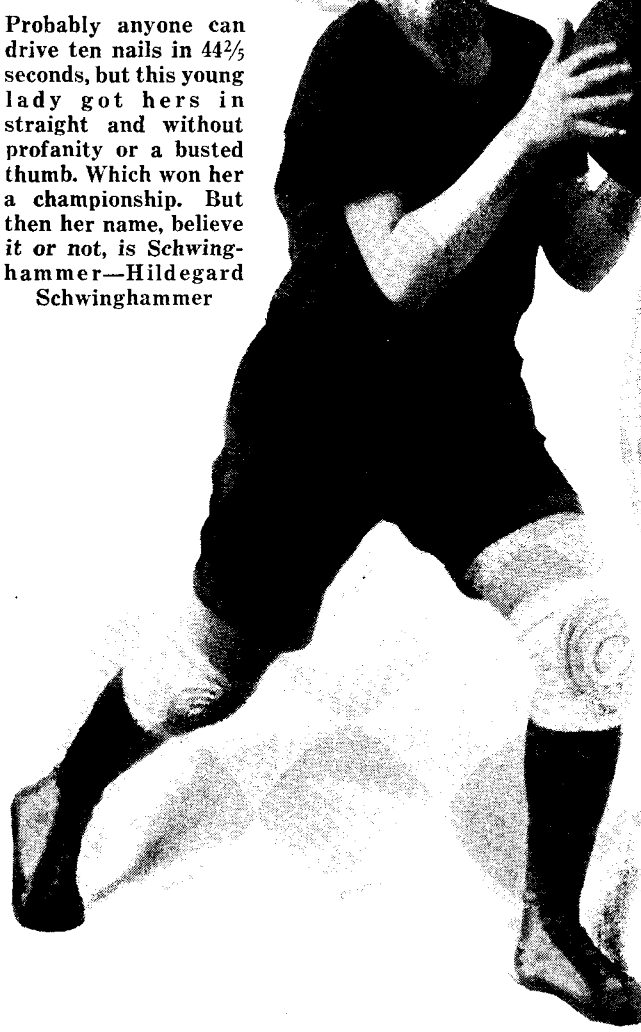
All photos from Wide World



Here is a man who began at—well, anyway he worked his way up. "Shipwreck" Kelly, who formerly held the flagpole-sitting championship, later won the flagpole-standing title

Frank ("Shine 'Em Up") Rodio has lost count of the number of pairs he has set to glistening during many shining hours but he's been on the job for thirty years and is sure he holds a record. He works in Washington, D. C.

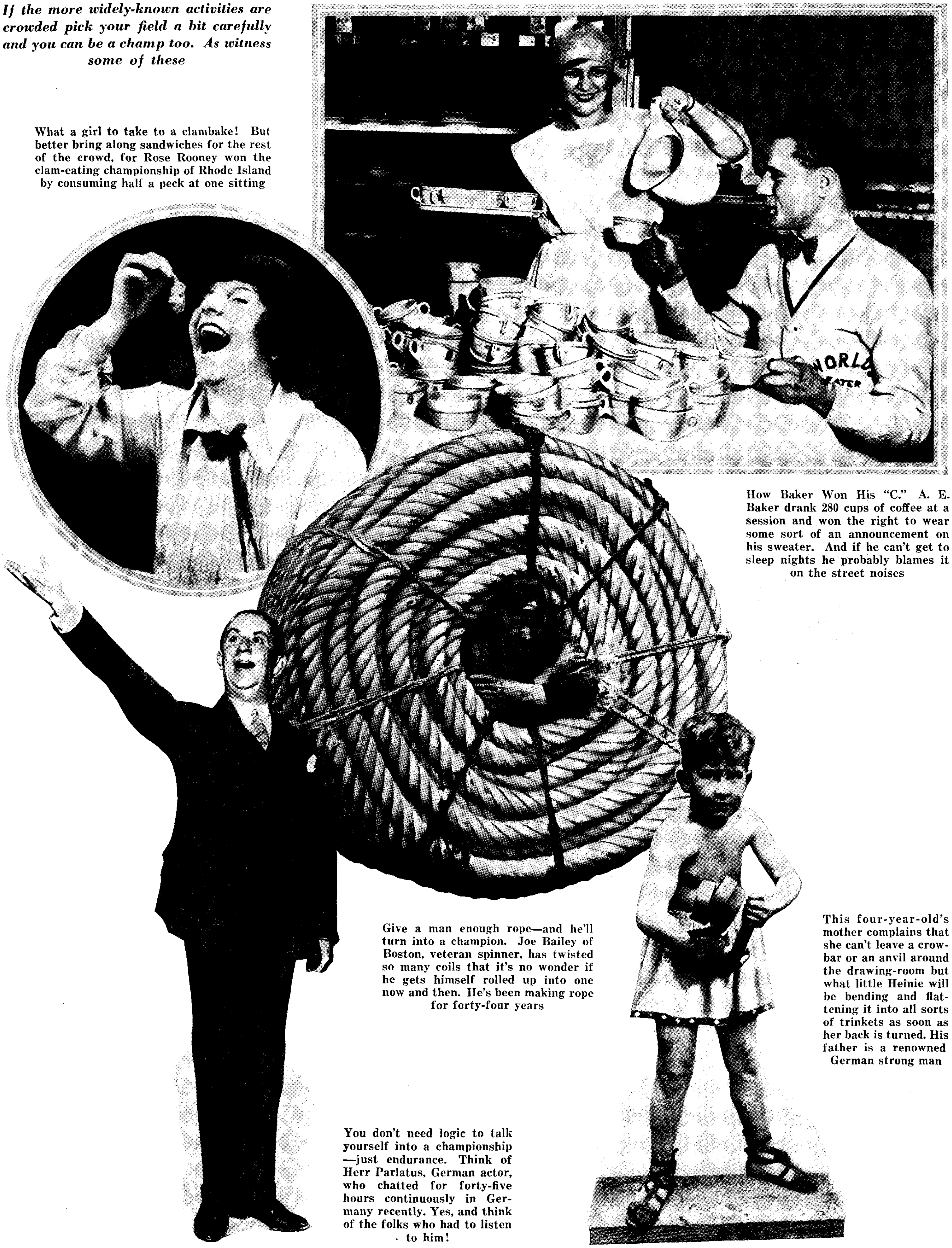
Probably anyone can drive ten nails in 44⅖ seconds, but this young lady got hers in straight and without profanity or a busted thumb. Which won her a championship. But then her name, believe it or not, is Schwinghammer—Hildegard Schwinghammer



Out of 60 free throws, Miss Margaret McBurney of Edmonton, Canada, scored 57 baskets and a world's championship. The previous title-holder had scored 56

While this photo of Wallace Hynd is a pleasing one, far more interesting to our way of thinking would be one of the person whose melancholy duty is the counting of the specks which make or defeat freckle champions

If the more widely-known activities are crowded pick your field a bit carefully and you can be a champ too. As witness some of these



What a girl to take to a clambake! But better bring along sandwiches for the rest of the crowd, for Rose Rooney won the clam-eating championship of Rhode Island by consuming half a peck at one sitting

How Baker Won His "C." A. E. Baker drank 280 cups of coffee at a session and won the right to wear some sort of an announcement on his sweater. And if he can't get to sleep nights he probably blames it on the street noises

Give a man enough rope—and he'll turn into a champion. Joe Bailey of Boston, veteran spinner, has twisted so many coils that it's no wonder if he gets himself rolled up into one now and then. He's been making rope for forty-four years

This four-year-old's mother complains that she can't leave a crowbar or an anvil around the drawing-room but what little Heinie will be bending and flattening it into all sorts of trinkets as soon as her back is turned. His father is a renowned German strong man

You don't need logic to talk yourself into a championship—just endurance. Think of Herr Parlatus, German actor, who chatted for forty-five hours continuously in Germany recently. Yes, and think of the folks who had to listen to him!

Falling Up

By John B. Kennedy

Here are three characteristic glimpses of the versatile Will Mahoney, one of America's greatest comedians

Fame and fortune did not come to Will Mahoney until he fell down. Applause, which had been infrequent, then came in salvos. He had wit enough to turn mishap into cash. From an abandoned hoofer he speedily rose to be one of the Prince Comedians of the stage. You've seen him? Congratulations. No? Too bad

THERE was not much laughter for Will Mahoney in his boyhood. His father died when he was seven, so the Montana ranch had to be sold, and the widow Mahoney took Will and his brother and sister to Helena, one of several pausing places in her struggle to bring up her family. She operated laundries, boarding houses or whatever a hard-working independent woman without business training could find profitable.

"I only realized how tough a time of it my mother had to raise us in early childhood by seeing one dead man and by nearly being another," says Will Mahoney.

A shadow on his athletic pink face was not dispelled by the brilliance of an electric sign opposite the restaurant where we sat—a sign bearing his name.

"We had moved to a mining town on the edge of the cow country," he said. "My mother, naturally, could make more money when a boom was on. It made our early schooling a bit precarious, for my mother would let us walk to the schoolhouse only when she could go with us. Anyhow, that was more often than we cared about in those exciting places.

"In this town the only apartment she could find for her little family was over a saloon. She hated it, but we youngsters—at least my brother and I—loved it. Hard-drinking cowboys never bothered us. They were a source of pocket money on Saturday afternoons, when, Mother being too busy to watch us, we sang and danced on the sidewalks.

"But the town went bad with a whoop. One Saturday morning while I was waiting for a cow crowd to ride up and see me dance, an Indian in a yellow blanket tottered along the corduroy road. He was drunk and carried a revolver. He lurched toward the saloon while I ran out of his way. The next thing I heard was a shot. I expected more; shots came in fusillades in that town. My brother joined me, and, gathering courage, we stalked back to the place and peeked under the swing doors. I had expected to see wreckage and the remains of the bartender. Instead, the Indian lay in his yellow blanket.

"The deputies came after a while, and the Indian was shipped away like a dead dog. He was on the Indian list, and had found rum, which seemed in those days to be a death warrant for the red men. The bartender proceeded undisturbed.

They Slept Through the Uproar

"That very night there was uproar in the town. A whole tribe of Indians had found rum. They came in force to avenge their slain brother. We youngsters slept in a room above the saloon. I say there was uproar, but I couldn't swear to it. We slept throughout the fight. In the morning there were more dead Indians, and the floor and ceiling of our little sleeping-room were punctured by bullets, two or three of which had passed through the narrow aisle between the beds occupied by us youngsters.

"My mother packed the family out of town the next day."

Thus early acquainted with tragedy, one may wonder that Will Mahoney should have persisted in a bent toward comedy. The talent to entertain, inherited from some strain of ancestry that remains untraceable—for there is no theatrical blood in the Mahoney genealogy so far as he can recall—was vigorous. It led him and his brother, as a brace of juvenile gypsies, trouping through town after town, appearing with circuses, playing beer gardens and generally associating with atmosphere hardly conducive to refinement.

In their early teens, with a mother still struggling for a livelihood, the two boys lit out definitely into show business, becoming attached to the medicine tent of one Professor Albert Alberti.

"He was the best ballyhoo man I've ever heard," mused Mahoney.

"I remember he wound up his spiel by pointing to us players lined up on a platform outside the tent:

"'Here,' he declaimed, 'is positively an assemblage of the positively best talent these fair states of ours, this fair state of yours, has ever given to the American dramah.

"'Name, my friends, your favorite play, and it will be performed tonight before your very eyes at only a nominal entrance fee. These versatile performers are trained in all the most popular plays. Name your play—not your favorite character alone, but your favorite American play.'

"We broke up all the scenes of every play with hoofing. It didn't matter if the poor heroine was being driven from the paternal roof or the villain was slinking in with the papers, a piano and fiddle struck into a fandango, and I shot out to dance. It relieved the tenseness of the most dramatic situations.

"In each 'dramah,' Professor Alberti so devised his adaptations of the play that the climax, whatever it might be, was delayed. For example, in Kentucky Belle the heroine, by jumping through a paper window, escaped the immediate clutches of the pursuing villain, who had imprisoned her. But it was out of the frying pan into the fire. Unaware, poor girl, that the villain's hunting lodge was perched atop a beetling cliff, only desperate clutching at an overhanging root saved her from the precipice and preserved her for the entry of the hero—following a dance by Will Mahoney and Professor Alberti's appearance.

"The audience was held by its interest in the fate of the heroine. The professor stepped before the curtain, and from the pocket of an enormous frock coat produced a bottle. There followed a sales talk full of glorious adjectives on the merits of the medicine, a sticky liquid we all helped to prepare at odd times in a rain barrel, ingredients known only to the professor.

Steady Work for a Short Time

"The cast, including the villain, hero and heroine, would go among the audience selling bottles of the stuff, two for a dollar, and as soon as the visible supply—which I carried in quantities proportioned to the size of the audience—was exhausted, the show continued and the heroine was rescued."

Two or three seasons of this sort of thing took Will Mahoney all over the West and the Middle West. Then his brother graduated to higher things, getting a job as juvenile lead in a Denver stock outfit. Will went on plugging as hoofer with Alberti's medicine show.

There followed a happy period of steady employment for young Will—always as a hoofer. He worked with various vaudeville combinations: the sort that succeeded the old minstrel companies when movies broke into the popular field to so vast an extent.

"By the time I was twenty-six," he said, "I'd seen more than ten years as a professional dancer without getting any nearer to New York and the so-called big time than a look at the Twentieth Century Limited leaving Chicago with a friend of mine on the train scheduled to make his first Broadway show. He was a (*Continued on page 56*)

Florence Vandamm

Will Mahoney has brought to its highest perfection the art of falling down

Marriage for Two

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

HELEN WILSON breaks her engagement to Larry Tracy in order to marry a middle-aged but wealthy man named Frank Burton. Out of hurt pride and spite Larry marries Joyce Carroll, a beautiful young girl whom he found starving on a park bench. She consents to the marriage out of gratitude to Larry, but they agree that it will be a marriage in name only.

They go to Biarritz, where Joyce is an instant success and where Billy Valdemagara, a likable young Spanish marquis, good friend of Larry, falls in love with Joyce.

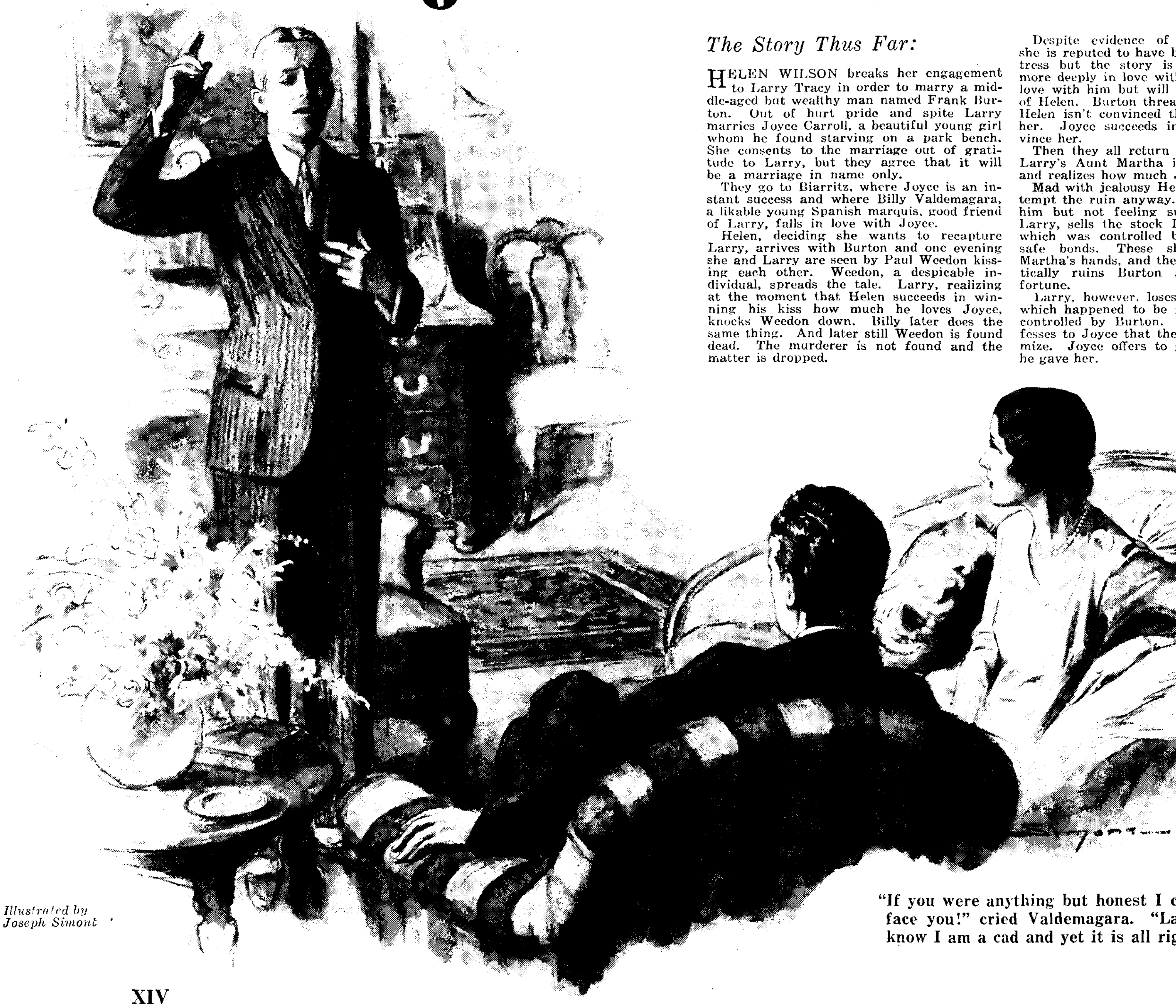
Helen, deciding she wants to recapture Larry, arrives with Burton and one evening she and Larry are seen by Paul Weedon kissing each other. Weedon, a despicable individual, spreads the tale. Larry, realizing at the moment that Helen succeeds in winning his kiss how much he loves Joyce, knocks Weedon down. Billy later does the same thing. And later still Weedon is found dead. The murderer is not found and the matter is dropped.

Despite evidence of her strange past—she is reputed to have been some man's mistress but the story is untrue—Larry falls more deeply in love with Joyce. Joyce is in love with him but will not admit it because of Helen. Burton threatens to ruin Larry if Helen isn't convinced that Larry is not for her. Joyce succeeds in having Larry convince her.

Then they all return to New York, where Larry's Aunt Martha is attracted to Joyce and realizes how much Joyce loves Larry.

Mad with jealousy Helen makes Burton attempt the ruin anyway. Joyce, not trusting him but not feeling sure enough to warn Larry, sells the stock Larry had given her, which was controlled by Burton, and buys safe bonds. These she puts into Aunt Martha's hands, and the smart old lady practically ruins Burton and doubles Joyce's fortune.

Larry, however, loses most of his money, which happened to be invested in the stock controlled by Burton. He sorrowfully confesses to Joyce that they will have to economize. Joyce offers to give back the money he gave her.



Illustrated by Joseph Simont

"If you were anything but honest I could not face you!" cried Valdemagara. "Larry, you know I am a cad and yet it is all right, eh?"

XIV

THEIR scale of living was not cut down, although Larry did not accept from Joyce the fortune that she had acquired through the acumen of Aunt Martha. But that elderly widow sent for her nephew.

"Jackass," she greeted him.

He grinned at her.

"Dutiful nephew accepts rebuke from doting auntie," he said.

"Don't want to be an aunt. Always wanted to be mother, then a grandmother. Nature decided otherwise. Want to be a grandaunt."

"Did you send for me to tell me about your stifled grandmaternal wishes?" he asked.

"Like to spank you," she said. "Impertinent young puppy. Wanted you to know I made my will."

"When?" he asked.

"Day or so after I met Joyce."

"Yes?" He was polite.

"Always named you as residuary legatee. Matter of forty millions, my lad."

"Awfully good of you, Aunt Martha," he murmured.

"What you trying to be—well-bred? No enthusiasm, eh? Well, how do you like it when I tell you that I've changed my will? That ought to bring some strong expression from you, eh?"

He smiled. "You old darling," he said. "You know perfectly well that if you leave me a cent or a million, it won't make the slightest difference in my regard for you."

The old grenadier eyed him mistily. "You almost make me believe in the innate decency of human nature once more," she said. "Larry, you're the best sport I ever knew. You lose your fiancée, and you marry a girl for whom you don't care a tinker's dam, and you make the best of it—"

"Better stop there, Aunt Martha," he said quietly.

"Don't warn your aunt," she advised. "Started something, got to finish it. What I mean—lots of men, regretting an impulse, a silly stupid impulse, would get out of it as best they could. But you—you're a gentleman as well as a good sport, Larry. You stick right by that girl—"

"'That girl,'" he reminded her, "is Mrs. Lawrence Tracy."

His aunt shrugged. "So the tabloids inform me. Nice enough little thing, too. But, of course, not the sort of person a Tracy would marry."

"Will you be good enough, Aunt Martha," he said softly, "to cut me completely out of your will?"

HE WAS at the door before her bulky form, strangely quick, could interpose itself before his departure. She seized him in two capacious hands and shook him gently.

"Larry, my own nephew! Did you think that your old aunt was being—fresh—for the fun of it?"

"I don't know what to think," he replied, unable to conceal his anger.

"Larry, Larry," she reproached him. "I—was clumsy. I—wanted to find out—I've left half my estate to Joyce, and—"

He kissed her suddenly, vehemently. The concern left her eyes, and they sparkled with gayety.

"On condition," she added, "that you two have a child." She looked away from him. "Otherwise," she went on swiftly, "she gets one fourth—"

"You're the most generous soul on earth," he said. But his tone lacked the enthusiasm of a moment ago.

She ventured to look at him again. "Meantime—hate to feel that anyone, even the tenderest of nephews, is looking too far ahead. I've transferred ten million to you now. Don't like to think that a nephew of mine is dependent on his wife—know all about the rubber business—all about your refusing to take back from Joyce what you gave her—" She applied a handkerchief to her nose. "Always intended to give it to you before I died, but put it off waiting for you to get married. Well, you've got married. Next duty is to become a father."

Embarrassedly, Larry looked at her.

"Aunt Martha, if you're giving me money because—oh, hang it—Aunt Martha—Joyce and I aren't—we won't have any children."

He looked away, crimson with an embarrassment that he could not hide. The great form before him was strangely silent. So silent, in fact, that he finally turned back to look at her. What he saw alarmed him. Aunt Martha was in the throes of an agony inexplicable. Her face was red, purple, and veins showed. . . .

HE GRASPED her hands. Then he relinquished them. For his aunt was laughing, laughing, he felt, almost ghoulishly, certainly more vulgarly than he had ever known her to laugh before.

"Larry, my poor blind infant, you'll be the death of me," she gasped. "Get out of here, dear boy. I'm in a mood that no Tracy could possibly approve of. I—I feel as Gargantuan as I fear I look, my child. I want to give way to a Rabelaisian mirth—"

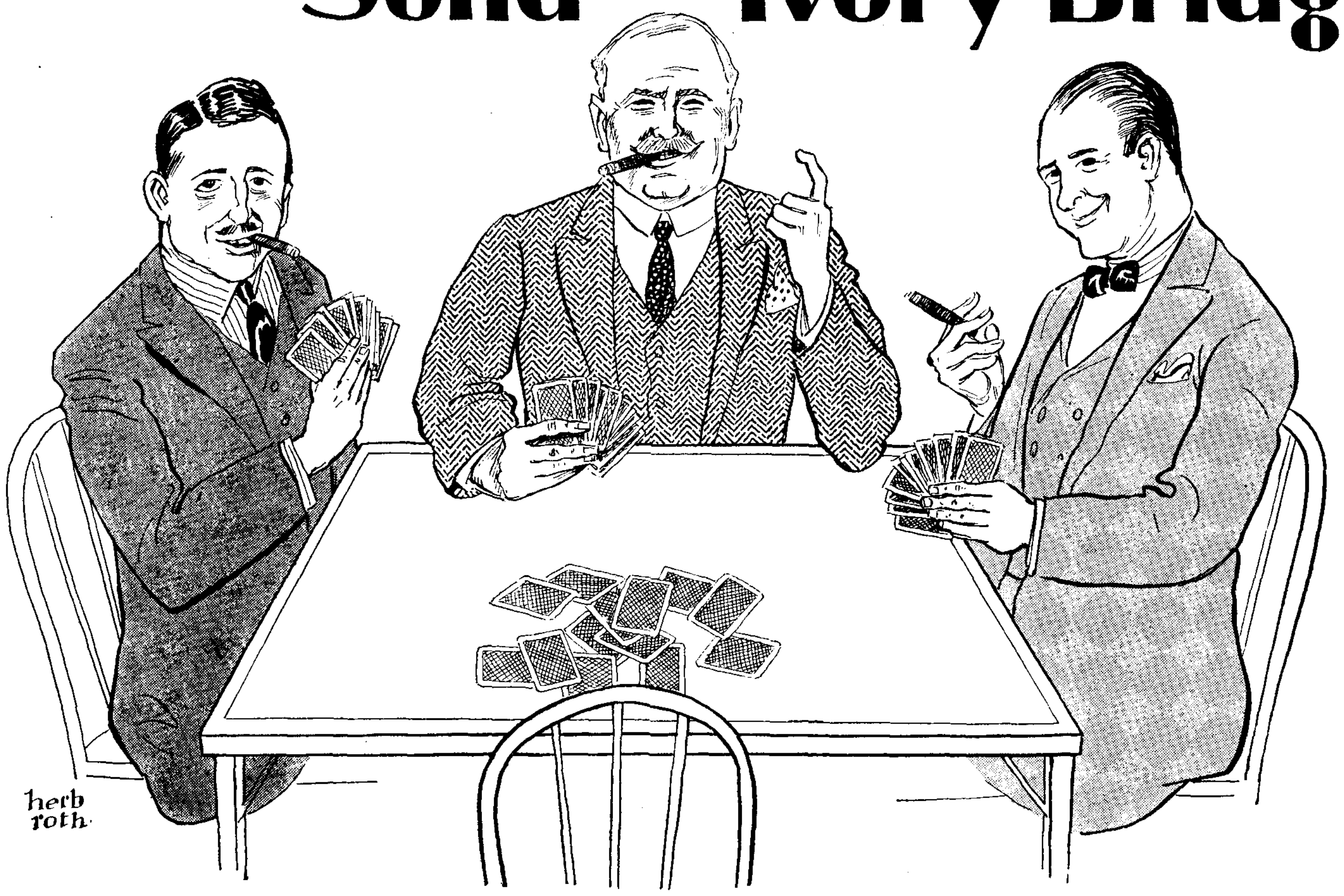
He left her, made an uncompromisingly stiff departure which he felt was strangely lacking in dignity.

What the devil was Aunt Martha driving at? Of course, there was the obvious thing. She was insinuating that Joyce cared for him. It was more than insinuation; it was almost a direct statement.

But how could Aunt Martha know anything of Joyce's inner feelings? He would have wagered his soul that Aunt Martha was not the recipient of Joyce's confidences. There were some things that Joyce would divulge to no one on earth. If Joyce loved her husband, her husband would

(*Continued on page 43*)

Solid Ivory Bridge Work



The greatest sucker of them all is the mediocre bridge player who gambles with superior players

By Grantland Rice

ONE of the first sport slogans that I remember ran to this effect: "You can't beat the ponies. It's a sucker game."

Maybe it is—but it isn't the biggest sucker game by three or four furlongs. The biggest of the entire lot is an innocent pastime known as Bridge, which now claims something like sixteen or seventeen millions of active and often disconsolate addicts.

Suppose we take football. Amherst plays Princeton and Williams plays Yale. Amherst and Williams don't expect to beat Princeton and Yale. They know the odds against them. They expect, of course, to put up a good, stiff fight and get much experience and practice. They are not kidding themselves.

Or let's consider golf. A four-ball match is on its way to the course. The four golfers are Smith and Jones on one side against Robinson and Brown on the other.

Smith and Jones have figured out quite carefully the handicap they want. They desire to be started two up each nine. Robinson and Brown protest with considerable vehemence. They are to play $5 Nassau, which means $5 on the first nine, $5 on the second and $5 on the match.

The total loss cannot be more than $15. Yet there is a vast vocabulary of indignation thrown upon the air before the final terms are settled.

But what happens when the same set meet at bridge? Smith and Jones are only fair bridge players. Robinson and Brown are sharks. Yet Smith and Jones take them on at a cent a point, drop $30 or $40 and then curse their luck.

It never occurs to the weaker bridge players to ask for a handicap. Yet there is just as much difference between bridge players as there is between a 110 player and Bobby Jones.

Only a few days ago I saw a hard-boiled business man wrangle for 20 minutes over a golf handicap that involved no more than a $15 turn and that same evening play on even terms against one of the best bridge players in the country and pay $140 for the privilege.

It never occurred to him that he was 100 per cent sucker, a target of the largest dimensions. He had only the slightest chance through an evening's play to beat a far better bridge player. But had he been asked to meet Bobby Jones at golf without a handicap he would have turned a mottled blue as he perished of apoplexy.

Bridge is partly a game of card holding. But bridge, especially contract bridge, is also a game of infinite skill in bidding and playing. And only a few carry this skill into action. The average bridge player is largely a dub, and even the average good bridge player is a dub against the stars.

A short while ago an expensive car was seen every morning waiting outside the apartment of a well-known betting man who usually figured his chances carefully. He was known as one of the smartest of plungers. Yet this expensive car had been sent after him by two well-known bridge players who "couldn't afford to let him get away."

They Almost Always Win

He took his bridge trimming every day and continued to come back for more. He was a good bridge player, but outclassed in the company he had picked, which included top talent—among the first three or four in the world.

Few know that bridge players are ranked just as golfers are ranked. The best ones can tell you in just what order they belong, or in just what group they should be placed. There are the ten best—just as there are the ten best golfers. Approximately, at least. There are those who belong among the first hundred, among the first thousand, or among the first hundred thousand. Through a month's play or a week's play those who belong among the first hundred will take money from opponents from the first thousand—almost every time.

There are 635,000,000,000 bridge hand combinations and 2,000,000 players would need twenty-four hours a day to have an equal chance of holding the same hand twice.

I asked one of the best bridge players in the world, an acknowledged expert, what he considered the main weakness among average bridge players.

"They usually insist," he said, "on bidding up a hand where they could set an opposing bid. They don't like to have the bid taken away from a good hand, so instead of quitting or doubling they keep on until they are the ones to be set and perhaps doubled.

"They also overlook the law of symmetry in cards, a distinct law that always exists. There are possibilities in bridge hands which the average player never even dreams about. I will give you an example:

"In a certain big game the dealer to my right bid No Trump. My hand had ten Clubs headed by the Ace, King, Queen and the Queen, Jack, and Ten of Spades.

"Naturally I could set a No Trump badly or make five Clubs, but I was not ready for any such action. I bid two Diamonds. That was overbid by my opponents and so I bid three Hearts. I finally bid four Diamonds.

"'Double,' said a loud, exultant voice.

"Then I bid four Hearts. Another exultant double, as they had all the Diamonds and Hearts.

"Apparently hooked, I then bid five Clubs. Once more the double rang out. This time I redoubled, since there was no way of preventing my five-Club make.

"I made a small slam in Clubs, doubled and redoubled, whereas my opponents could have made a small slam in either Diamonds or Hearts, and would have done so if I had ever let them get together in their bidding. If I had first mentioned Clubs or Spades they would have started talking about Diamonds or Hearts and taken over the bid."

"How do women compare with men?" I asked him.

"The best woman player," he said, "could not be placed among the top five hundred players. Yet I believe the average woman player is about as good as the average male player, since the general average on both sides is none too high.

"There are certain people who have what is called 'card sense,' and there are thousands of others who lack this quality and who never rise above mediocrity.

"But they will continue to lose their money to better players as they complain about holding bad hands. But if you watch their bidding and their play you will soon see how hugely their mistakes pile up.

"Some time ago I watched an able business man, only an average bridge player, playing twenty-five cents a point with three of the best. He lost over $3,000, complaining bitterly about his cards, which were just as good on the average as the others held. He might just as well have been playing golf against Bobby Jones for $3,000, playing even, and kicking about the bad lies in the rough or in traps when he was beaten fourteen or fifteen holes.

"The luck of holding cards, of course, plays a certain part in the course of an evening. But it plays a small part over any stretch of time. For the greater part it isn't the cards you hold but the way you bid them and the way you play them.

"For example," he continued, "you must size up the play of your partner and the play of your opponents. Your partner may be a conservative bidder or a wild one. You must adjust your bidding to his method. If both partners are overconservative, or both are wild bidders, they will run into different types of trouble.

When Will Their Luck Change?

"It is necessary to form a quick picture of the 26 cards you and your partner hold and then set up another picture of the hands held by your opponents. You should know how far you can go and how far they can go. You can learn much from certain tones of voice, from certain looks or expressions. The best bridge players have the entire picture before them."

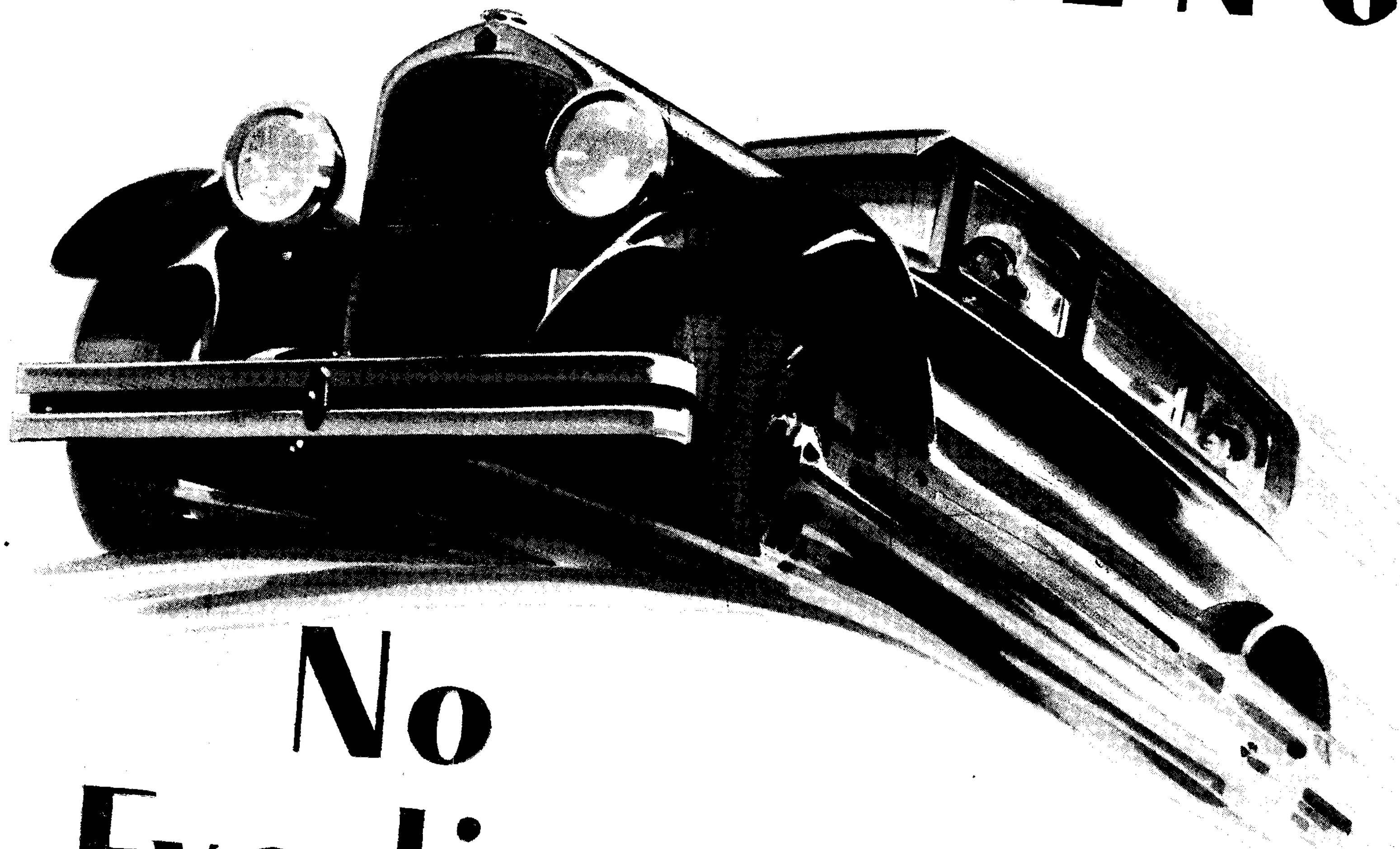
With the vast margin that exists between the good player and the poorer player the latter goes stumbling on his way to expensive doom, crying through the wilderness about his wretched luck. These poorer players among the great bridge-playing army pay out many millions every year to opponents who have them outclassed in every way.

Yet few lightweights among the boxers are willing to face heavyweights. No 18-handicap golfers are willing to meet scratch players on even terms. A high-school football team wouldn't play Stanford or Illinois for a big stake.

Yet millions of bridge players get out the old check book, evening after evening, wondering when their luck will turn as the better players continue to collect and go their merry way—perhaps to lose in turn to others who outrank them just as badly.

ESSEX

THE CHALLENGER



No Evading this challenge

Here is a challenge that rings with fulfillment. Its bid is to all who would own the best, and no car is excepted.

In Fast Getaway—against the champions of any price class. In Speed—anything the road offers up to 70 miles an hour. In Endurance—60 miles an hour all day long is being proved by thousands. In Hill-climbing—give it the hardest task you know. In Size and Roominess—match with big cars of large passenger capacity. In Appearance and Smartness—compare it with the costly cars, in which high price is paid for just those things. In Economy—against small light cars, whose chief appeal is economical operation, and which do not contend for performance distinction.

By tens of thousands motorists are accepting the Essex challenge in demonstration tests that decisively prove fulfillment.

It will not only win your endorsement, but challenge your ownership interest against any value that motordom may offer.

Standard Equipment Includes: *4 hydraulic shock absorbers—electric gas and oil gauge—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—starter on dash—all bright parts chromium-plated.*

A BIG FINE SUPER-SIX

Coach	$695	Standard Sedan	$795
2-Pass. Coupe	695	Town Sedan	850
Phaeton	695	Roadster	850
Coupe (with rumble seat)	725	Convertible Coupe	895

$695

AND UP... *at factory*

Does POLITICS make Women CROOKED?

By Bertha K. Landes

Ex-mayor of Seattle

Mrs. Landes was the first woman to be mayor of a large American city. A good housekeeper, she thinks, is likely to be a good executive

Mrs. Bertha K. Landes, former mayor of Seattle, receives a gift from one of her admirers, a Seattle newsboy

WHEN the people of Seattle elected me as their mayor I took office with a great sense of responsibility. I had to make good not only for myself but for women—for my particular friends and supporters among the clubwomen; for those many other women in Seattle who looked on me as their special representative; for the women everywhere who knew that I was the first member of their sex to serve as mayor of a large American city, and who expected me not to let them down.

Because I believe that a similar point of view about public office is held by all intelligent and conscientious women office-seekers, it seems to me that politics is going to benefit by their entrance into the field.

This feeling is not based on a smug sex superiority complex. I am not one of those who go around saying—or thinking—that "women are better than men." Only, at present, most women, in order to be elected to office, have to be better than their men opponents—just as, among the higher ranks of business and professional workers, women receive not "equal pay for equal work," but equal pay for better work. In politics it commonly takes a superior woman to overcome the handicap of traditional prejudice. When such a woman becomes mayor, legislator, county treasurer or governor, her constituents naturally will benefit both from her unusual qualities of mind and conscience and from her inherent conviction that—because of her sex—she is on trial and must make a record.

A few women—as men are quick to remind us—have failed to meet this self-imposed standard. These failures are a great pity, although they have been exaggerated out of all just proportion. The standard nevertheless holds for most women who are, or are likely to be, in office, and this is as it should be. For if women who go into politics can do no better than men, women might as well stay out of politics and devote themselves to other activities in which their superior usefulness has been proved.

"Can women," the editor of Collier's has asked, "be as politically corrupt as men?"

To which I may answer frankly that I do not think women in general can be. If the time ever comes when many women sink to the depths of political corruption, then we may indeed fear for the future of both government and society.

For consider: Can anybody imagine large numbers of women calmly collecting graft from speakeasies, gambling houses and red-light districts? Women have too much moral imagination. It is too easy for them to visualize how these social evils may affect the individual home. They picture husbands blinded by poisoned whisky, or fathers losing the money which should have gone into the children's college fund, or sons involved in some ugly scandal. Men smile because women "make everything personal," but making a thing personal sometimes makes it intolerable!

Men Are More Conservative

Women simply never have grown up with the conviction held by generations of men, whether in politics or not, that social vice is ineradicable, and that therefore the best way to deal with it is to let it be conducted in a way as quiet and businesslike as possible. "Anything not to stir up a fuss!" Men always hate house-cleaning!

Women know that it has to be done—although, of course, the best and most modern method is not by occasional upheaval but by keeping house properly, day by day. Women also are less conservative than men. I have suspected that it was a woman invented the American version of the famous line from the creed: "As it was in the beginning, is now and—it's got to stop!"

My own first attempt at real law enforcement came even before I was elected mayor. When the then mayor of Seattle went to New York to attend the Democratic National Convention in 1924, I, as president of the city council, became acting mayor. Matters followed a smooth routine for two weeks; then one day, in answer to a question from a council member, the chief of police stated plumply that "conditions in Seattle are rotten."

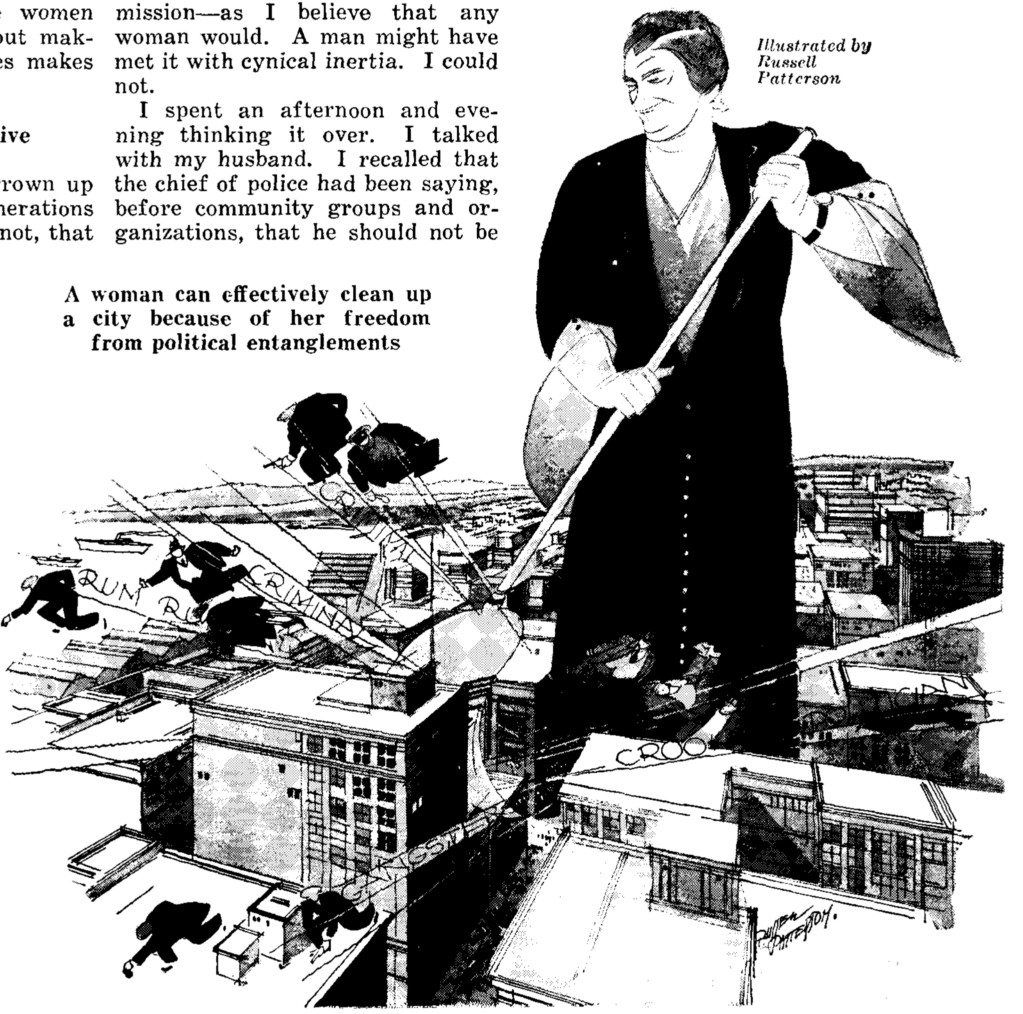
In a sense, he was telling me nothing new, yet I winced at the bald, uncompromising ugliness of his admission—as I believe that any woman would. A man might have met it with cynical inertia. I could not.

I spent an afternoon and evening thinking it over. I talked with my husband. I recalled that the chief of police had been saying, before community groups and organizations, that he should not be blamed if things were not right in the city, for there were at least a hundred men on the police force who ought not to be there, but who, as they were under Civil Service, he was powerless to remove.

The longer I thought about those bland admissions, the more preposterous they seemed. So I wrote the chief a letter. I reminded him of our common responsibility for civic conditions, of his recent admission in my office, of his public statements to the same effect. I then demanded that he remove from the force any man whom he knew to be winking at law violations or breaking the law himself. I demanded that he take this action within twenty-four hours, or give me good reasons for his failure to do so.

His answer was a jeer.

"Be chief of police yourself, if you don't like the way things are done!" he challenged. (*Continued on page 36*)



Illustrated by Russell Patterson

A woman can effectively clean up a city because of her freedom from political entanglements

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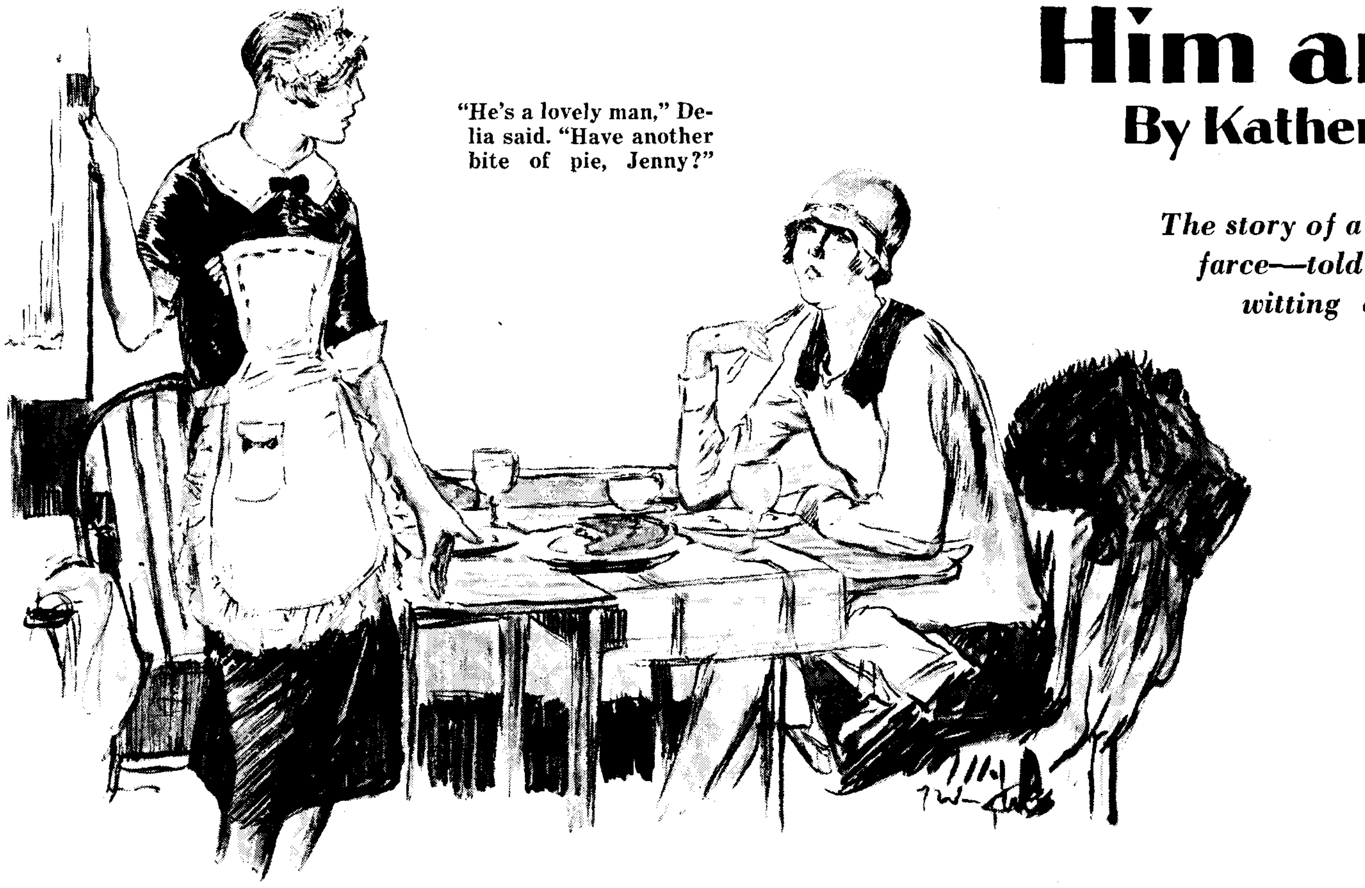
from mine to consumer

The
AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY

Him and Her

By Katherine Brush

The story of a gilded marriage farce—told by two unwitting dramatists



"He's a lovely man," Delia said. "Have another bite of pie, Jenny?"

"SHE'S twelve years older than he is," Delia said. "She's forty-four and he's thirty-two. Here, let me give you a piece of this lemon meringue pie."

"Oh, no, Delia. No, thanks. I'm full up."

"Just this much."

"We-ell. It looks awful good."

"It is good," said Delia. "I made it this morning."

Deftly, on a knife, she transferred a triangle of lemon custard topped with meringue to her visitor's plate, where it lay among cake crumbs. "*They* liked it," she added. "He ate two pieces. He likes my cooking anyway."

"You're a fine cook," the visitor said. "You always was, Delia."

Delia, putting the rest of the pie away, nodded matter-of-factly.

The visitor took up her fork. "Well. Go on. You was tellin' me." She detached a section of custard and crust, conveyed it to her mouth and continued thickly: "Twelve years older, you say?"

"Yeah."

"She is? Or he is?"

"*She* is."

"My," said the guest. "That's a lot for the lady to be older." She added curiously, "How do you know she is?"

DELIA slammed a cupboard door. "Well, for one thing—I got eyes in my head to see with. And for another thing, I know. I've heard 'em talking."

"Talkin' about how old they are?"

"Sort of," said Delia. "Sometimes they fight about it. Or *she* fights about it. He don't say anything, except to tell her she's wrong."

"Wrong?"

"Oh, she keeps telling him she knows he wishes she was younger, and he says she's wrong. He says he don't wish anything of the kind, he never thinks about it at all, he says. But she keeps on telling him and telling him."

"He's a lovely man," Delia added irrelevantly. "Have another bite of pie, Jenny?"

Jenny shook her head emphatically. "It was awful good. But I couldn't, really."

Delia took the plate and fork to the sink and let hot water run on them. She reached for a dish towel. In the meantime her guest brushed crumbs from the table into the palm of a reddened hand, went to the open window and fluttered the hand in the air.

"There!" Delia said.

"All through now, are you?"

"Yeah."

The kitchen was immaculate. Delia surveyed it, rolling down her black poplin sleeves, fastening the organdie cuffs at the wrists. "All through in here," she said. "I got to turn down the beds yet."

Her glance returned to her friend. "Like to see the rest of the apartment?"

Jenny would indeed.

They went through the swinging door. Delia in the lead. "This is the dining-room."

"My, it's grand, ain't it!"

Delia nodded indifferently. "I guess so. I got so used to it I forget if it is or if it isn't." She appended, "This rug's the mischief to keep clean. It marks if you look at it."

"Chairs are beautiful."

"She brought 'em from Spain."

"Is she Spanish?"

"No, but she's been there. She lived there a whole year once," Delia said. "She and her first husband. He was sick, that's why they went there. Harry, his name was. Harry somebody. Rich fella.

"He died," Delia concluded casually. "Died of consumption. This is the living-room."

A fluffy dog descended from a chair and came to meet them.

"Get away, you," said Delia.

Jenny giggled. "What kind of a dog do you call that?"

"That's a chow."

"It looks like a little lion."

"It's a pest," said Delia. "It's name is Ming Toy." She made a grimace, quick, eloquent. "It's hers," she said further. "Of course, *he* wouldn't give it house room."

The visitor was eying her surroundings. "Beautiful," she sighed.

"This was just done over," Delia said. "Just this fall. Some decorator did it from Madison Avenue. Cost four thousand dollars, this room did."

"You don't say!"

They stood for some moments more, gazing about them.

"And in here," said Delia, starting forward suddenly, "is the lib'ary. See, it's all books."

Jenny followed at her heels. Side by side they stared in from the threshold.

"Doctors' books," suggested Jenny. "He's a doctor, ain't he?"

"Specialist," Delia corrected her. "Ears, nose and throat. But these aren't those kind of books. He keeps those kind downtown where his office is—anyway, I never saw but one or two around here. These here are just—you know—books to read."

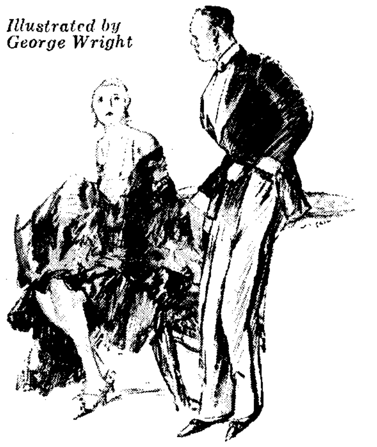
"Surely are enough of 'em."

"He likes books," Delia said. "He don't get much chance to read, though, when she's around. She keeps *him* hopping, believe me! Out every night they don't have company come in, and that's the way it goes.

"You see," explained Delia, switching off the light and turning back into the living-room, "she's afraid that he's going to think she's old if she says she wants to just sit home an evening and rest herself. So she has to make out like she's dying for excitement, to show him how young an' frisky she is."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah. So all day she rests up and has massages all over. And then when it's time for him to come home she dolls up like Astor's pet horse and tells him to hurry up and get dressed too, and she fixes a shaker of cocktails with her very own lily-white hands"—Delia grimaced again—"and they drink 'em, and away they go.



Illustrated by George Wright

"It's a shame," concluded Delia, wagging her head. "Sometimes I feel so sorry for him I could just *bawl*—This here's her room. Stand still while I turn on a light."

Jenny stood still. Delia bustled into the gloom and found and pressed a tiny button under a bonnet-like pink taffeta lampshade. "She's only got soft lights in here, believe me," Delia said.

"How does she see to dress, I wonder."

"DRESSES in her dressing-room. I'll show you that in a minute. Come on in!" directed Delia. "Don't be afraid. They won't be back for a long time yet; they've gone to the theater. And Germaine's out too. Germaine, that's her personal maid. She's always out in the evenings, Germaine is. She has it soft. Come *in!* Don't stand there."

Jenny came in and stood in the center of the room, clutching her pocketbook and peering about her. "Land!" she said. "Look at the pillows!"

Delia was taking them off the bed, bestowing them by the armful upon the taffeta *chaise longue* beside the windows. Innumerable small pillows, elaborate, lacy, plump, like grown-up pincushions grown soft with age. Heart-shaped ones, oval ones, square ones. "Ever see the beat?" asked Delia disgustedly. "Every night I do this. Nineteen of 'em, there are."

"There's another on the floor. Big one."

Delia's glance at it spoke volumes. "That *belongs* there," she snorted.

The coverlet of satin seen pinkly through lace Delia peeled from the bed. She turned down the blankets and the spotless linen sheet that had a curly monogram over the hem. From somewhere she brought mules with smooth gold linings and high gold heels, and a dressing gown like an evening wrap of cloth-of-gold and chiffon. And a chiffon nightgown like a dress for dancing-school grown long.

Jenny was speechless.

"There!" said Delia. "Come on, now. I'll show you in here."

The dressing-room had windows on one side, doors and cupboards and drawers along the other. A dressing table in taffeta ruffles stood at the end. Delia opened a door with a sweeping gesture. "Take a look," she said succinctly.

Jenny gasped. "Looks like a *store!*"

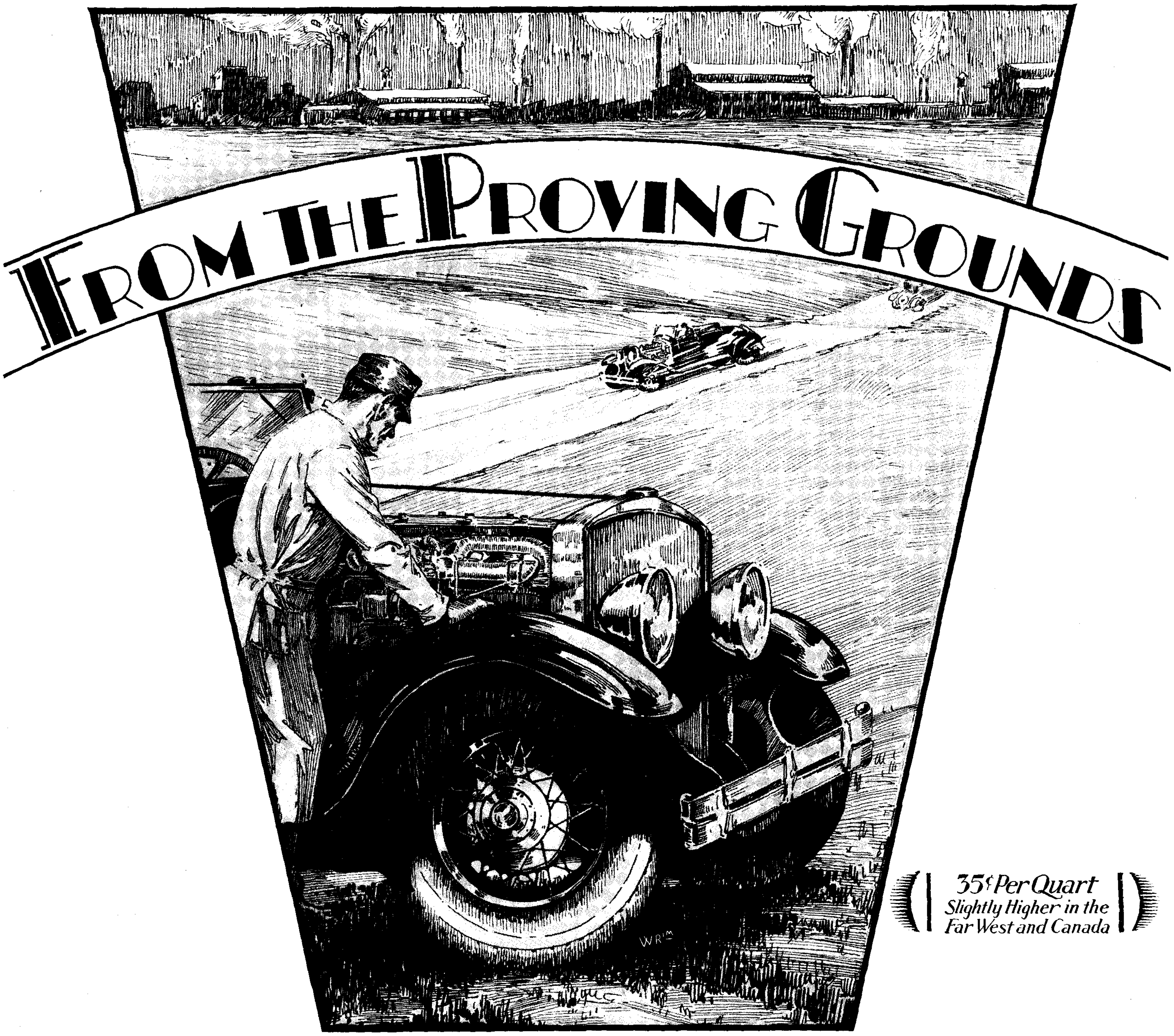
"Don't it, though?"

Delia moved into the closet and unhooked one of the gowns, held it up and regarded it fondly. "This is one I like," she said. "I got my eyes on this, believe me."

"It's grand," Jenny agreed reverently.

Delia hung it in place again and took down another. "This green one too." She twisted her wrist, exhibiting the back; then hung that gown up also. "I'll never get 'em, though," she sighed. "She don't give me anything to speak of. She says, 'It's

(*Continued on page 30*)



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Better than Fame

By Frank Swinnerton

The best of all guides to happiness is a fine young human heart

STORMS of applause. Men standing upon the cushioned seats of the boxes, and women waving handkerchiefs wildly in the air. The whole theater ablaze with light, and the heavy curtain slowly rising and falling again. In the center of the stage, amid the emptiness of a garden scene, a single small figure, bowing, half hidden in flowers, smiling, kissing hands, again bowing as if her head would sink to her knees. And the tumultuous applause continuing, minute after minute, dominated by one cry:

"Jessica! Jessica!" And again, "Jessica! Jessica!"

One man was standing in the theater, not joining in the outcry, but smiling, and his eyes shining, his hands beating together in conflict with all these other clapping hands. He was a tall, broad-shouldered young man, whose dress suit was perfection, and whose physique, within the dress suit, was perfection. He was very dark, his hair was black, and he wore a small black mustache. A handsome man of thirty, still in some respects a boy, and now as glowingly enthusiastic as any other member of the audience.

It was the last performance of a great success, The Rose Carnation. For weeks every seat had been sold; for hours, since before dawn, the queues for gallery and pit had waited for this momentous occasion. And now that the play was over, they all seemed loath to see her go; and stayed there, shouting and applauding, while Jessica Mowbray took call after call, tiny, remote, lovely, still in the quaint little costume which she had worn throughout the final act.

"Speech! Speech!" yelled an enthusiast. His cry was taken up at once, by all except that silent figure in the box, whose hands had fallen to his sides. "Spee-ech!"

At last, a lull. The little figure hesitated, advanced. A tiny, silvery voice rose, quelling every other sound. It was exquisite. Lord Pagan bent forward, listening painfully to the tones which made his heart rise and swell in his breast until it threatened to burst its prison.

"Thank you! Thank you!" said Jessica Mowbray. "My friends!"

The curtain was descending once more. She stepped back, to the accompaniment of another roar. She was hidden.

THIS time a longer interval was allowed to pass before the curtain rose again. Some of the crowds were beginning to melt away. Others, standing as they had stood for a quarter of an hour, waited for yet another glimpse of that tantalizing figure, another sound of that enchanting little voice. But Lord Pagan was no longer there. He had shouldered his way around behind the lower box, and was passing behind the scenes. They knew him well in this theater, and let him go, while others who sought to follow were checked and sent away. He was shut off from the shouting throng, whose clamor was already diminished. A moment later he was in the wings, watching from close quarters, as so many others were doing, the solitary figure upon the stage.

"Jessica! Jessica!" came the outcry.

Wearily, but still smiling, so that she should not disappoint those whose servant she was, Jessica bowed again, opened her arms, dropped her head. Then sighing, she came toward the wings, white and exhausted.

"Let 'em roar!" muttered an old man near Pagan. "Poor kid; she's dead beat. Hullo, Pagan! I say, can't you get her away out of this?"

But Jessica had also seen Pagan; and she came toward him with a perceptible uplifting of the shoulders.

"My dear!" she cried, giving him her hands. "I can't stand any more. I can't!"

"Just one more!" they pleaded. She obediently returned to the stage. The dying cheers rose again. The curtain fell for the last time.

IN TWENTY minutes they were all out of the theater, but as Jessica was seen to emerge from the stage door the crowd which awaited her there broke into further cheers; and it was only when Lord Pagan's car drew up and engulfed her, and when police held back the throng, that she was free. Jessica, lying back against the cushions, was like a ghost.

"Wonderful!" she whispered, as if to herself. "But terrible!"

Lord Pagan pressed her hand.

"You're wonderful!" he said, ardently. "Wonderful! You've got the whole world at your feet!"

"As if I wanted it there!" Jessica sighed, leaning back against the soft cushions in the darkness, and watching the streets flashing past. She was suddenly miserable, after all the feverish excitement of the evening.

"Haven't you got all you want?" whispered Pagan.

Jessica shook her head.

"No," she said soberly.

"But you—" he exclaimed. "You *could* have—"

Again Jessica looked past him, shaking her head.

"I once had it," she said. "I threw it away."

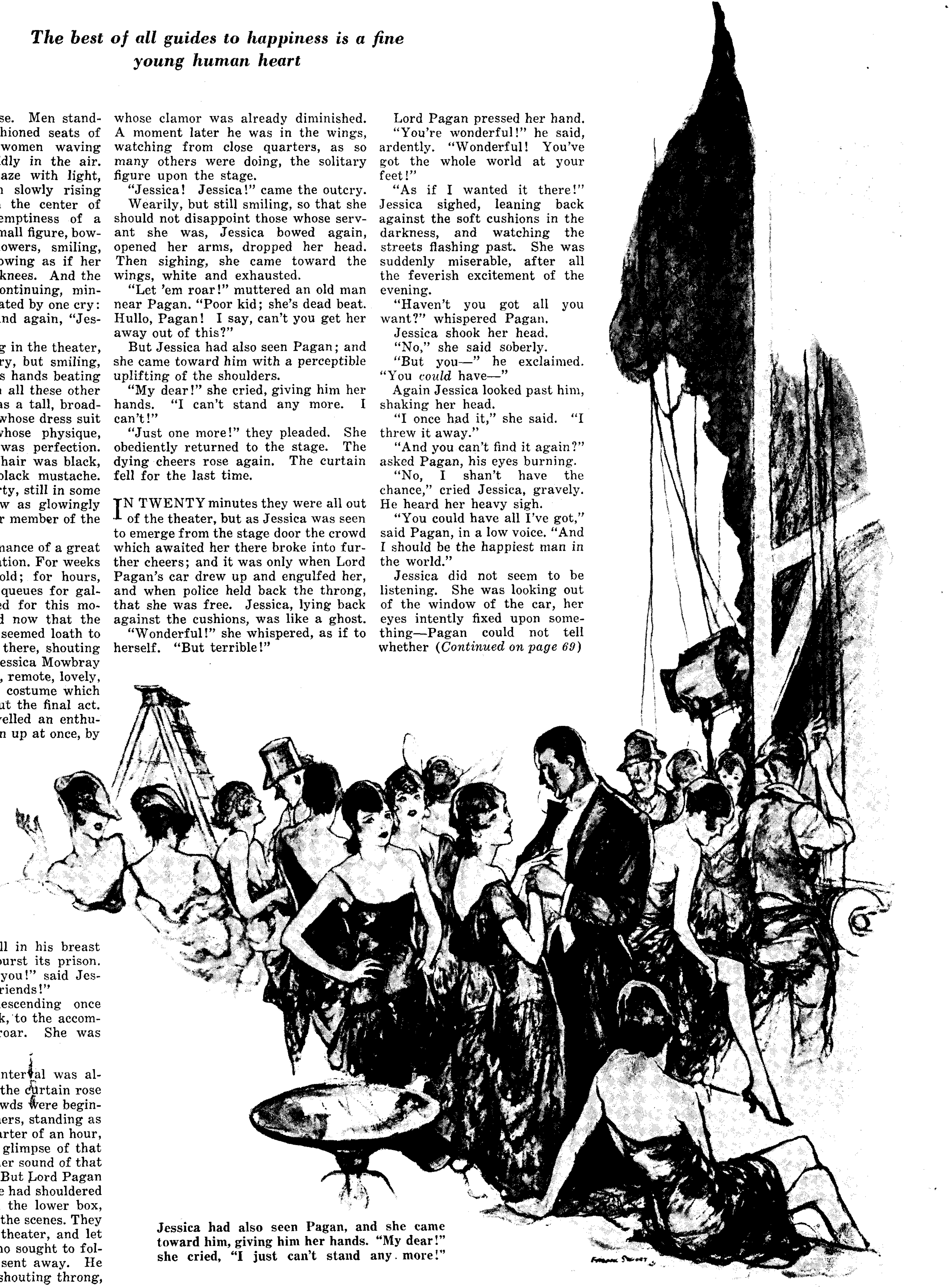
"And you can't find it again?" asked Pagan, his eyes burning.

"No, I shan't have the chance," cried Jessica, gravely. He heard her heavy sigh.

"You could have all I've got," said Pagan, in a low voice. "And I should be the happiest man in the world."

Jessica did not seem to be listening. She was looking out of the window of the car, her eyes intently fixed upon something—Pagan could not tell whether

(*Continued on page 69*)



Jessica had also seen Pagan, and she came toward him, giving him her hands. "My dear!" she cried, "I just can't stand any more!"

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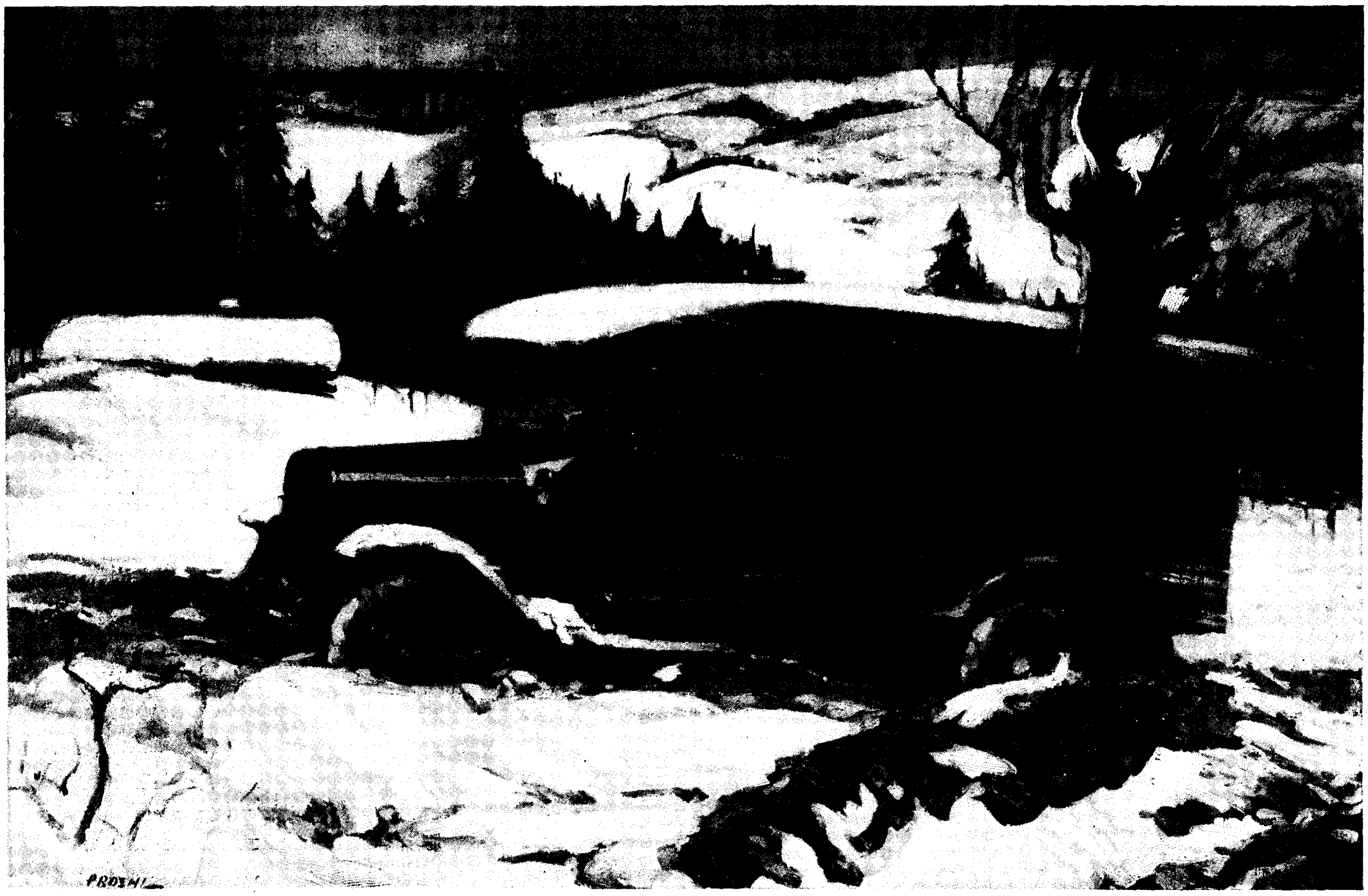

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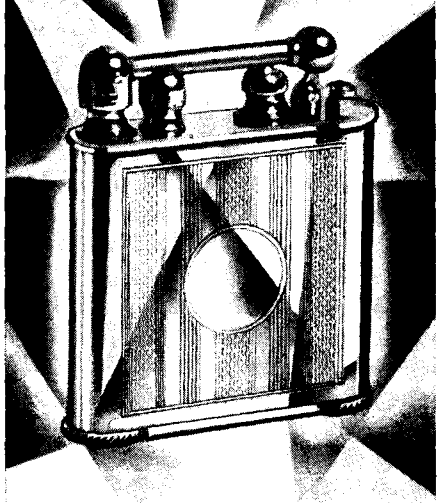

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Him and Her

Continued from page 26

too bad my things won't fit you, Delia'—and then she takes 'em down to a second-hand place and sells 'em. She makes me sick!" Delia exploded peevishly.

"Tch!" Jenny said with her tongue against the roof of her mouth. "With all their money! My, my."

"All *her* money, you mean," said Delia. "That's just it. If it hadn't been for her money, she'd never of got him. She was a widow, you see, and— Sit down, Jenny. Rest your feet a minute."

They both sat down.

Delia leaned forward. "Well, as I was saying—it was like this: She was a rich widow, and she got sick. She got a mastoid—you know—like Mrs. Delaney's little boy had that time? Well, so they took her to the hospital—and there *he* was. He was an interne, see? What they call an interne, in this ears, nose and throat hospital. Well. She fell in love with him."

Delia paused. Jenny nodded owlishly, lips compressed.

"Right off the bat!" continued Delia. "I've heard 'em talk about it. She's always telling him about it, like he didn't know. Seems he came in one day in a white coat and white pants to listen to her heart, and she fell for him"—Delia snapped her fingers—"just like that."

"Love at first sight, like," contributed Jenny.

"Yeah. Like that. Well," went on Delia, "there he was. He'd just got out of a doctors' college, and he was working in this hospital for the experience, like they have to do. He didn't have any money, and he didn't know how he was going to get started or get a practice—you know, an office, and patients—

"HOW I know this part," Delia interrupted herself to explain, "is that one night when she was away I heard him and a friend of his, another doctor, Doctor Rogers his name is, talking. I was in the dining-room clearing off the table and they were in the living-room having their coffee—they were talking kind of low and I didn't get all of it—but it seemed this Doctor Rogers, he's his best friend, was asking him, confidential, why he ever married her when she was so much older and all. So he was telling him how it was.

"Seems he was a poor boy to begin with, and he was helping his two sisters, along with everything else, and he had borrowed the money for his schooling and didn't know how he was going to pay that back, let alone make enough to get ahead. So when she came along and got so crazy about him, he figured that here was his chance.

"He didn't say much," declared Delia defensively. "And he tried to speak nice of her too—you know, like he was grateful to her for all she'd done for him. He didn't say anything against her—and he wouldn't let Doctor Rogers say anything. He kept telling Doctor Rogers not to blame her for anything, that it was all his own fault, and like that. It seemed like this Doctor Rogers was trying to get him to leave her. You know, divorce her, or get her to divorce him, or something. But he wouldn't hear of it at all—he didn't get mad, I don't mean, but he just kept telling Doctor Rogers that it wouldn't do, he couldn't think of it, he'd made his bed—"

"Divorce her what for?" Jenny interrupted breathlessly.

"Well, he—this other doctor—he said she was ruining him. And so she is!" Delia added emphatically. "What with late hours, and picking on him all the time, and not letting him have the nurses he wants for his office, and being jealous of his lady patients—"

"Is she? Jealous of his lady patients?"

"Is she!" cried Delia. "And the nurses too. He had one nurse she threw a fit about. Miss Fielding, her name was. I saw her once, time I had my swollen glands and he had me come down there. Pretty little thing she was. Young, and awful smart. He said she was the best nurse he ever had, but she made him get rid of her."

"Well—do you think"—Here Jenny also leaned forward, and her voice became a half-whisper—"do you think there was anything *to* it?"

DELIA shook her head. "No," she said flatly. "Wasn't a thing to it, just her suspicioning. I know, because he told Doctor Rogers. He said he couldn't help what he felt, but he said he could help what he *did*. And he said he'd been faithful to her and he hoped he could keep on being." Delia hesitated. "He said it was 'cricket.'"

"Said it was what?"

"'Cricket.'"

They exchanged a puzzled glance.

"I thought maybe you'd know," Delia murmured.

"No."

"Well. Anyway. That's what he said."

"How long've they been married?" Jenny inquired.

"Four years. Four or five years. I don't just know how long exactly." Delia's voice lacked interest in this particular point. "He's making money now all right, I guess," she went on. "Not as much as she's got, of course, but—some. He pays for this apartment, for instance. She owns all the stuff, but he pays the rent."

"The stuff's nicer'n the apartment, seems to me," Jenny remarked.

Delia was loyal. "Oh, I don't know now! Rents are awful high in this part of town."

"That's right too."

"He's spending all he makes," Delia said, "I know that. Throwing it all in with what she spends. He tries to pay half the running expenses, but she spends so much he can't, and he's always trying to get her to cut down. He wants to save some, you see, to pay her back for all she spent helping him in the beginning. But he'll never do it. Not with her extravagant like she is. I tell you what *I* think." Delia's eyes narrowed craftily. "I think she don't *want* him to pay her back. I think she's afraid if he ever got it all paid he'd think, 'Well, that's that,' and go off and leave her. So she keeps him in debt all the time, so he never can."

There was a brief pause.

"Did you notice his picture?" queried Delia. "On the stand beside her bed?"

Jenny hadn't.

"Come on, I'll show you."

They moved back into the bedroom, leaving the dressing-room dark behind them. Delia picked up the photograph in its heavy silver frame and handed it proudly to Jenny. "That's him."

"He sure is handsome!"

"He's handsomer than that, even," Delia said. "That don't do him justice. He's got the bluest eyes you ever saw, blue as—I don't know what."

"There's a picture of her in his room," Delia said, "if you'd like to see it. I got to go in there anyway, I didn't turn down his bed yet."

"They got separate rooms," Jenny observed as they filed out.

"Sure," said Delia. "You don't think she'd let him see her asleep, do you? With wrinkle plasters on, and a chinstrap, and gloves?"

"My, my," Jenny said.

"This is his room. And that's her, over there on the chifforobe."

Jenny approached the chifforobe.

"She's nice lookin'," she said presently. "She don't look so terribly old."

"She don't, eh?" said Delia tersely. "You ought to see her."

ANOTHER silence. Only Delia's hands, spanking the pillows into plumpness, made sound.

"Her eyes look so—so sort of sad," Jenny said hesitantly. "Or—not sad, exac'ly, but—"

Delia did not speak.

"I feel kinda sorry for her," Jenny said queerly, abruptly. "Too, I mean. Sorry for her too."

"You're crazy!"

"Well—I—"

"Sorry for *her?*" Delia demanded incredulously, hands on hips.

"We-ell—" Jenny's momentary allegiance died hard. But it died. "Maybe not," she said slowly. "Maybe not."

Who Travels Alone

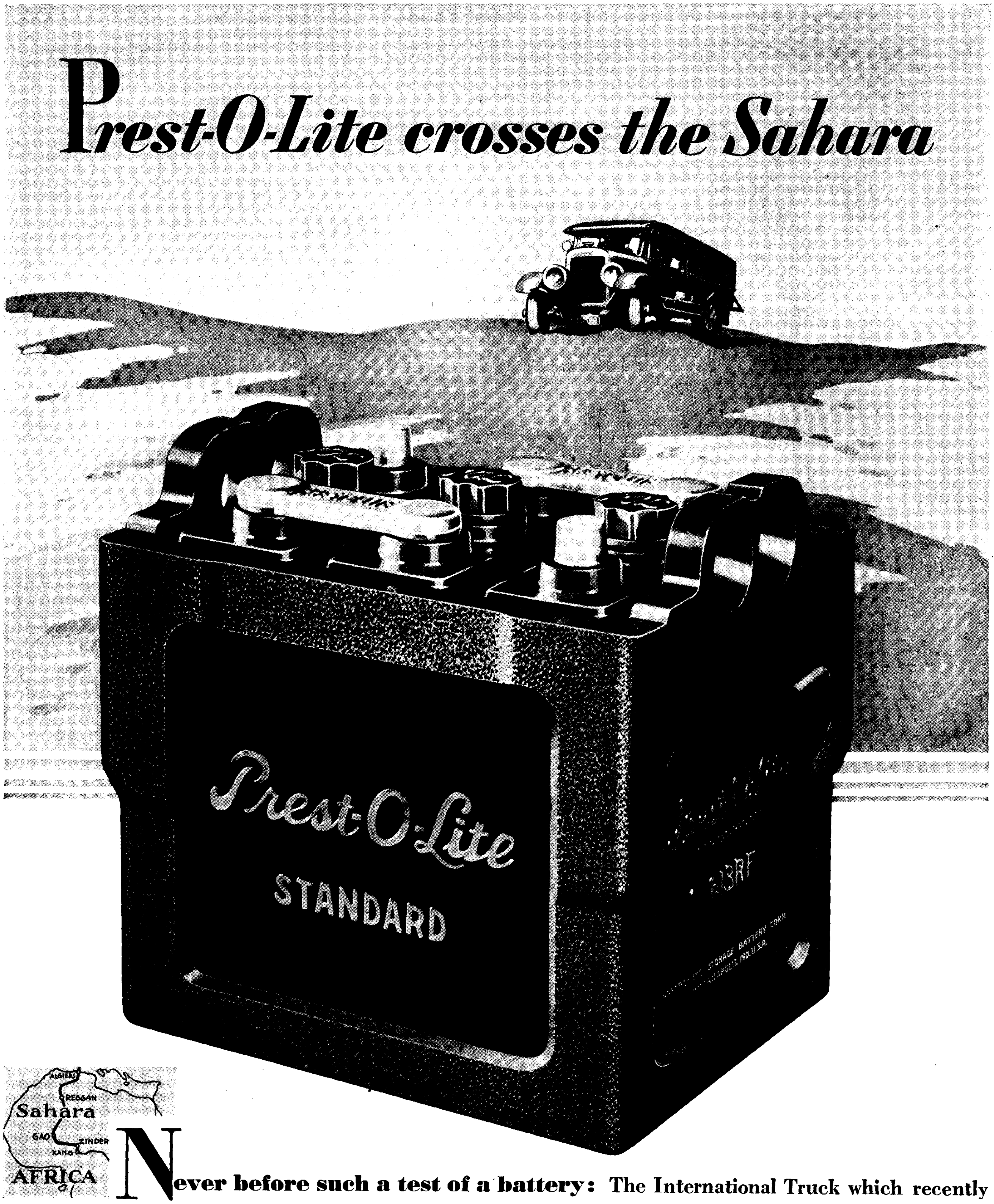
Alfred Loewenstein

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Alfred Loewenstein was a fantastic, incredible figure. Playing a lone hand always, he acquired wealth and power unlimited. When he traveled it was in his own airplane, accompanied by a retinue of attendants. Only the clouds which hung over the English Channel on a summer day knew the real story of his mysterious death. Small wonder that in the career of such a man E. Phillips Oppenheim should have seen a thrilling story worthy of his pen. His story begins in next week's Collier's.

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Prest-O-Lite crosses the Sahara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The Honorable Fools

Continued from page 15

cried the chief, "but I am sorry that I must take a pretty lad's life because of a mere woman. . . ."

"As I am sorry," interrupted Mehmet Yar, not to be outdone in boasting, "that soon, soon I must see you stark and still on a stretching-board. Are you ready?"

"I am. Come on!"

So again, as on that morning when the Grand Khan had appointed Mehmet Yar governor, they were about to have at each other with a clatter of iron—when again, suddenly, sharply, both men's thoughts clicked to their sovereign lord's grim warning, and again, at once, their hands dropped away from their sword hilts and they stared at each other rather like hurt, puzzled children.

FINALLY the captain spoke:

"We have broken our covenant of silence. Why not break our other covenant?"

"You mean . . .?"

"Our covenant of enmity, of hate."

"I cannot," came the simple, honest reply.

"Why not? Can we eat our hate? Can we drink it? Can we sell it?"

"We can feel it. I do!"

"So, to tell the truth, do I," admitted Mehmet Yar. "And yet—listen to me. . . ." He salaamed deeply, saying that here was himself, the proud, impatient man, willing to swallow dirt. "Not that I care for the taste of it," he went on. "But what else can I do? I love this girl. She loves me. And so—look—I shall swallow dirt and still more dirt. I shall kiss the hem of your robe in humble supplication—shall bend my neck for your booted heel to step on. Anything—anything, O son of Adam, . . . but Kothra—I want her. . . ."

"You cannot have her. She is mine."

"She loves me—not you."

"But you shall not marry her. Never. My captive she is, by the law of the steppe. The law—ah—" he smiled thinly, "which you, the governor, have sworn to uphold."

Calmly he spoke; and the captain shrugged his shoulders. He turned to Kothra.

"Allah does not close one door without opening another," he told her. "I shall find a way. You will wait for me?"

"Yes."

"The waiting may be long."

"I shall wait until my hair is white and my mouth toothless and shriveled my breasts. I shall wait until I die."

Day after day she waited. Week after week. And he did not return, nor was there word from him. And summer died; and autumn came with gloaming. Clouds trooped thickly above the valley; the shivering cattle lowed for the warm reek of stable and byre; and in the morning the people would hug themselves under their blankets and say: "Here is a raw, cutting day! Why hurry and get up?" and the trees moaned in the wind— Still, day after day, she waited.

"Oh, my heart!" said the poor girl. "Oh, my grief!" and when Ali Hassan came to her and offered her his tenderness, his passion, his all, she turned on him violently:

"Go away! I hate you!"

"You hate me—now. But, presently, you will hate me not so much. And perhaps—some day—you will love me. . . ."

"Never! Ah!"—and she laughed, almost hysterically—"*I*—love *you*. . . ?"

"Why not?" he exclaimed, growing angry, since after all he had as good a conceit of himself as the next man. "What is wrong with me? Good looks I have from my mother's side, and my father's people have been the pick and pride of Tartars in their time, with poets among them and thoughtful folk and grand heroes. You could look the world over and find worse than myself!"

She smiled a little. She liked this man; really liked him though he was Mehmet Yar's enemy.

"I am not saying that I have found better than yourself," she replied. "I am only saying that I have found the one I love—the one who loves me."

"Found him—and lost him!" mocked Ali Hassan. "He has left you."

"He will return."

"No. To Samarkand he has gone—there is no doubt of it—nor doubt that he is roistering there with the merry, laughing men of the bazaars. He has forgotten you. . . ."

"He has not forgotten me!" she interrupted heatedly. "He is thinking of me wherever he is!"

Yet, for the first time since Mehmet Yar's departure, something like a cloud came over her—some dim breath of wonder, of doubting. Dear Allah—perhaps Ali Hassan had spoken the truth—and her lover had left her for good, had no longer in his mind the thought of her, the dream of her. . . .

Well—let him—let him!

An outraged pride possessed her so that, for a moment, her love and grief were gone. But, at once, the grief returned and the love; and she rushed from the house like one demented, ran down the village street into the drifting snow, in an agony of despair that shook her from head to foot.

She stumbled, fell, fainted; and so Khaizaran, the priest's wife, found her. She was the same old woman who, not so many weeks earlier, had sneered at her, had demanded: "Allah—what is she with airs and graces but a whelp of the steppe?" But now, quickly, pity came to her . . . ah—the little girl—so forlorn—so forlorn . . . the poor, little, helpless bird. . . .

She called to her husband:

"Here—Mustaffa—lend a hand!"

They carried her to their house, put her on a couch, rubbed her forehead with snow, forced hot tea down her throat. At last she regained consciousness. Again she sobbed as if her heart would break; and the priest put his fat, clumsy, gentle hand on her shoulder, trying to think of things to say and not succeeding, relieved when his wife told him:

"What good are men in time of trouble? Be pleased to leave the room, O my master!"

HE OBEYED while Khaizaran took the girl in her arms.

"I know," she interrupted when Kothra began to explain. "It is because of your lover, eh?" Gruffly she spoke. Yet there was her motherly embrace, her caressing hand smoothing the girl's forehead. "The Lord alone knoweth what you see in him—with him nothing but a swashbuckling mercenary—or what he sees in you—with you nothing but a child of tinkers and vagabonds! Ah—such is ever the way of love—right or wrong, straight or crooked, but finding its goal as a river finds the ocean. Gone away, has he? What of it? He will return."

"He will not return. Ali Hassan is right."

"Ali Hassan is a big fool—as you are a small fool. One of these days you will see your captain again, looming dark and brave against the sky. . . ."

"Ali Hassan says . . ."

"Pah!" interrupted Khaizaran. "It is high time that someone talked sense to this same Ali Hassan." She rose, the lean, gray-haired woman. Her eyes flashed. Her lips tightened. "I shall talk to him! I myself!"

She went straight to the young chief's house and faced him squarely.

"I was never the one to mince words," she began.

"I know it," came the ironic rejoinder. "So does your husband."

"Good. Therefore—speaking about this Kothra . . ."

"Who is speaking about her?"

"I am. She does not love you. Why not let her go?"

"She is my captive. It is the law."

"Then—since this, too, is the law—make her yours by force."

"I cannot."

"Why not?"

"I am an honorable gentleman," he replied stiffly.

Her laughter rose in hooting, sneering tone waves.

"Do you call it honorable to lacerate a poor girl's heart, to nag her, to drive her to distraction? Ah, you are less honorable than a yearling dromedary!"

"How dare you?" he roared, flushing with rage. "I am the chief!"

"I put you across my knees before you became chief—after the death of your mother—may her soul enjoy paradise! It was I took care of you—and a scrawny and most disgusting brat you were! Yes—many a time I took the slipper to you, and—by Allah—I am still strong enough to do it today! Chieftainship? Pride? A rotten fig for both! What right have you to be proud, O great buffalo?"

"WHO has a better right than I? Old is my clan! The tree is not more old than we, nor yet the steppe, nor yet . . ."

"Nor yet my nose!" she cut in. "Empty words! The drum which booms most loudly is filled with wind! Show me your pride! Prove it to me!"

"Prove?" he stammered. "How?"

"There is only one way. By being generous."

"I am."

"To whom?"

"To my friends."

"Who is *not* generous to his friends? Even a Hindu is, an infidel, a knave. Be generous to—your enemies!"

His eyes narrowed.

"Eh?" he demanded.

"Forget your hate! There is the captain—and the girl. They love each other. Grant them . . ."

"No!"

"Please—please. . . ."

"No!" he repeated. "No!" And then she turned on him with high-piped taunts and insults and mockeries, informing him that it was as impossible to reason with such as he about true honor and true pride as to cover a kettledrum with the skin of a mouse.

"*Wah*"—her voice peaked shrilly—"a creature without decency you are, without refinement! An eater of dirt! Curse you and your evil pride!"

On she raced in a mad, frothing, lashing jumble of words, cursing, imploring, again cursing, again imploring, until suddenly, in a sort of frenzied resignation, Ali Hassan exclaimed:

"Yes, yes, yes! I shall do whatever you wish! Only—be quiet, O mother of a leaky tongue!"

"You give oath?"

"I give oath!"

At once, miraculously, her temper left her. Very sweetly she smiled at

(*Continued on page 34*)

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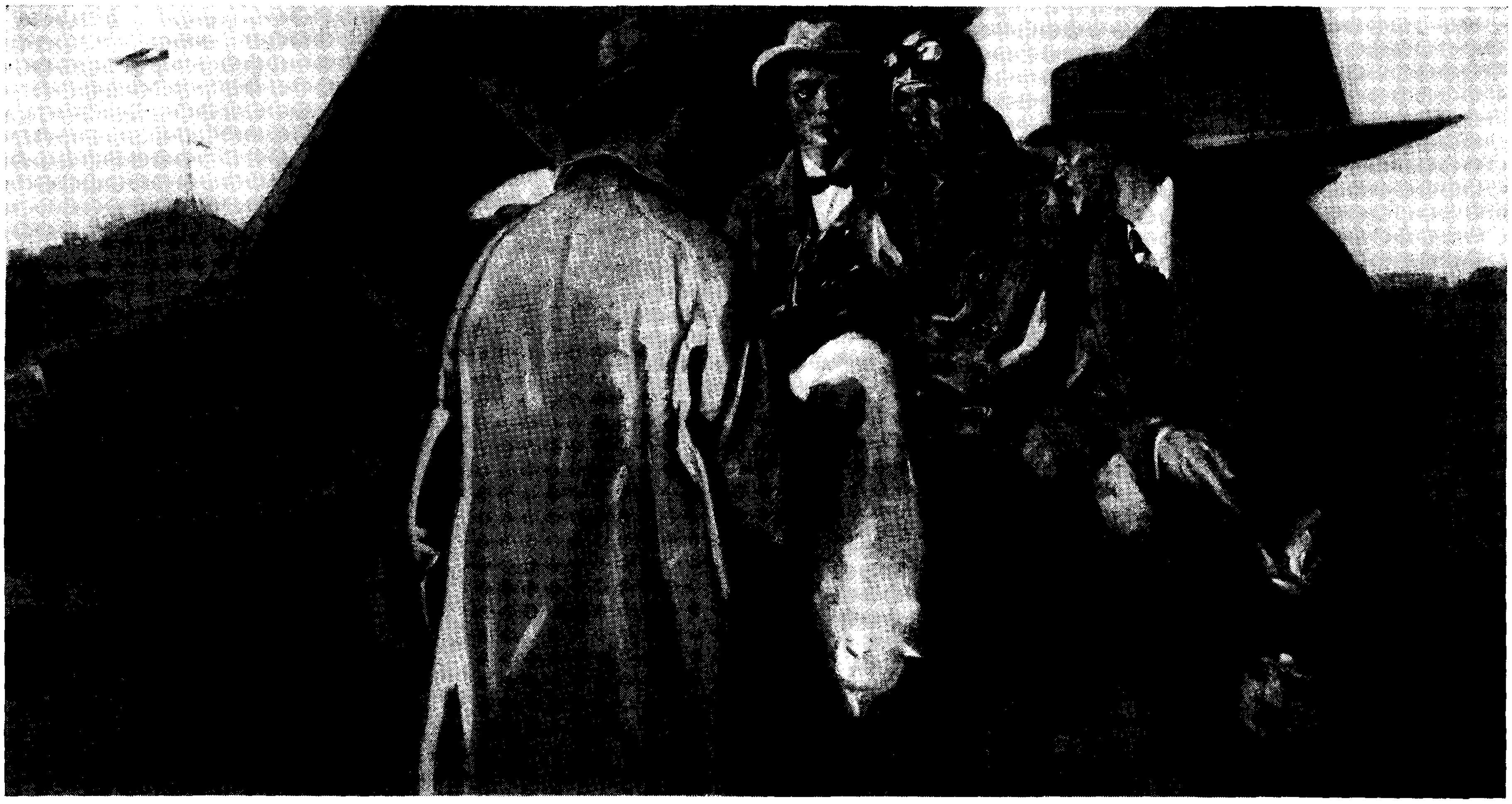
"So you won't give us her name, huh? . . . *what a story we'll make out of this!*"



PAINTED FOR SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS BY HERBERT M. STOOPS

A young business man took a young woman for an afternoon's ride in his airplane. On returning to the field he made a bad landing and was slightly injured. A friendly witness whisked the girl away in a car before the reporters got to the scene. The pilot gave them the facts, but withheld the name of his companion. And then the heckling began...

"Come clean now, who was she? . . . No use trying to cover up, give us the story . . . You'd *better* talk, or we'll draw our own conclusions . . . and maybe the story won't be so pretty!" The Scripps-Howard paper, together with other reputable papers, printed the harmless facts in a short news item. But the story appeared elsewhere teeming with spicy details, packed with sly suggestions . . . "Love Nest in Sky . . . Mystery Romance in the Clouds" . . . etc., etc.

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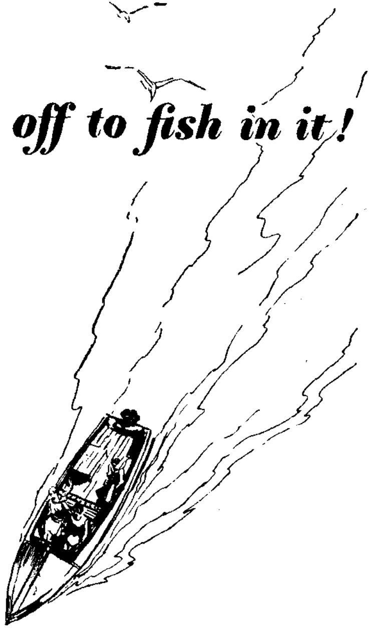

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The Honorable Fools

Continued from page 32

him. She was as tiny as he was tall, and she raised herself a little on her toes to reach up to him and put both her hands on his shoulders.

"I am so glad that I have convinced you," she said.

"Convinced me? No!" he grumbled. "You have out-talked me, out-bullied me!"

She laughed.

"No matter how I did it. Whether the knife fall on the cucumber or the cucumber on the knife—the result is the same." She kissed him. "You will do it, O just man? You will forget your pride and your hate?"

"Have I not given oath? I ride today."

"Ride?" she echoed, astonished. "Ride where?"

"To Samarkand—to find out what has happened to this precious captain and bring him back. To bring him back by force if, belike, he has forgotten Kothra and is kissing other women's lips. By the Prophet," he added boastingly, "if a measure of generosity it must be, let it be filled to the brim and no stinting!"

That same afternoon, he was off for Samarkand through the snow-clad steppe astride his swiftest dromedary.

A grand town he found it. Great mosques swelling like the tolling of bells beneath a vaulted, steel-gray sky. Granite bastions chanting the epic of the Grand Khans of High Tartary. Narrow tangles of crowded, coiling alleys. Rich bazaars where men of all Central Asia bartered and cheated and laughed. Inns where, since winter had closed the steppe trails, the caravan traders squatted at their ease, eating, drinking, swapping gossip—and it was in one of these inns that Ali Hassan asked where he could find Mehmet Yar.

"In gaol," replied a Kirgiz cameleer.

"What has he done?" demanded the chief.

The Kirgiz did not know. But a palace servant did; and he related how one night, months earlier, a *hirra-bashee*, prowling through the streets, had seen Mehmet Yar entering his brother's house.

THESE *hirra-bashees* were the Grand Khan's confidential messengers and spies. Their duties were varied. To name just a few: if a refractory viceroy of an outer province had to be admonished, mildly or otherwise—if a present or a threat had to be delivered to a foreign princeling—if a merchant, grown too rich or too greedy, had to be persuaded that the state treasury needed a substantial cash donation—if a discreet dagger had to pierce a traitor's heart—there was always a *hirra-bashee* to do, unquestioningly, his master's bidding.

Keen men they were, suspicious men—smelling out treachery as a jackal smells out carrion; and when Tugluk Esa, one of them, had recognized Mehmet Yar, had noticed the gliding, secretive way in which he tried to slip across the threshold of his brother's house, he had wondered, had stepped forward and boomed out:

"What are you doing—you, the governor of the Abdali—here in Samarkand?"

"I am here by our lord's permission."

"Show me his signature and seal."

"You call me a liar?"

"I would call the Prophet Mohammed himself—on Him the salute!—a liar until he proved the opposite. Therefore—a look, if you please, at signature and seal."

The captain, though the *hirra-bashee* could not have known, had been in despair. To be balked almost at the outset! Well, he had thought—a dead horse cannot eat grass, nor can a dead man carry tales . . . and swiftly he had drawn his sword. But at once the other had whistled shrilly. His retainers had come on a run; had overwhelmed the captain; had taken him, the next morning, before the Grand Khan.

THE palace servant who related the happening had been present at the interview. He described to Ali Hassan, whose identity he did not know, how Mehmet Yar, asked why he had left his post without permission, had given evasive replies, until finally the Grand Khan had exclaimed:

"Enough of this! Let your Tartar tongue straighten out its kinks and say what you mean. Or else—your brother's head on a pole!"

The captain had salaamed.

Colliergraphs

Mary McNarny, 42 W. Maple St., Wabash, Ind.

Mrs. Karl George, 18 Oschawa Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

"The reason why I am here is simple, my lord. There is a woman."

"There is always a woman. Ah"—the Grand Khan had smiled reminiscently, ironically—"once I, too, made my heart a carpet for narrow, lisping feet. Who is this woman?"

"Kothra is her name. She is captive to Ali Hassan." And Mehmet Yar had told the whole truth: how, unable to fight a duel with the chief, unable to persuade him to give up the girl, he had meant to see his brother safely across the border, to return to the steppe, to carry her off.

"And all this fuss and pother because of a woman!" the Grand Khan had commented with a laugh.

"A woman whom I love!"

Again the Grand Khan had laughed; had said:

"You have been a good governor. I forgive you for having left your post without permission. As for Kothra—she is yours."

"But—how. . . ?"

"My personal present to you. I shall give an order to Ali Hassan."

"Impossible! She is his captive—by the law of the steppe. . . ."

"I am above the law. Besides, were you not ready to break this same law yourself, to steal the girl?"

"Yes. Through my own pluck and craft. But—to use your power—why—it would be cowardly. My honor will not permit. . . ."

"To the devil with your honor!" And when the captain had insisted that he would not, could not sully his honor, neither for Kothra's sake nor the Grand Khan's, the latter had cried impatiently: "Fool! Honorable fool! Off to gaol with you—until you become less foolish—and less honorable! In gaol you will remain until you change your mind!"

Such was the palace servant's tale; and, that afternoon, Ali Hassan obtained an audience with the Grand Khan.

"I am no town-bred fop," he began. "I know not how to curtsy and strut and preen fine feathers. I must speak out my blunt mind as I see it."

"Meaning," asked the Grand Khan, smiling wanly, "that you will be exceedingly rude to me, your sovereign lord?"

"Not rude. Truthful."

"Is there a difference? Very well. Be as truthful as you please."

"There is this matter of myself and Kothra and Mehmet Yar."

"I know."

"This matter is squarely between the three of us. It is beyond your right."

"But not beyond my might. If I should give an order that the girl . . ."

"The very reason why I am here. You need not trouble about the order. Ah"—with a lordly gesture—"I give Kothra to Mehmet Yar! I! Not you! Let him bow his thanks to me! Not to you!"

"And yet—have I not heard that you, too, love this russet-haired girl?"

"I do."

"Then why . . . ?"

"Maybe because of a priest's wife's lashing, nagging words. Maybe because of fate . . . and fate, My Lord, is a tough old jade with a secret she knows how to keep. . . ."

"Maybe," cut in the Grand Khan, "because you, too, are an honorable fool. Allah—but you have my heart's good wishes to the innermost chamber!"

He told a servant to fetch Mehmet Yar, and, twenty minutes later, addressed chief and captain, standing before him side by side—tall, brisk and hearty, a bit hard in the look, a bit braggart, almost like twin brothers:

"Here you are—you two! Honorable fools—both! I like you—both! Go back to the steppe—both! The audience is ended!"

They salaamed, turned to go; and he called them back.

"A wedding present for Kothra," he said, drawing an emerald ring from his left thumb and giving it to Mehmet Yar; and, drawing a ruby ring from his right thumb and giving it to Ali Hassan: "A wedding present for another girl—some day. . . ."

"I shall never love another!" replied the chief stiffly.

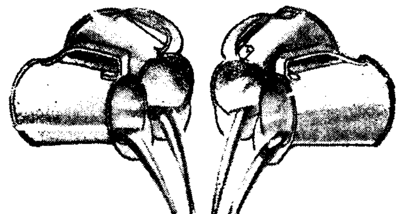
"And—I shall never love another," he told Kothra, days later, when he and the captain, enemies no longer, had reached the valley of the Abdali.

SO WINTER died, and spring came again. It came with boisterous winds out of India, and the snows melting fast, and the whistling of the wild geese flying north, and the steppe a pageantry of small, motley flowers. It came with a way, as we say in our language, for the open road, for putting the seven plains and seven hills and seven moors below a young man's foot. And one day, for no reason that he knew of, Ali Hassan went traveling into the west; and returned a week or two later; and by his side a tall, black-haired girl called Habeebah—though, presently, he called her: "My wife! My dear one!"

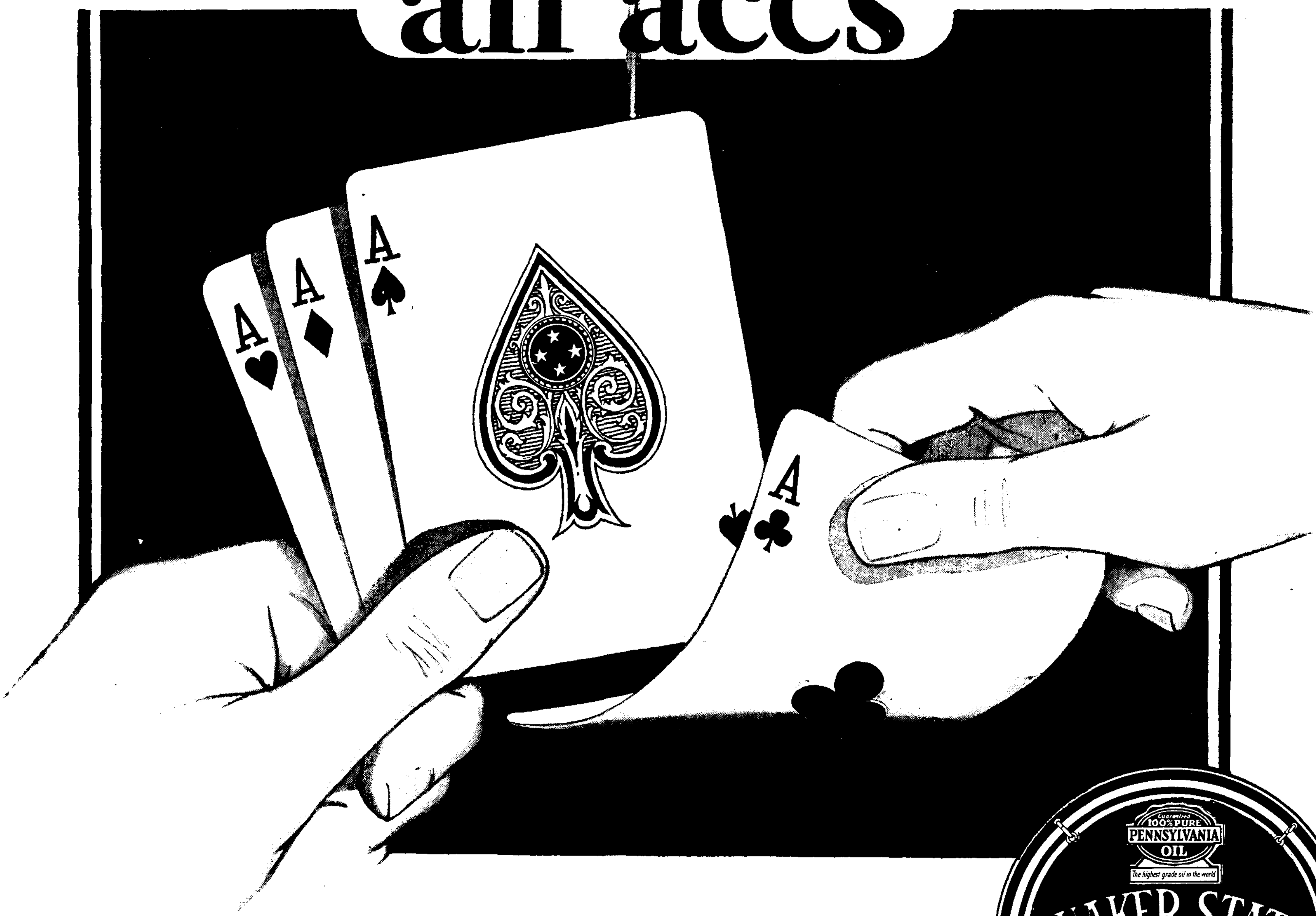
And on that day—was it not like a woman?—Kothra was very much annoyed.

"*Wah!*" she said to her husband, "are not men the fickle things?"

And she grew quite angry when Mehmet Yar laughed. . . .



The extra quart makes four of a kind.. all aces



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Does Politics make Women Crooked?

Continued from page 24

As any bridge player understands, the only thing left for me to do was to follow his lead and take the trick. It was not a pleasant thing, but it was inevitable.

I put a police captain in as acting chief, and "the word" went out that he and I meant business. In consequence, Seattle's underworld closed and locked its doors, or went out of town for a holiday—until a telegraphed Macedonian cry could bring the mayor back to Seattle and the old police chief back to his job.

It was, if you like, merely a woman's gesture in the direction of cleaning up the town. But it was sincere. I like to believe that it was remembered, two years later, by the citizens of Seattle who elected me mayor by a plurality of 6,000 against a field of several men—one of whom was the mayor seeking reëlection.

Naturally, one of the first tasks confronting me was the reorganization of certain city departments and the naming of new heads and new members of boards. I made many new appointments, and not one of them was dictated by political considerations. I never tried to build up a machine, but only to give each job to the man or woman who could do it best.

Did I Clean Up the Town?

Of course, the question is in order whether, with full powers as mayor, I did "clean up the town." The answer is that the ideal of my administration—every day of it—was law enforcement. The achievement of such an ideal must be a matter of time. A wide-open city cannot be turned into a hermetically sealed one in two years—the term of Seattle's mayor. Vice and lawlessness cannot be completely eradicated. But open flagrant violations of law should not be tolerated for an instant.

I did not expect to make Seattle dry in my term, but I succeeded to a considerable extent. I believe in a sane, wise and reasonable enforcement of any law, including the prohibition law, and in the preservation of public decency. Forty-eight hours after my inauguration I called a meeting of the chief of police, the sheriff, the prohibition enforcement director, the captain of the Coast Guard, the heads of the local secret-service bureaus and the representatives of the United States Department of Justice. There had been continuous feud between these agencies. I obtained the promise and, I believe, the performance of coöperation and coordination.

With the installation of Chief of Police Searing, the department was given a thorough shaking up. "The word" again went on its circuitous ways among the city's notorious evil resorts. Open gambling and prostitution ceased. The dark forces of a city always know whether its administration intends to be honest and earnest, and they behave accordingly.

One of my own moves in the direction of a clean city was a personal appeal, just after my election, to all the citizens of Seattle. "This," I said in effect, "is your town. It can be only as clean as you want it. You must cooperate with the mayor and the chief of police. If you know of bootlegging, or other lawbreaking, report it to the city hall."

The response was remarkable. To be sure, one extremely respectable gentleman who rang up the city hall and said there was a bootlegger next door to him had his own house raided—because of a confusion of house numbers over the telephone. He was giving a dinner for a bishop, too! But he bore no malice for this inadvertently misdirected police efficiency.

One bootlegger's bitter comment was reported to me in two terse sentences: "A woman mayor's a joke, huh? Sure—funny like a prison cell!"

I applied to the traffic problem, also, the policy of a direct appeal to the people of the city. I called together a representative group and we formed a Public Safety Council with myself as president of its board of trustees. We made a drive for five thousand citizen members, each to be paid a dollar a year, to be pledged to report to the police all the reckless drivers and traffic violators coming under his or her observation. Without divulging the source of the complaint, the police warned the violators, and the general knowledge that five thousand citizens were watching for careless and reckless drivers had a decidedly restraining effect on them.

My mayoralty experience early convinced me of the need in public office for the woman with a sense of economy which she has exercised by keeping house and bringing up her family on a moderate budget. Such a woman must often be shocked and disgusted at the waste and extravagance in her community's annual expenditure for its housekeeping.

Few women keep house efficiently for years without learning how to cut down expenses and without contracting a horror of debt. One of my first tasks after being elected mayor was to change the personnel of the park board, which had a huge deficit extending over several years and was torn by internal dissension.

I called the new board together and informed it that during my administration I expected it to incur not one penny of debt. When I left office, the park board had not only contracted no new indebtedness but had wiped out entirely the deficit accumulated during the three years previous.

An Expensive Hangover

Another official hangover which would have challenged any woman's sense of economy was our municipal street railway system. We had bought it a number of years before for $15,000,000—several million dollars more than it was worth. Moreover, like every such system, it was losing money because of a steady loss of patronage due to the increase in automobiles. The city was paying $883,000 a year on bond redemption, and interest charges in addition, bringing the total up to nearly a million and a half. For the six months before I went into office the railway showed a deficit of $50,000.

I faced the issue by cutting off all possible unprofitable service and backing the department in an extensive program of rigid economy—despite bitter complaints from those who were in any way affected.

The Woman's Hour in Seattle

I went to the state legislature and induced it to pass an enabling act which will permit the city to revise the street railway contract, arranging for an annual lower bond redemption payment, as soon as pending litigation is out of the way. In the final result, the railway showed a net profit for the year of 1927 of $300,000 besides allowing a large amount of reconstruction which had been delayed for lack of funds.

In the water department I found it possible to increase receipts by $30,000, procuring water at two cents a ton, delivered into the home.

Seattle owns its water, light and transportation system, and is committed to municipal ownership of public utilities. I believe in this policy, but the utilities must be properly and economically managed if they are to be self-supporting and yet serve the people better and more cheaply than the private companies do. Once more, the question reduces itself to good municipal housekeeping.

An English woman mayor once asked me:

"Whom do you have to do the things a woman cannot do and go to the places a woman cannot go?"

There were no such things, or places, in Seattle when I was mayor.

The fleet visited our harbor, and I found that the admiral had arranged for me to go down in a submarine and up in a naval hydroplane. I cheerfully went in each direction, and enjoyed myself immensely.

I opened baseball games, rode in locomotive cabs and broke ground for innumerable buildings. When Seattle began the building of a huge dam, the Skagit hydroelectric development, a hundred miles from the city, I put on my oldest clothes and tramped with muddy shoes all about the site, to observe conditions at first hand.

One of my pleasantest duties was welcoming and arranging for the reception of such distinguished visitors as Col. Lindbergh, Queen Marie of Roumania; Amundsen, Nobile and Lincoln Ellsworth, the returned polar explorers; Secretaries Hoover, Davis and Wilbur; and the British ambassador and his wife.

It was Herbert Hoover who was responsible for my entrance into public life. He suggested, in 1921, an Unemployment Commission, and the mayor appointed me as its only woman member. Another member of the commission was the first to urge me to run for the city council. "We need a woman of your type," he declared. My first campaign was handled by club women—political amateurs. Nevertheless, I won by 22,000 plurality, and mine was the largest vote ever cast for a member of the council up to that time. It was, apparently, the woman's psychological hour in Seattle politics, for another place on the council went to a woman

(*Continued on page 38*)

Colliergraphs

R. J. Meyer, 223 Tulane Rd., Columbus, Ohio

Bessie Hoffner, 15349 Ardmore Ave., Detroit, Mich.

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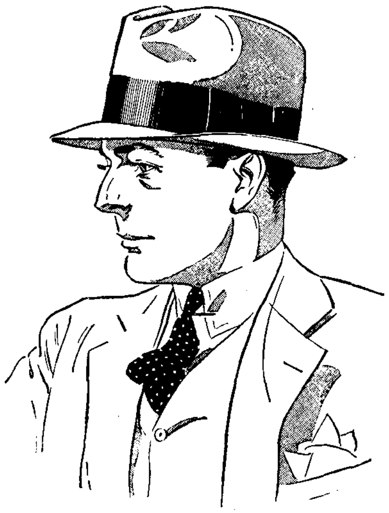
The Hats Of Youthful Smartness



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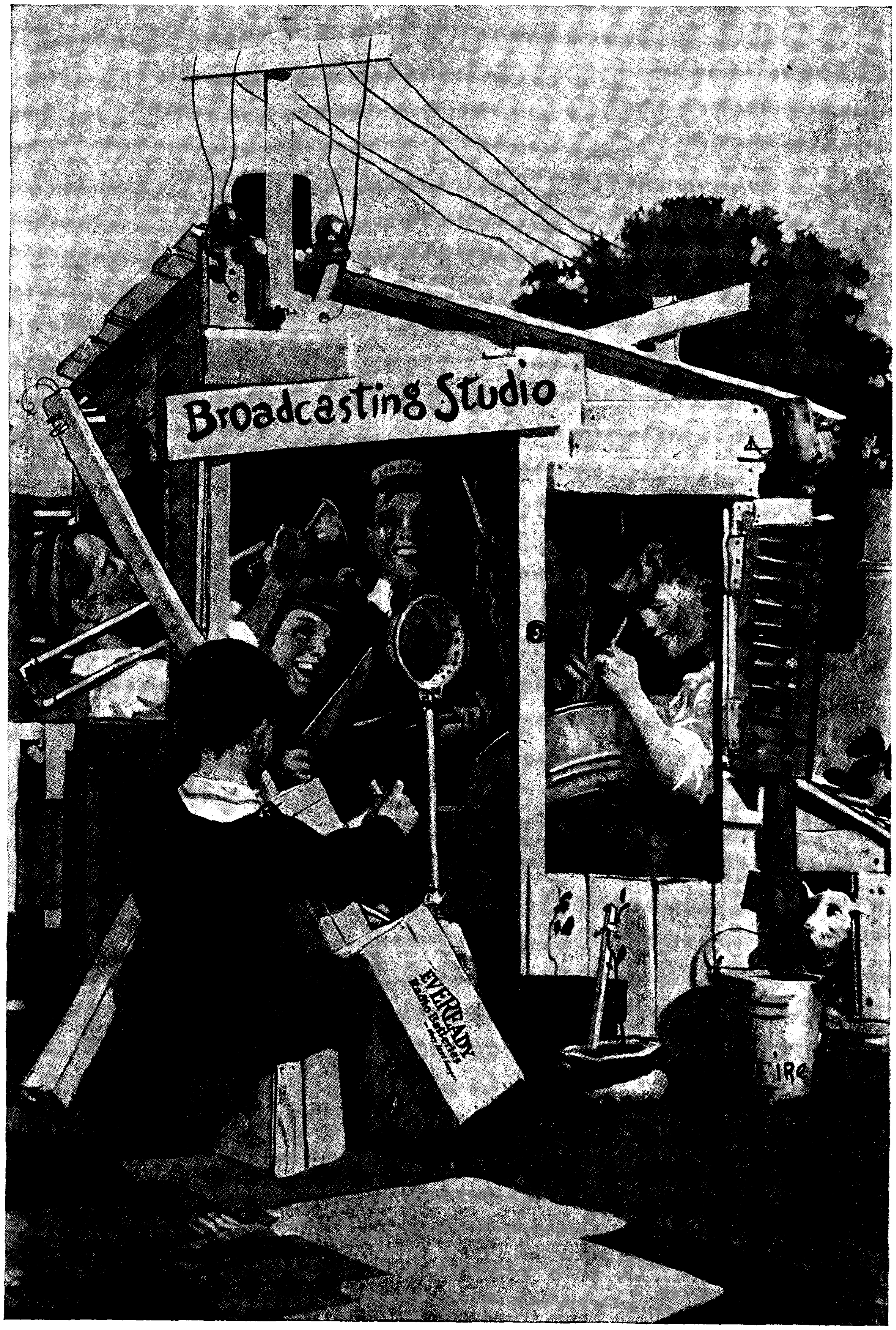

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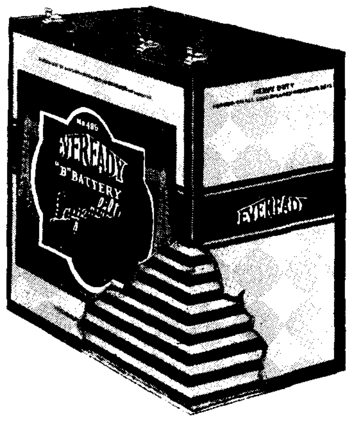

This is the original Eveready Layerbilt No. 486 — the LARGE SIZE *for heavy duty — list price, $4.25, only 25 cents more than the Eveready cylindrical cell battery of the same size, No. 770. The other Eveready Layerbilt is the Medium Size No. 485—list price, $2.95, only 20 cents more than the Eveready medium size cylindrical cell "B" battery No. 772.*

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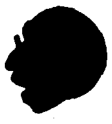
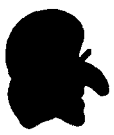
Dark Doings Again

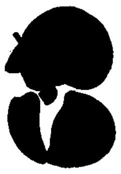
A LOT of folks are seeing black spots before their eyes these days and they're quite pleased over it. They are the enthusiastic Colliergraphers who can juggle shadows into the most amazing objects, as you'll see below. It's fascinating sport and may very well be profitable, too. All that we tell about farther down.



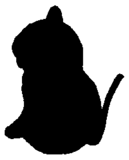
Mrs. T. R. Liggett, 3775 Monument Ave., Richmond, Va.



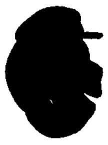
J. Luzzatto, 2825 Wellman Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C.



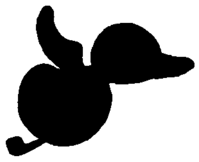
John W. Fritz, 1010 Johnstown Trust Co. Bldg., Johnstown, Pa.



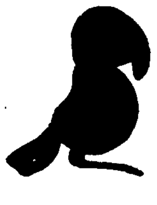
Mrs. Hugh C. Williams, 2517 23d Ave., Meridian, Miss.



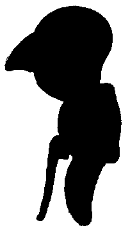
Ethel Matthews, Gibsonburg, Ohio



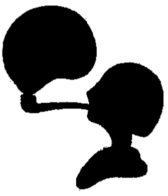
Parker Johnston, 484 Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.



Mrs. Maynard L. Wright, 4028 Grand Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.

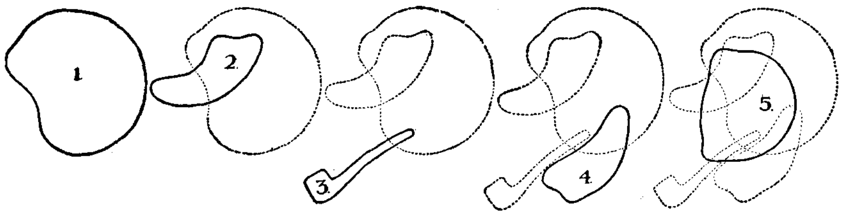


A. Scheen, 349 St. Johns Place, Broklyn, N. Y.



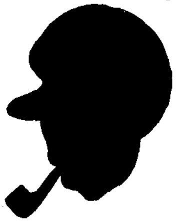
Alice Y. Surgeon, 5033 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. P. M. Ness, Cook Station, Route No. 2, Mo.

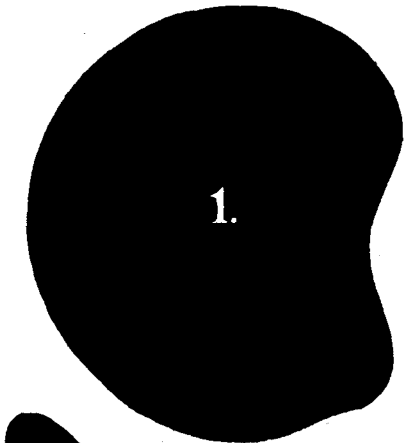


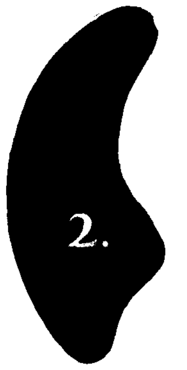
How to Do It

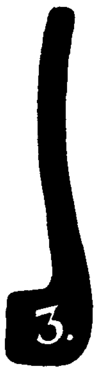
Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them on top of one another, shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.

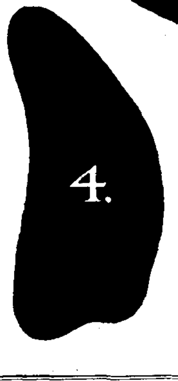


Here are the pieces—cut them out









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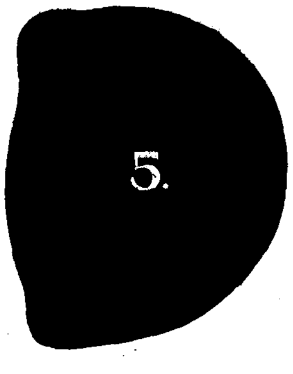

Does Politics make Women Crooked?

Continued from page 36

in that election. The man elected to the remaining place remarked, humorously, that apparently the sole reason why he won was because only two women were in the field.

The problem of public recreation, especially as it touches youth, is one of the gravest confronting any city. In a simpler day, when girls and young men did their entertaining in their own homes, what conscientious mother did not recognize her duty of supervision? Now that overcrowding and poverty virtually force the young people into such public places of recreation as dance halls, can the mother who is also a municipal officer feel herself absolved of all motherly oversight?

"One of the Boys"

When I went on our city council, our dance halls were practically a law unto themselves. With a council majority against me in the beginning, I fought for three months for the passage of a dance hall ordinance. We had public hearings every week, but at last we voted to license the dance halls, to close them at a decent hour and to keep them under sensible supervision.

Here, then, is my report of how I came to be a municipal housekeeper and how I worked at my job. Now to analyze the question of why men politicians often fail in city housekeeping!

Since politics — until recently — has been a man's world, men as a whole are responsible for its corruption, but that is a different matter from placing the blame on the original sin of individual men. The situation is not so simple.

Few of our best men, in the first place, go into politics. Instead, business and the professions absorb them. Many of our politicians the country over are half-educated, easy-going, perhaps personally agreeable individuals, but utterly without special talents or training for public life.

Men capable of conducting the business of a large city are generally too busy with their own affairs and are making too much money to be attracted by the salaries paid mayors of American cities. Seattle has a population of nearly half a million. As its mayor, my salary was $7,500 a year. Members of the council are paid $3,000 a year.

The crowd-pressure on the man politician is a second factor making for his deterioration. He is one of the gang, a part of the machine. He is, in many communities, tacitly obliged to do and to permit much that is morally and civically unjustifiable, because he is "one of the boys" and, moreover, there is always lurking in his mind the remembrance that he must depend on the favor of "the boys" when, in a year or two, he again runs for office. If, having been elected, he fails of reëlection—there he is, high and dry, and what can he do?

Other reasons for political corruption are the many temptations and opportunities offered to men in office by the antique and disorderly methods for conducting public affairs—methods embedded in charter and law; the machine's sentimental misuse of public jobs to aid its faithful and humble supporters; the low rate of public pay, which hardly offers a living wage to anybody; and the psychological strain upon an undeveloped personality of loyalty to something as intangible as the community or the state.

Finally, the low general opinion of politics and politicians helps to keep both debased, on the principle of "give a dog a bad name and hang him."

The interesting feature of the situation is that these handicaps to the civic usefulness of the male politician seem to operate either not at all or to a much slighter degree in the case of many women who are or who ought to be entering political life.

The elected woman official, as I have said, is likely to be the obvious superior of her men opponents. She is probably an educated woman, financially solvent, with a highly developed sense of community service; she belongs to the same type as the men our government needs, but who cannot afford to give up their careers in order to run for office. This woman is going into politics as she used to go into philanthropy and club work—for what she can give, rather than what she can get.

This woman, not being wound up in old cobwebs of political obligation and entanglement, finds it comparatively easy to resist the crowd-pressure which corrupts so many men. Without, perhaps, as much business training as they, she actually doesn't see certain opportunities for graft, and, as I have pointed out, I believe she would scorn other opportunities that might be made plain to her. She does not depend on politics for her living; therefore the low salaries and the illegitimate opportunities for profit do not affect her as they do men.

That essential spirit of community loyalty, which machine politicians find too metaphysical to grasp, is often the ideal dominating the type of woman politicians I have in mind. Less lofty, but still a useful motive, is woman's desire to reform, to try things, change things, fix things over.

The last important consideration is that the general odium still attached in many quarters to the male politician does not cling to the female of the species.

The Best School of All

Political activity will come, as I see it, with a certain slowness into the life of many a woman. She will have before her school and college and perhaps a few years of ambitious, arduous self-support. Then will come marriage and children. I do not want to regulate other women's lives, but to me children and home seem a full-time job. The political duty of the young wife and mother would seem to be performed if, through reading and her club, she learns what she can about her government and about the candidates for governmental office. Thus she will be enabled to vote intelligently, and meanwhile, in managing her home and bringing up her children, isn't she getting the most admirable training for future public service?

A mother who does her full duty by her growing family must meet, it seems to me, the most searching demands upon her intelligence, her self-control and her conscience. Think of the questions she must answer, the problems she must settle, almost daily! In what proving place can a woman's heart and brain be better tested and developed than in the nursery? There she learns—if she is capable of learning anything—judgment, poise, compromise, patience, resolution, tact, self-forgetfulness, tolerance, common sense.

There are no qualities which we need more in our public life. Why should they not be brought there by the mother who has acquired them, after her children have grown up?

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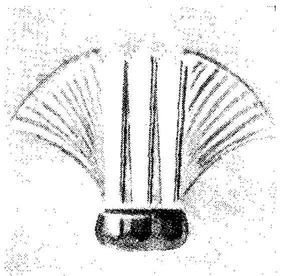

YOUR teeth are alive. They need to be *nourished* as well as cleaned. And that means gum massage. For only active gums can properly feed the teeth—set fresh vitality coursing through every dental tissue.

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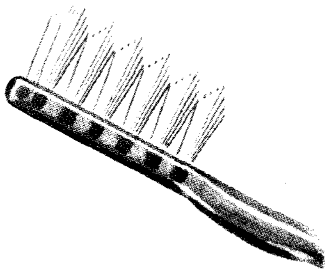
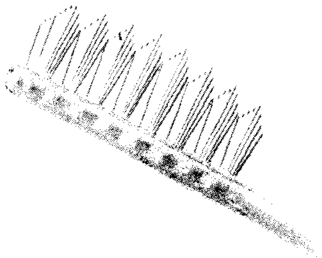
Simply brush with a Pro-phy-lac-tic from the base of the gums to the tips of the teeth. Notice how your teeth and gums respond with a radiant glow of tingling good health!

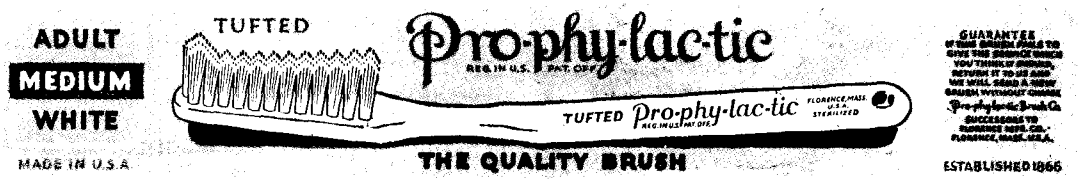
Get a fresh Pro-phy-lac-tic today. Use it twice a day. Receive a double benefit from each brushing. Without one you may be missing one of the two vital things a properly designed tooth brush *must* do! Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Co., Florence, Mass.

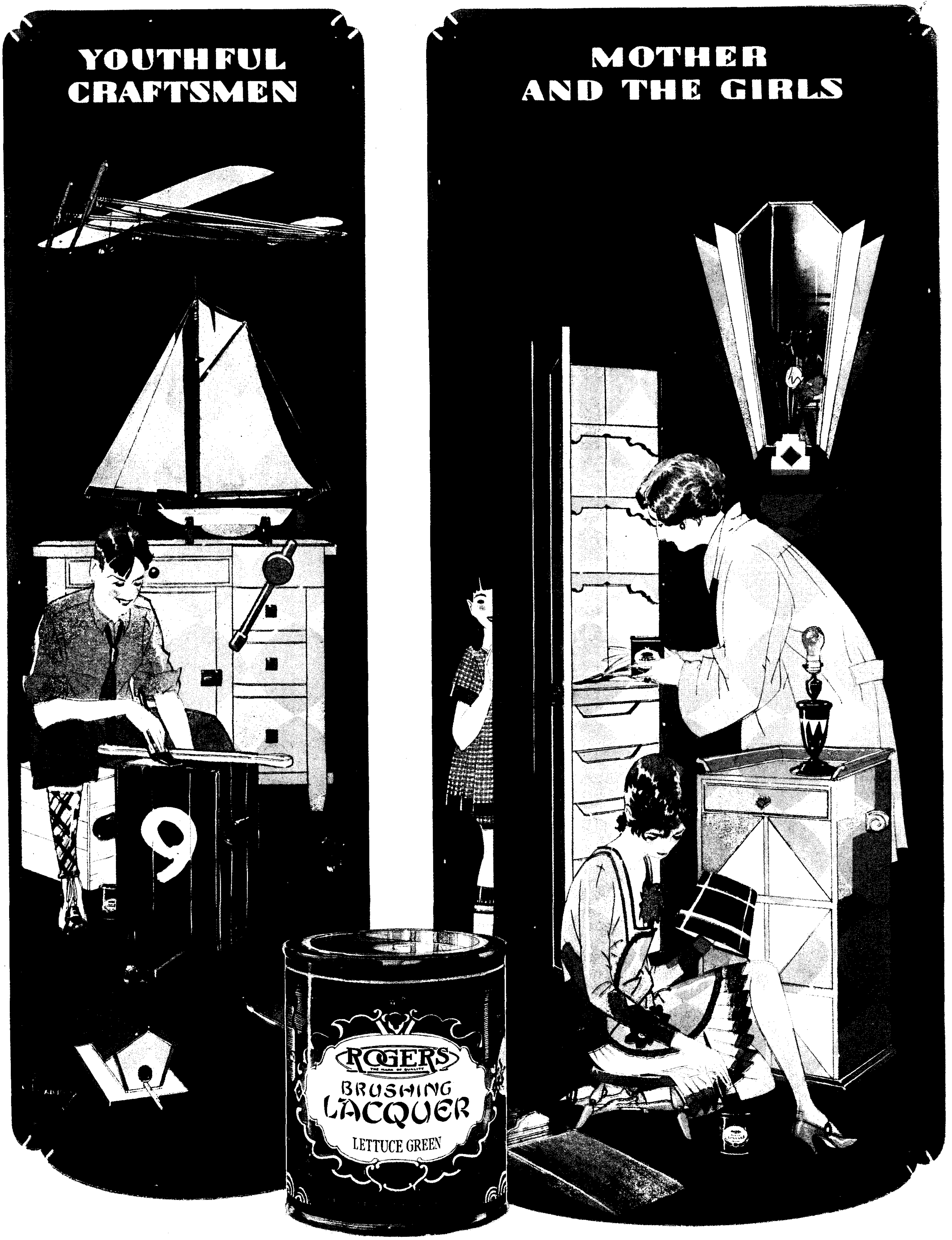


The Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic, designed for those whose gums need more than normal attention.



The Oval Pro-phy-lac-tic, for those with smaller-than-average dental arch.




YOUTHFUL CRAFTSMEN
MOTHER AND THE GIRLS
9
ROGERS
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BRUSHING LACQUER
LETTUCE GREEN

THE WHOLE FAMILY
FINDS USE FOR
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OF THE HOUSE

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By Rube Goldberg

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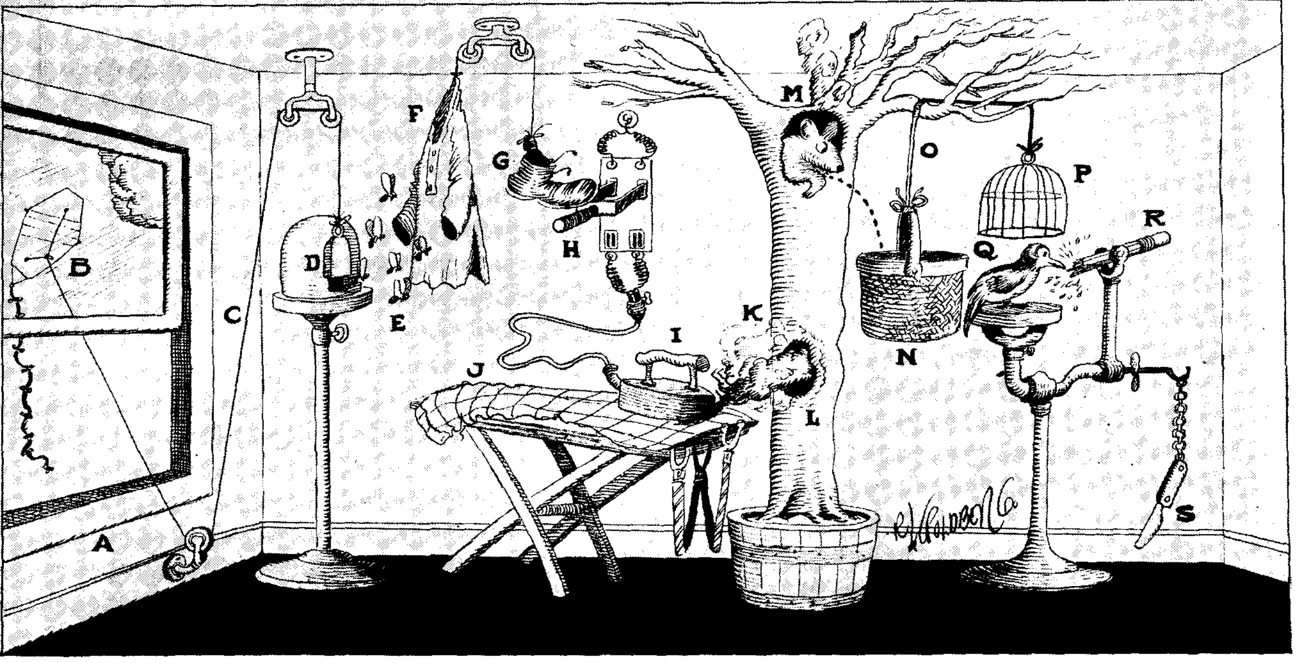
OPEN WINDOW (A) AND FLY KITE (B). STRING (C) LIFTS SMALL DOOR (D) ALLOWING MOTHS (E) TO ESCAPE AND EAT RED FLANNEL SHIRT (F). AS WEIGHT OF SHIRT BECOMES LESS, SHOE (G) STEPS ON SWITCH (H) WHICH HEATS ELECTRIC IRON (I) AND BURNS HOLE IN PANTS (J). SMOKE (K) ENTERS HOLE IN TREE (L) SMOKING OUT OPOSSUM (M) WHICH JUMPS INTO BASKET (N) PULLING ROPE (O) AND LIFTING CAGE (P), ALLOWING WOODPECKER (Q) TO CHEW WOOD FROM PENCIL (R) EXPOSING LEAD. EMERGENCY KNIFE (S) IS ALWAYS HANDY IN CASE OPOSSUM OR THE WOODPECKER GETS SICK AND CAN'T WORK.



Marriage for Two

Continued from page 21

be the first to be told of that glorious, earth-shaking fact. . . .

But, on the other hand, women, according to all his reading, had an uncanny intuition about other women. Women seemed to *sense* the emotional attitudes of other women. . . .

His heart became a living, bounding thing, an imprisoned thing that sought escape from its narrow cell. He felt an impulse to run. Aunt Martha was not merely the sweetest old soul that ever breathed and the most generous, but she was also the wisest and most knowing. Nor was there any vulgar impertinence about her. She sometimes chaffed the Tracys for their adherence to outworn forms, but she was healthy, not vulgar. She would not be guilty of prying impertinence. She hadn't been "pumping" Larry. She had spoken only from the kindliest of impulses.

Yet Joyce might find it difficult to tell Larry that she cared. It might be that, after all, despite Joyce's reserve, she had taken a confidant, in order that that confidant. . . . Oh, well, he would go home, find out—

Speed! Speed! That was what he wanted. But his beating heart forbade a taxi. His beating heart demanded physical movement, ordered him to walk. . . .

HE DIDN'T ring at the door of the Thirty-eighth Street house. He let himself in with his own key. He didn't want Hogan to witness the expression that he knew illumined his face. That was for Joyce alone to see.

He paused inside the hall. Suppose that his aunt were utterly wrong. Depression seized him and his heart slowed down. Of course his aunt was wrong. If Joyce cared. . . .

He heard the low murmur of Joyce's voice. It came from the living-room. Slowly he put away his hat and stick. Involuntarily he glanced in the mirror.

What he saw gave him little encouragement. After all, women were like men. The only reason so many homely men got married was because of the dearth of handsome men. What was there about him that could win a girl's whole-hearted love? Especially the whole-hearted love of a girl so exquisitely beautiful as Joyce?

Why, he'd even shown himself lacking in ordinary business sagacity. Her woman's intuition had made her save the fortune he'd given her, while his stubbornness had made him lose what he had retained for himself. He forgot, in his contemptuous appraisal of himself, that Joyce had had more than mere intuition to guide her in her sale of Rubber.

Dependent on the generosity of a rich aunt! Was there anything more pitiful than a man who inherited money and could not keep that which had been given to him? Why, suppose that he was absolutely penniless. . . . Pride returned to him. At least, though unfitted for speculation, he was a good lawyer. Only this morning Sanderley and Snaffin, the biggest corporation firm in New York, had invited him to become a junior member of the firm. And they had not been inspired to the offer by his wealthy connections. They had been badly beaten in a case which they might very well have won, and Larry had been the opposing counsel. No, he could make money, could live extremely well quite independently of rich aunts.

But what did all this deprecation and deprecation's obverse lead to? Women didn't give their love because of what a man was or because of his possessions. They gave it—God alone knew why. Why did he love Joyce? Was it because she had a beautiful face and a lovely, gracious body?

How little, after all, these had to do with his love for her! But if not these, what? Was it the character, the lovely spirit that shone through her eyes, that was audible in her voice?

Once again, God alone knew why. For love is one of the few emotions that is difficult of analysis. It can be reduced to a formula easily enough, but beyond that formula lies something. . . .

HE WALKED quietly to the door of the living-room, hesitated a moment to compose himself, and then entered the room. There, holding Joyce's hand in his, leaning over with an eagerness that could mean only one thing, was Billy Valdemagara. He was speaking and, without distinguishing one word, Larry knew what the Marquis was saying.

He was making love, love of the most violent kind, and was making it to the wife of one of his best friends. It was that very fact that caused Larry to withdraw on tiptoe from the room. An emotion that would make Billy Valdemagara forget loyalty was an emotion not to be intruded upon. It was his own wife, Joyce Tracy, who sat there, receiving the adoration of another man. Yet Larry Tracy slipped from the room.

NOT upon Joyce would he inflict the indignity of an interruption. Had hers been a love that had ever been confessed, not a love only hinted at by an outsider, he might have acted differently. But, despite his Aunt Martha, he knew nothing of his wife's feelings for himself. He would not degrade himself by acting like a spy. She had not betrayed him, because there existed between them nothing that was capable of betrayal. Theirs had been a marriage of convenience; nothing of the spirit had entered into it. If Valdemagara loved her, and she loved Valdemagara, there was nothing but a legal formality to be dissolved before those two could possess each other. And Larry Tracy, God pity him, would not stand in their way. If Joyce wanted to be free. . . . If he could only find some rage, something of that murderous frenzy which impelled deceived husbands to slay. . . . But he had not been deceived. Joyce was offering to Valdemagara nothing that he, Larry, had ever owned.

Well, Billy was the most charming man in the world. A man of position, wealth, scrupulous honor. . . . Even in this moment of abysmal despair, Larry could not find it in his heart to condemn Valdemagara. Any man might find it difficult to retain his honor when confronted with Joyce.

At the front door he paused, opened it, then slammed it. He walked quietly down the hall again. This time as he entered the living-room the couple had separated.

"Why, Billy," cried Larry. He flattered himself that no one could possibly read into his tones anything but cordial surprise at the arrival of an unexpected and welcome visitor.

Valdemagara leaped to his feet. His ruddy face was white, so that the freckles upon it seemed blemishes.

"Larry," he said.

His voice was dull, flat, expressing audibly the misery written upon his countenance.

"When did you arrive, Billy?" asked Larry.

He glanced at Joyce. Her lips were slightly parted, and in her eyes was an expression the nature of which he could not determine, except that he found no apprehension there.

"This morning. Came right up here as soon as the customs people were through with me," replied Billy.

"Sudden trip?" Larry found his voice as flat as Billy's.

"Rather," said the Marquis. He looked down at his hands, then suddenly up at Larry's face.

"Larry, I've been asking Joyce to run away with me."

"Yes?" Larry heard himself uttering the monosyllable, yet not believing that it was his own voice he heard.

"I came to America with one object—to persuade your wife to leave you—to acquire a divorce, and to marry me," said the Marquis.

LARRY nodded quietly. What ought he to do? Should he strike Valdemagara? But Billy was his friend. Billy—there was nothing wrong with Billy Valdemagara. As decent, white, fine . . .

"And you, Joyce?" he heard himself ask.

"You know the answer to that, Larry," said Billy. "I—there isn't much to say. Only—Joyce told me that I must tell you. She said that—she couldn't, and—Joyce wants me to be her friend," he said.

"Naturally," said Larry quietly.

"And she couldn't be my friend if—if she had to tell her husband—what—what I had done," went on the Marquis.

Larry nodded.

"I—don't want to be melodramatic, Larry. But—I couldn't help it."

"You'd say that, of course," said Larry.

"What do you mean by that?" The Marquis' face was flaming red now.

"What I said," retorted Larry. "You *could* help it; you needn't have come here at all. But you say you can't help it because—well, I hope because you want to be my friend, too. And because you know that if you admit to a deliberate attempt to wrong me, that friendship is forfeited. So, Billy, we'll

(*Continued on page 46*)

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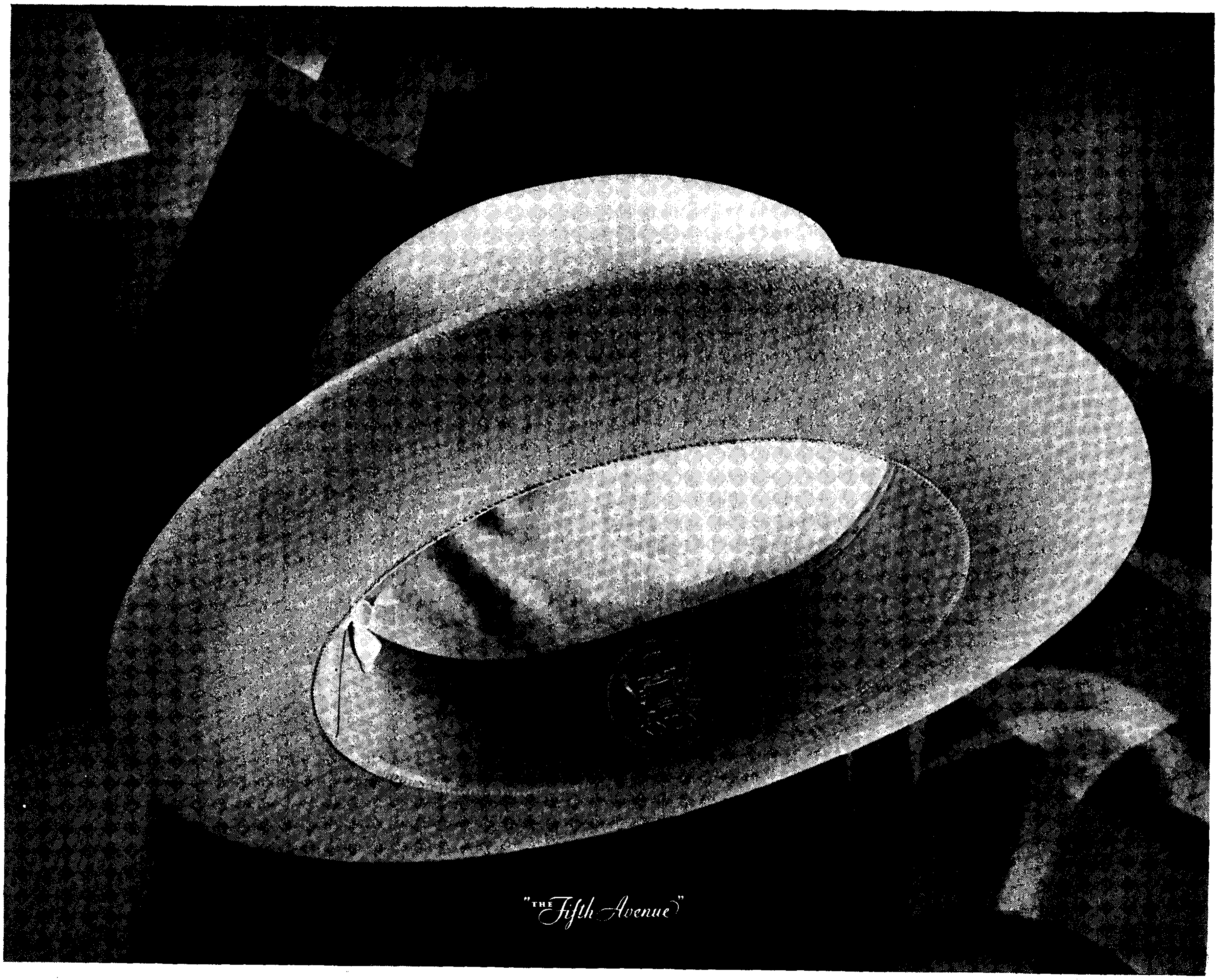

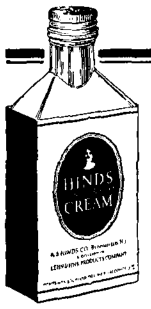

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Marriage for Two

Continued from page 43

say no more about it, eh? You say you couldn't help it; I know better, but—of course," and his voice, despite the whimsical phrasing, held a hint of menace, "if you want melodrama—"

Valdemagara rose to his feet. "Before God," he cried, "if you were enraged—if you were scoffing—if you were anything but honest—I could not face you. Larry, you—know I'm a cad, and yet—it is all right, eh?"

"Billy," said Larry gently, "it's all right."

Valdemagara had gone. He had gone without awkwardness, and Joyce found it difficult not to admire the Spaniard as much as she did her husband. If ever there had been an impossible situation to meet, these two men had met that situation. He had accepted an invitation to dine the following evening.

"But he won't be here," said Joyce.

Larry shook his head. "No—poor devil. We'll get a wire saying that he's been called away. . . . I'm sorry."

"So am I," said Joyce.

Larry shrugged. "I don't think you could help it, Joyce."

"That's generous of you, Larry. But, of course, you know that I could."

"Could you?" Again his voice was flat.

"Of course. A woman can't help a man loving her, but she can prevent his telling her."

Larry lighted a cigarette, taking more time over the process than was necessary.

"Then—why didn't you prevent him, Joyce?"

"Because there was only one way—to let him know, definitely, that there was no hope. That sounds so conceited," she added.

Larry liked her blush.

"And you let him know?"

She nodded.

"How?"

"I told him that I was in love with you," she laughed.

Her laugh robbed the words of any gravity.

"He might have suspected that, mightn't he?" he asked.

"YOU mean—because we are bride and groom? But the Helen Wilson affair . . ."

"Of course," said Larry. "That thing," he cried, "will come up between us—"

"I'm sorry," she said. "But—you wanted to know why he didn't assume we were in love. He killed Weedon," she added.

The final words were spoken almost casually, in a voice so unconcerned that Larry for a moment could not credit his ears.

"Killed Weedon?" he finally gasped.

Joyce nodded.

"He told you so?" Larry was still incredulous.

"Yes. But I think I knew it all along," said Joyce.

"But why—"

She shook her head. "I don't know why I knew it. Perhaps I didn't. Perhaps I just imagine, now, knowing, that I knew before. But—he did it. Weedon—spoke to Billy—after Billy had struck him for telling about you and Helen. And Weedon said that Miss Novel had told him things about me—and Billy struck him again. He killed him."

"Good God!" gasped Larry.

Joyce shrugged. "I can't feel badly about it. Not because the man tried to injure me, but because—things like that don't deserve to live, Larry."

He stared at her. Something innate told him that women, more logical than men, permit few sentimentalities where what seems to them a matter of justice is concerned. But murder! He said as much.

"It wasn't murder," Joyce explained. "Billy meant to hurt him, but not to kill him. But when it was done—well, he wasn't particularly sorry. Nor am I, really. Tell the truth. Are you?"

He shook his head. "But Billy—do many people know?"

"We two. No more. Of course, he trusts us. And—he wanted me to know."

"Why?" Larry's voice was jealous now.

SHE understood. "He wasn't posing as a hero who would kill to defend a woman's name, Larry," she said dryly. "He simply didn't want me to think that someone else—anyone else—did it. He—thinks my opinion of—anyone at all—might be important."

"A killer—and would-be eloper. Billy's grown up into quite a man," gasped Larry.

Joyce giggled. "The Latin temperament." She caught herself. "We're rather callous, we two, to be laughing at—tragedies."

"Well, damnation, I won't weep over Weedon, and if you think I'm going to sob because my best friend didn't succeed in running away with my wife—"

"You were wonderful," she said.

"How wonderful?"

"The way you carried it off. Most men would have been so ridiculous; jealous or vainglorious—Larry, I was proud of you."

He grinned at her.

"That helps. Will you trot out other lovers so that I may earn your admiration by my handling of them?"

"There'll be no more lovers," she said.

"No? What makes you think that?"

"I don't think. I *know*."

"Going to wear a veil?" he chaffed.

"A spiritual veil," she answered. "I'm *wearing it now. Married women frequently* do, you know."

"I'm blessed if I know what you're driving at," he said.

"I'm cussed if I'll tell you," she laughed.

He stared at her.

"I wish you would."

"Explain? Oh, you'd not be interested."

"Not interested? In you?"

"That almost sounds flirtatious," she said.

His stare became more acute.

"And that almost sounds as though you wanted me to be flirtatious," he accused.

"Nice women don't care for flirtations," she said.

"Even with their husbands?"

"Wives and husbands can't flirt," she stated.

"They can love," he said.

She looked judicial. "So they can," she admitted.

"I saw Aunt Martha today," he said.

"Oh, bother your Aunt Martha," she cried.

"I thought you liked her," he said.

"I do—but I don't always want to talk about her."

"But we're not always talking about her. I hardly ever mention her. She gave me ten million dollars today."

"What right had she to do that?" unaccountably Joyce's eyes blazed, and her voice was angry. "Did you take it?"

"Why not?" he asked. "The old dear is going to leave it to me, anyway, so why shouldn't I?"

She rose. She looked down at him.

"I think—oh, I hate you," she cried.

She was out of the room before he could even make an effort to detain her. For a long time after she had gone he sat still, miserable, unhappy. The incomprehensibility of women! A moment ago, and she had praised him because he had not ranted like an actor in a third-rate melodrama because Valdemagara had loved her. A moment later and she denounced him because he had accepted money from his aunt, money which was destined for his possession at some future date.

Why? And again why?

The vaguely reproachful voice of Hogan informed him that Mrs. Tracy was not feeling well, and she would dine in her room tonight.

"Very well," said Larry dully.

But Hogan lingered. "Mr. Larry."

"Well?" Larry looked up.

"In a manner of speaking, sir, you and me, sir, we've been together practically all our lives," said Hogan. "Not all my life, because I was born so long before you, but working for your father before you, and with you since you were born and feeling, if you don't mind, Mr. Larry, more like a father than a servant—"

"What's it all about, Hogan," interrupted Larry. "Have you, in your prime of middle life, forged my name to a couple of checks? If so, take my forgiveness away with you."

Hogan grinned. "Not that, sir." His face became grave again. "It's the young lady, sir, Mrs. Tracy."

"Well?" Larry's voice was forbidding.

"Knowing all about how you met her, sir, and thinking at the time that it wasn't exactly right to marry a young girl like her—"

"Are you insinuating something against Mrs. Tracy?" asked Larry.

"God forbid," cried Hogan. "As sweet and fine a lady as ever breathed. But you—letting her break her heart—"

"What are you talking about?" cried Larry.

"Ain't it my own niece, Nora White, that's her maid, and don't she be after telling me that the dear young lady is weeping her eyes out every night, and what for would she be doing that except for your neglect and shabby treatment—"

Hogan dropped his voice. The habit of years was stronger than his momentary courage.

"That will be all, Hogan," said Larry. "And—er—thank you, Hogan."

At the door he paused.

"I think *I'll* dine with *Mrs. Tracy* in her room," he said.

A KNOCK on Joyce's door was answered by an invitation to enter. She was lying in bed, propped up with pillows, and beside her was a table set out with dishes.

"May I dine here with you?" he asked.

A vivid blush appeared on her cheeks.

"Why, of course," she said.

"Aunt Martha had no right to give me all that money," he said.

"No?" She was unaccountably embarrassed.

"A self-respecting man should take money from only one woman—his wife. Joyce, will you give me back what I gave you?"

"And what I made besides," she cried.

"Thank you," he said gravely.

Nora, followed by Hogan, entered at this moment. There was a readjustment of the dishes and food was served. Hogan, a beaming smile upon his rubicund face, offered this and pressed that

(*Continued on page 48*)

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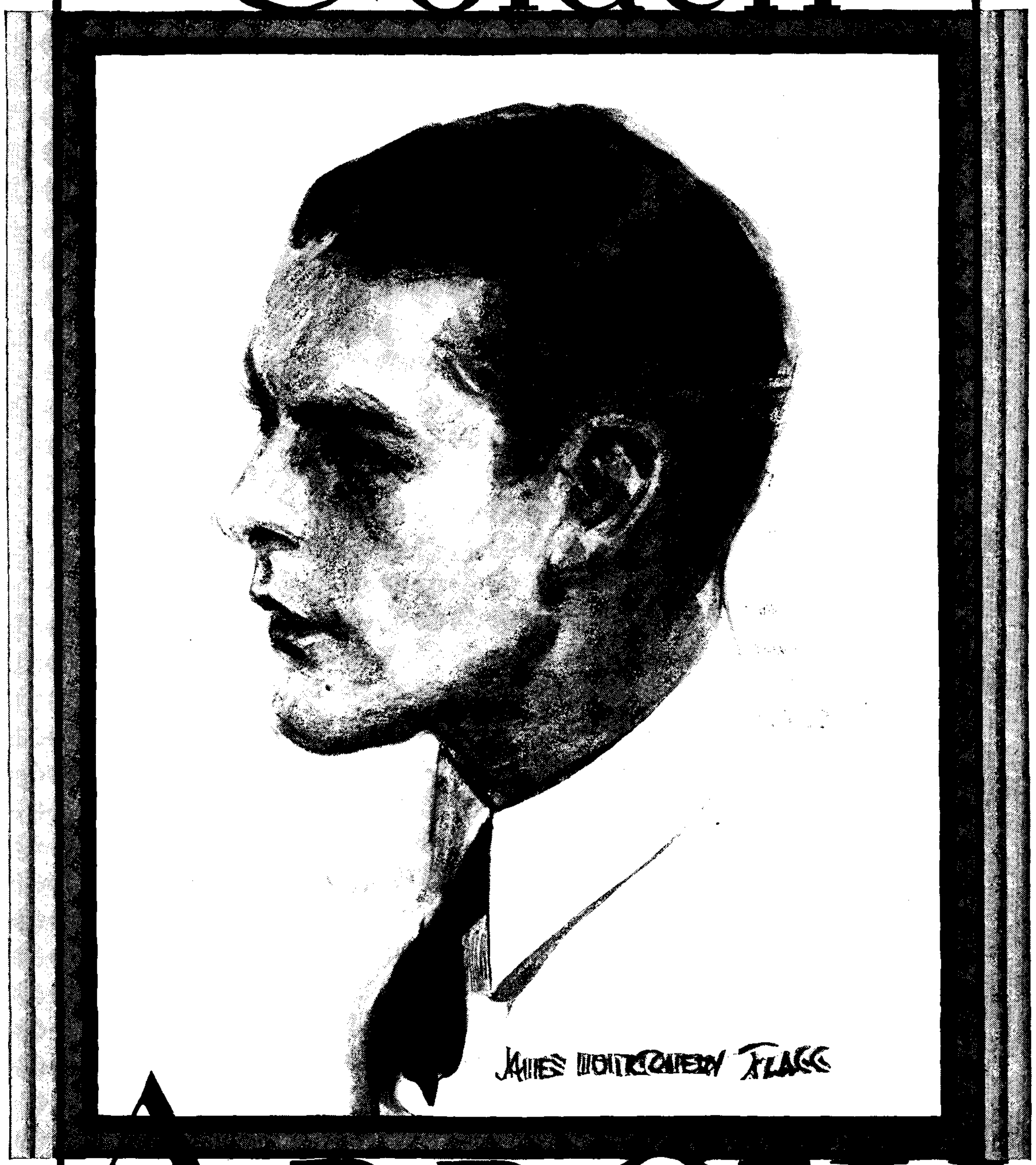

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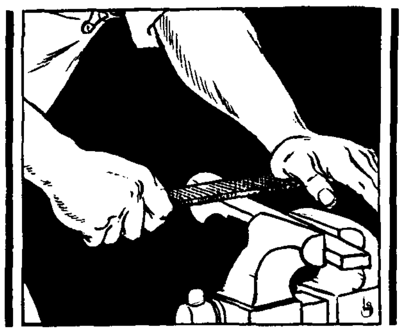

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Marriage for Two

Continued from page 46

upon them, and highly recommended the other, and found fault with the wine and sent for more. . . .

The dishes were removed and the servants were finally gone.

"So you told Billy that you were in love with me?" said Larry.

Apprehension leaped into her eyes.

"Yes," she admitted.

"And he believed you?"

"Naturally."

She avoided his eyes.

"A wise man, Valdemagara," he commented.

"What do you mean by that?" she inquired.

He shrugged. "Oh, nothing much. Except that Billy is supposed to be quite familiar with the ways of women. Jeanne Mazell once told me that she found it impossible even to fib to Billy, he knew so much about her sex. Odd, that you could deceive him."

"He couldn't very well argue the point," said Joyce.

"Did he try to?" asked Larry.

Joyce made no answer.

"SORRY I made you hate me—about that Aunt Martha business," he went on.

"I—I think—if you don't mind, I'm tired," she said.

"Amazing old girl, Aunt Martha." He ignored her remark. "Always butting into other people's business. Got going about you today. The old girl thinks you're dead in love with me."

"Ridiculous," snapped Joyce.

But a certain alarm was in her eyes now.

"That's what I thought. Glad you're not. Especially after today."

"I don't understand you," she said.

"Simple enough. You know—Helen Wilson—killed my chances with you. Well, this Valdemagara business—oh, I'm not saying anything wrong about it. Know you too well. But sort of—well, a man doesn't care for that sort of thing, you know. And if I hadn't worn out my love for you sooner or later, why, I think that that business with him—"

She sat upright. "Oh—you—you—I hate you," she cried.

He raised his eyebrows. "Really? Oh, Joyce, that's too silly. I don't hate *you*. I mean to say—why can't we continue good friends and all that? I mean, I've been silly. Unfair. Tried to take advantage and read into the bargain clauses that weren't there. But that's all over now. I'm sane. You're a bully girl, a great companion. Now that I've quit asking for more than friendship, can't we be friends?"

"So—so you want no more than that?" she asked. Her voice was curiously stifled.

"Not a thing." His voice was amazingly cheerful. "I feel so much better. Like a child crying for the moon. When it definitely learns that the moon isn't obtainable, life becomes a more comfortable thing, eh?"

"YOU like comfort?" Her voice was a sneer.

"Of course. Don't you?"

"We're talking of what you like," she reminded him.

"And I want to go to sleep," she added.

"And weep?" he asked.

"Weep? Why should I weep?" she cried.

He shrugged his shoulders. "I can imagine only one thing that would make a girl like you weep. Love might do it. But it can't be that, can it, Joyce? Or can it?"

He was on his knees beside the bed now, his hands groping for her, finding her. . . .

"B-but you've got over your love for m-me," she whimpered.

Now his groping hands had found her, and she was within the embrace of his arms.

"Please, please," she gasped. "Nora—"

He laughed. "I don't think Nora will come in tonight, dear. You see—I locked the door."

LARRY was going over some possessions treasured since childhood. He called to his wife. Joyce came to his side. "I knew," he said, "that I'd find it. That picture of a little girl that reminded me so of you. Here it is. See the resemblance?"

"I've got over the snub nose, haven't I?" she commented.

"*You* have? Why, this was a little girl in Maine—"

"Don't you remember I said—to the newspaper men—I'd known you for many months? Well, it was longer than that. I remember you as a little boy, sailing your boat—did you think I lied?"

"Yes," grinned Larry.

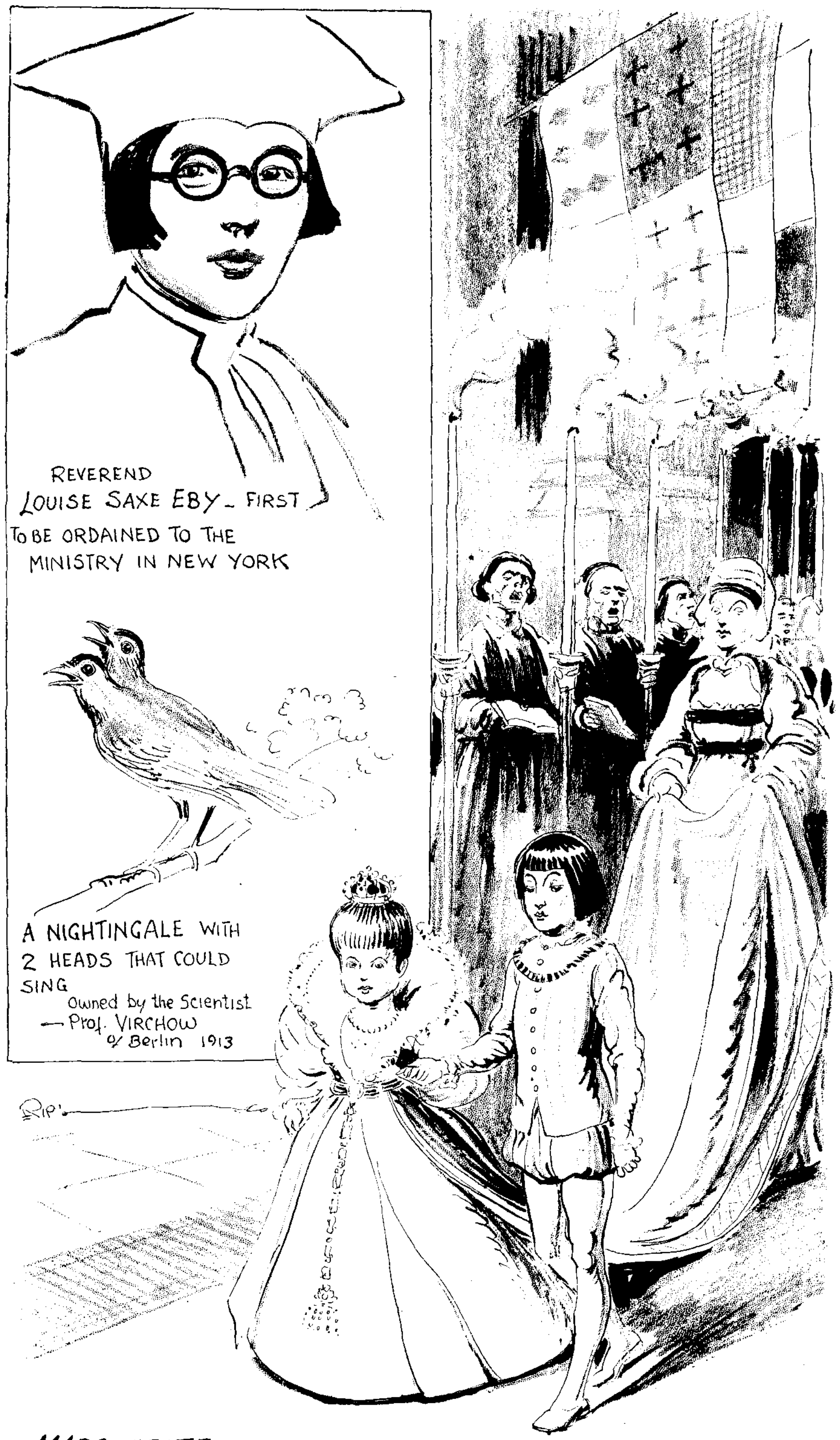
"Did you care if I was a liar?"

"Not a bit," he cheerfully replied.

She kissed him.

THE END

Believe it or Not! By Ripley



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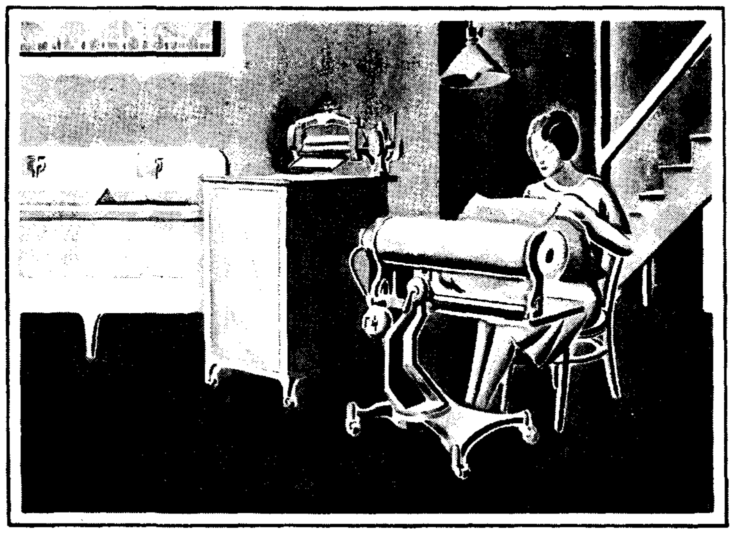

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Contributing to the wide and popular acceptance of products made from sheet steel is public experience with automobiles, with sheet metal work on the home where the natural forces of decay challenge the strength and durability of all metal. Roofings, gutters and down spouts, window and door casements, ventilators and cornices of sheet steel—all have impressed upon the public mind the dependability and economy of steel.

It was in anticipation of the time when people would expect more from steel than ever before that the development of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, was undertaken twenty years ago by the Wheeling Steel Corporation. Now, even in a window casing or a steel box car there is desired today a quality that will increase the value of investment—and COP-R-LOY, by reason of twenty years successful performance, qualifies!

COP-R-LOY in a wide range of Sheets is basic material for products and purposes without number. Processed in modern steel furnaces, it is refined to a new high point of efficiency, combining the essentials to practical workmanship, easy forming, braking, bending, welding and greater expectancy of life for the finished product.

COP-R-LOY is steel made better than ever and through its use manufacturers may confidently expect to lower their costs, speed up operations, while investing their products with a new and higher standard of quality — a higher standard of durability and performance.

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The story of COP-R-LOY written in non-technical style tells of the many ways in which COP-R-LOY can serve you to advantage. Send your name and address for a copy of this book.

"FROM MINE TO MARKET"

MADE OF COP-R-LOY

COP-R-LOY Sheets—Blue Annealed, Black and Galvanized, Long Terne, Tin and Terne Plate.

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In addition to COP-R-LOY, either as basic material or finished product, the maker supplies a number of finished products of steel to manufacturers and distributors — Cut Nails since 1852, Wire and Wire Nails, Staples, Riv-weld and Arc-weld Range Boilers, Steel Drums and tubular products for developers and refiners of petroleum in all the principal fields of America. The name Wheeling applied to any steel or steel product is the mark of the maker that protects the buyer.

WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION
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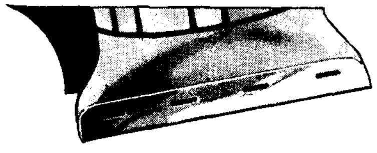
WHEELING STEEL

"Just notice the fine skins of men who use Williams"

You can't lose this cap!
Williams
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream

The Cream that leaves FACES FIT!



Keeping your face Fit goes a long way toward creating a feeling of well being.

The Williams lather goes a long way toward keeping your face Fit. And it gives you real pleasure while you're doing it. There's nothing irksome in the Williams shave.

The Williams lather is super mild—as millions of ultra sensitive skins can testify. Its ingredients are triple distilled. It contains no scrap of coloring matter. Close in texture. Saturated with moisture,—containing, indeed, 10% more moisture than any other we know of, by authentic test. It cleanses pores. Freshens facial tissue. Makes blades last longer. Leaves the skin Fit.

No man's shaving experience is complete until he has tried Williams.

No wonder the drug clerk will tell you, "Oh, yes, sometimes they change.... *but they all come back to Williams!*"

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN.—MONTREAL, CANADA.

Next time say
"Williams Shaving Cream *please!*"

Complete the shave with a dash of AQUA VELVA. Made *just* for that!

The Gringo Privateer

Continued from page 7

Martin Bruce is an old-time killer and a brave man. He never ran from a fight, he never took a bluff and he never will. Quite a sizable job to convict him of rustling."

"Gallegos and his men do it for him below the Line and the choicest aggregation of gallows' fruit unhung does it for him north of the Line. They figure they're protected because he's sheriff and has political pull."

"How come they made him sheriff, sir?"

"About ten years ago Cochise County got so tough nobody else wanted the job, young man. And Martin Bruce's cattle were being stolen from him faster than he could steal them from me."

"Ah! So they worked his side of the street, eh?"

"They did. And Bruce cleaned up on them. None of them ever came to trial. They just disappeared out of the country."

"Buried where they fell, I daresay. Well, that's my policy, sir. Never bother to arrest a cow thief. The law is liable to turn him loose. It's simpler and cheaper to open fire the minute you come up on him. Safer, too, because if you delay he'll not."

"Have you ever killed a man, Mr. Burney?"

MR. BURNEY'S handsome face puckered in distress. "Oh, no, sir," he confessed. "I haven't even had a desire to kill one. That is, if you speak in a professional sense. As a soldier I imagine that in the course of three years of active service I accounted for my share."

The king grimaced disgustedly. "Then why the devil are you applying to me for a job that requires a professional and a specialist?" he demanded truculently.

"Your pardon, señor. I have not applied for the job. I do, however, apply for a job as a rider in the employ of El Ranchito, because it has seemed to me that what you require here is an unusually—er—hardy crew that will be loyal to the payroll, and you might start your recruiting with me. Of course I am not insensible to the probability that the most loyal and devoted of the crew might come under the eye of Your Majesty and get knighted. I am not, however, a professional killer, I am not hiring out as such, even in the present extremely low state of my finances, nor shall I ever hire out as such. I shall always, I trust, remember that I am a gentleman and leave rough, rude brawling to those who have indulged in it since boyhood and think it manly."

His Majesty murmured in a low voice something just a trifle coarse. "I'm disappointed," he confessed. "I had a hunch you were just like a gift from God and if you would guarantee to rid me of Martin Bruce and Miguel Gallegos there is no doubt but that you would be knighted."

"It's not well to judge men hastily, sir," the young man assured him. "Precipitate men are not apt to comb gray hairs."

The king pounded his library table. "What I require, young man," he said, "is a general manager with the guts of a bear."

"Ever think of tying to one with the cunning of a fox, sir?"

The king stared at him. "How do you do, Mr. Fox!"

"You flatter me, sir."

"I'll take a chance on you, young fellow. Tomorrow you'll take your entrance examination and if you pass it, you go on the Bardin payroll. Once you're there I'll have my eye on you. Know what day it is tomorrow?"

"The Fourth of July, sir."

"You bet. And there's a barbecue and rodeo for the whole countryside here tomorrow. Can you ride?"

Ken Burney shrugged. "*Muy poco,*" he murmured deprecatingly. Evidently all of his Castilian blood had not been bred out of him.

"Well, if you want that job you'll ride for it."

His guest bowed. "The king's request is always tantamount to an order."

"You quit calling me king and Your Majesty, will you? Why do you do that?"

"Because everybody else in this country does."

"I don't believe it. I've never been called such names to my face heretofore."

"Everybody's afraid to. But then you've got so much money and land and cattle you're a personage and entitled to a courtesy title. And I never say anything behind a man's back that I will not say to his face."

Whatever reply the king purposed making to this semi-impertinent statement remained unspoken, for Ken Burney saw him glance toward the door, saw his fierce glance soften and a smile of winning tenderness light up his rugged old face. Instantly Burney stood erect, turned and found himself facing a girl who stood hesitant in the doorway.

"Come in, my dear," the king entreated. Burney saw the girl's glance rest for an instant on his chaps and sombrero lying on the divan; then her diffidence disappeared and she advanced to her father's side without paying the slightest attention to his visitor.

"Thinks I'm just one of the old man's riders," Burney decided. "Wonder if the king will introduce me. By James, she's as beautiful as an army with banners!"

The king did. "This young man, Muriel," he announced, "is Kenneth Burney, son of an old cattleman friend of mine in California. Mr. Burney, this is my daughter, Muriel. Mr. Burney is dining with us tonight, Muriel."

Miss Muriel favored the young man with a bright smile and a reserved nod. "I see you're riding through, Mr. Burney."

"Oh, no," he corrected her. "Tomorrow I'm going to work for your father as a top cow-hand."

"Maybe," the king corrected him enigmatically. "Mr. Burney," he explained to the girl, "is a drug-store cowboy and before he goes to work for me he has to pass an entrance examination. He'll ride Geronimo tomorrow, bulldog a big, peevish steer and rope a couple of calves to prove his social standing."

THE butler came in to announce dinner and, to the amazement of the king, Mr. Burney gallantly offered his arm to Miss Muriel, who seemed undecided whether to accept it or not. In all her life none of her father's cowhands had ever been so bold.

"Oh, take it, take it," the king ordered. "He's used to high society. It comes natural to him, the impertinent pup."

"He's not an impertinent pup," Muriel defended, and accepted the proffered arm.

Arrived in the dining-room the strange guest tucked Muriel and her chair in under the table, waited respectfully for the king to settle his huge bulk into his chair and then sat down himself. Muriel seized the opportunity, while Burney's gaze was fixed upon her father, to steal a swift glance of curiosity at their guest.

She saw a man under thirty years of age, about six feet tall, straight from shoulder to hip, slim, small-boned, wiry, weighing perhaps a hundred and sixty pounds. His head was nobly formed and covered with an extraordinarily thick thatch of jet-black, wavy hair; his eyes were very dark blue with heavy long lashes that caused one to think, at first sight, that the young man had accumulated some soot in them. A slightly beaked Castilian nose arose out of a patrician countenance, his teeth were even, white and well cared for. He was, decidedly, an outdoor type of man, tanned to a bricky brown. Also, he was thirty days overdue on a haircut.

MURIEL noticed that he disposed of his soup without gustatory riot. When the salad, which in the West is usually served after the soup, came on, she noticed that Mr. Burney chose, with unerring precision, the salad fork; hence she made up her mind that the king had not erred socially by inviting this wandering cowboy to dinner at his castle.

"What a vast difference between grub and food," Mr. Burney sighed presently. "It is a hard two days' ride between your domain and Martin Bruce's ranch, sir, and there are no inns enroute. Having left Mr. Bruce's employ very suddenly and in bad odor, I did not carry any sustenance with me, so naturally my appetite is keener than usual."

"Get fired?" His Majesty queried.

"No, sir. Just quit."

"At the start of the calf round-up. Must have had a fight with somebody."

"I did, sir."

"Who won?"

"I did, sir."

"Then," said the king, "you must have had a run-in with Martin Bruce or his riding boss and quit to avoid being fired."

"You are very astute, Your Royal Highness."

"I told you not to call me such names," the king warned.

"You told me not to allude to you as Your Majesty or king. I respect your wishes. But you are a prince to invite me to dinner and give me a civilized room and bath for the night; hence I now addressed you according to your real rank."

"I love that," Muriel cried. "The newspapers always refer to Dad as The Cattle King."

"I don't like it," His Majesty growled.

"You'll have to stand for it, darling," his daughter assured him. "Go right ahead, Mr. Burney. I like it."

"Thank you, Princess."

"Will you try some of these brandied peaches, Sir Knight?"

"Rubbish," growled the king. "Now, then, what did you and that coyote, Martin Bruce, quarrel about, young man?"

"I wouldn't sell him my horse—and he offered me a whopping price for him, too. A thousand dollars."

"I'll give you two thousand dollars for him."

"Sorry, sir. He's not for sale."

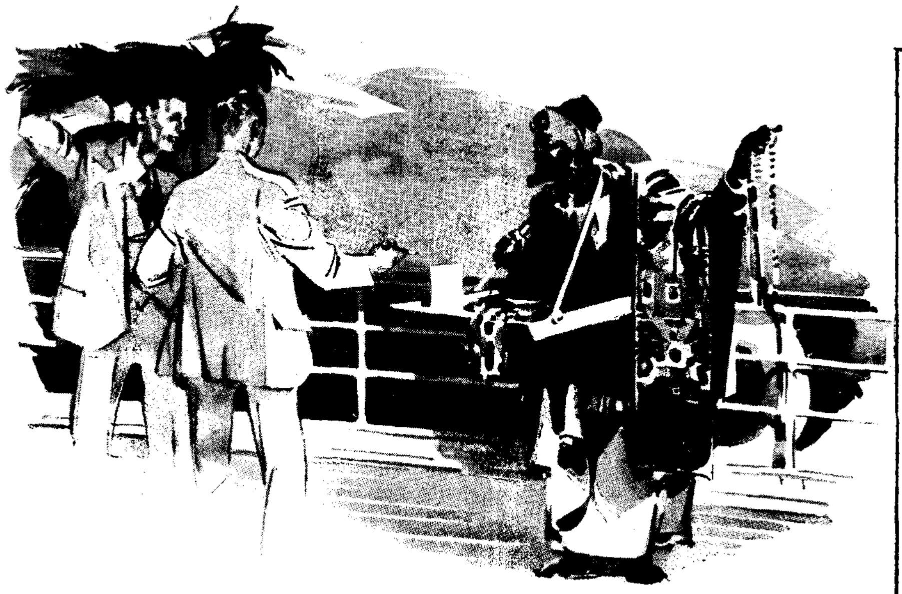
"Two thousand dollars is a lot of money for a cowboy, and I'll bet a dollar cigar you haven't two dollars to your name."

"I'll collect that cigar after dinner, Your Highness. I have three dollars."

"Well, at least you and I will not quarrel about the horse," the king re-

(*Continued on page 52*)

Suez boatman bucks up British pipe-smoker!



Stranded in Port Said . . . divil a bit of Edgeworth . . . ardent pipe-smoker is thrown a welcome "line" . . .

HE was a long, long way from home—was Mr. Read. A thousand miles from dear old Lunnon—a thousand miles from Calcutta. To make matters worse, his stock of his favorite tobacco was gone. Life seemed blue indeed, when—Eureka!—from the hold of a dory a Suez boatman offered a humidor tin of Edgeworth . . . and the sun broke through the clouds.

It's queer how a man will carry his likes and dislikes into a foreign land. You might think that a man stranded in Port Said would welcome *any* kind of tobacco. But not so! There's a flavor about Edgeworth that once in the pipe is there to stay—a quality that pipe-smokers all over the world insist on having—and none other.

If you would like to become acquainted with Edgeworth pipe-tobacco, let us send you a few pipe-loads of both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice (both for your pipe). Simply write your name and address to Larus & Brother Co., 35 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you like these trial packages you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for the taste of dear old Edgeworth is *always* the same.

Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice are sold in various sizes from pocket packages to handsome pound humidor tins, and also in several handy in-between sizes. Plug Slice Edgeworth is made specially for pipe-smokers who like to "rub up" their smoking tobacco.

Tune in next Wednesday

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth station. Wave length 270 meters. Frequency 1110 kilocycles. Special feature: The "Edgeworth Club" Hour every Wednesday evening at nine o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

13 Woodburn Park Rd., Calcutta, India
March 10, 1928

Larus & Brother Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

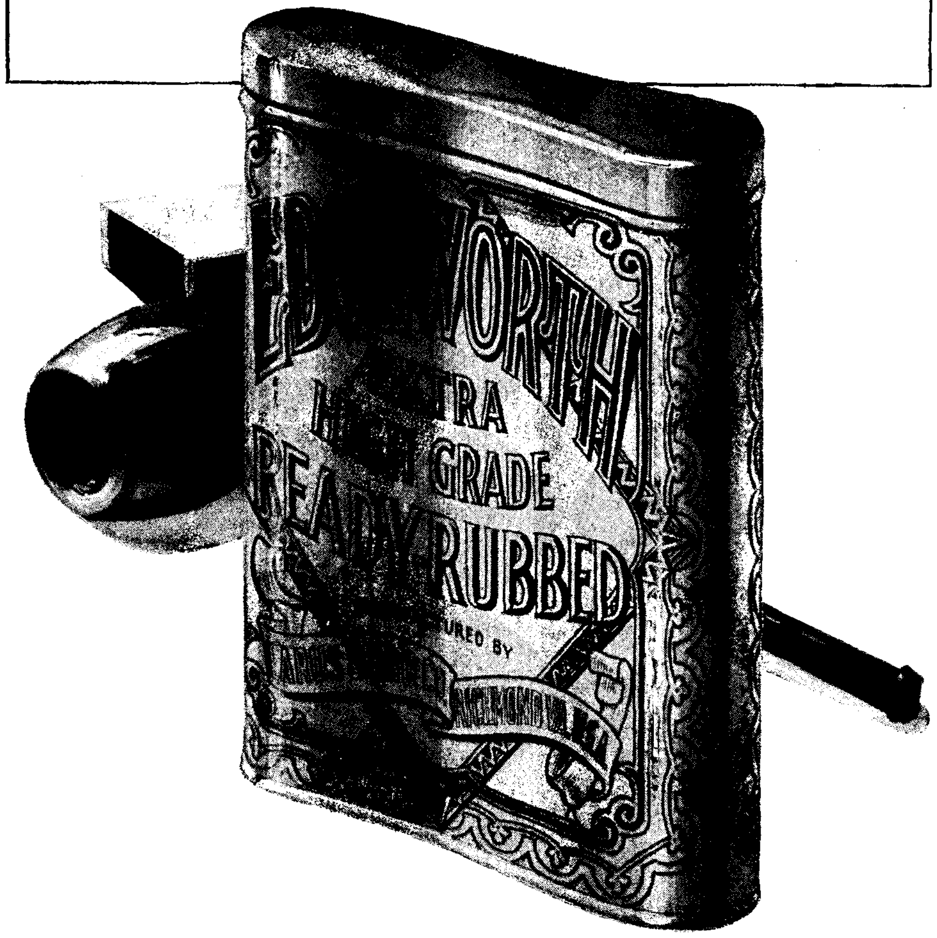
Traveling out to India on one occasion I found myself at Liverpool, within two hours of sailing time, with a very small quantity of my tobacco. The few tobacco shops in Birkenhead stocking Edgeworth could supply me with a very limited amount, and the ship's bar kept none. My stock lasted me until we reached Port Said, our first port of call. At Port Said, divil a bit of Edgeworth could I find.

That evening, slipping along the Suez Canal, I was approached on deck by one of the canal pilot's boatmen—hairy and vociferous gentlemen who eke out their wages as boatmen by selling glutinous Turkish Delight, synthetic amber beads, and Egyptian cigarettes to unwary passengers. None of his wares appealed to me, but we chatted amicably enough. Idly, I asked him if he had any tobacco. He said he had, tucked away in his boat somewhere. He spoke as if the 'baccy were not fit for human consumption, and I lost interest in the matter.

A few hours later I received the shock of my life. My friend the boatman approached me with the largest glass jar of tobacco I had ever seen in my life and—God bless my soul, it was Edgeworth!

He had got it off an American ship in exchange for a mouldy box of dates, or something equally piffling. He would have been bucked with a shilling for the jar—"humidor," I think you call it—and when I gave him five he very nearly fell into the canal in his excitement.

I enclose my card,
Yours faithfully,
An Englishman
(Mr. G. C. Read)



France

Biarritz and the Pyrenees for Easter...then follow spring to the gay northern beaches!

If you're the man of average means, you'll find you're rich...in France....To travel, to be amused, to entertain, to get the cosmopolitan viewpoint you've always wanted...how little it needs to cost!...The gayety of Biarritz at Easter with the long waves flashing in the sun...it isn't reserved for millionaires...it's *yours*.... Pau with its solid gold climate and its frieze of diamond mountains offers you health...financially and physically both.... Corsica sits in the blue Mediterranean under a cloudless sky... and when you get tired of Napoleon, here's where you catch your trout....Later on in the spring you can run up to Le Touquet...and even if the Prince of Wales is there the price won't keep you out....LaBaule provides you weekends with a gay Parisian crowd....Everywhere you go...for pleasure, culture, rest or just because the whim takes you ...you're pleasantly surprised to find how far a dollar stretches.

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The Gringo Privateer

Continued from page 50

torted smilingly, "although I did think I'd like to trade you out of him—for my daughter. I want a horse I can trust for her."

"With your permission, sir, I shall be happy to present him to the lady after the rodeo tomorrow, provided you will pay the expressage on a duplicate of him, now on pasture at the Santa Inez Rancho in California."

His Majesty laid down his knife and fork and stared at Ken Burney. "You reckless improvident Hidalgo," he cried. "Your friends will have to pass the hat if you're ever given a decent funeral."

"Oh, say not so, Your Highness. Most gifts have a string to them and there's one attached to this one. In return for my horse I charge you, sir, with the responsibility of seeing to it that I am decently interred; and I warn you that my funeral will be expensive, because you'll have to ship me back to Tres Pinos, Calif., to lie with my ancestors, and, as you probably know, the railroad charges one full fare for a corpse and somebody has to accompany the body. Still, I'll not stick you too deeply. You may omit flowers."

A SHRIEK of laughter from Muriel testified to her appreciation of the grim wit of their guest. "Do you anticipate jousting with somebody, Sir Knight?" she queried.

"Joust once," he answered gravely, and again the girl's merry laughter filled the room. But the king found in both these remarks no seed for merriment.

"What did you do to Martin Bruce?" he demanded.

"Oh, not very much, sir. He called me a greaser, so I pulled him off his horse and slapped him over a half-acre of his ranch. He's about fifty years old, you know, so I treated him with a certain measure of consideration."

"He's as hard and tough as rawhide, son, and can still whip any man on his payroll. You trifled with death, my boy."

"Not necessarily. I took his gun away from him first, broke it and threw gun and cartridges into the sagebrush before massaging him."

The king was very serious. "Were any of his men present?"

"Four."

"And nobody interfered."

"No, sir. It's the rule on the Triangle B that every man shall kill his own rats, and I imagine they all expected the old man to manhandle me before the fight should terminate. When they saw he was outclassed, they crowded up and would have manhandled me for him, but the old boy played fair. He warned them off, so I quit, rode back to the chuck wagon, packed my dunnage on my spare horse and drifted. I didn't even wait to collect two months' pay I had coming to me."

"You young idiot," the king warned soberly, "Martin Bruce is as deadly as a side-winder and nurses his grudges. Son, you'll have to beat him to the draw —and that's something no man has ever done. Can you shoot?"

"Rather well from a rest. Miss Muriel, I do believe I'll sample those brandied peaches."

But the king was worried. "I advise you to get out of this country and do it tomorrow, son," he warned.

"In effect, sir, you promised me a riding job if I passed my entrance exams tomorrow. If I fail I'll get out. If I pass I'll stay. I tell you again, I've made up my mind to go to work for you and behave myself and grow up with your business. I've got to settle down, sir, and the sooner I do that the better."

"You'll die with your boots on, I tell you."

"Thank you, sir, for that comforting assurance."

"Will Martin Bruce really attempt to kill you, Mr. Burney?" the princess queried. Under the badinage of the two men she detected a note of grim reality.

"I very greatly fear he will, Miss Muriel. He's a rough, tough, bad old man and the slaying of an enemy doesn't particularly jar his conscience. His conscience, in such matters, is rather worn down, like the teeth of a very old cow."

"But what are you going to do about it, Mr. Burney?"

"I don't know. I haven't given the matter any serious thought, Miss Muriel. Of course I'll keep my eyes open and when I meet Mr. Bruce I shall endeavor to get there first with the most shots. I shall probably fail. I've seen Martin Bruce toss a small oyster can in the air, pull his gun and hit it six times out of six before the can struck the ground. He keeps in practice."

"A regular Annie Oakley," the king murmured.

"And you?" the princess persisted to Burney.

"Well, if I shoot at something quite generally I hit it, but I have to take my own sweet time about it. And in an argument with Martin Bruce that weakness of mine would be just a hundred per cent fatal."

"Dad, he will have to leave this country," the princess announced with decision.

"Well, I'm not holding him, am I?" her father retorted irritably.

"You will leave, will you not, Mr. Burney?"

He shook his black poll half sadly. "I have made certain plans and I cannot now unmake them, Princess. He who would have an omelette must break eggs—and the omelette I crave looks like a good job in the employ of the Bardin Land & Cattle Company. I decided, from what I heard while in Martin Bruce's employ, that there was an opening here for that sort of job for my sort of man, and I've thought it all over so very long and earnestly that I'm more or less of a monomaniac on the subject now.

"THE knowledge that Martin Bruce's riders north of the Line blotch your father's brand and shoot his cows so they can claim the dead cow's calves as mavericks, and the knowledge that Miguel Gallegos does the same thing to your father's cows south of the Line has me all stoop-shouldered with sorrow. An opportunity exists for the right man to correct this evil state of affairs and I've already figured out in a general way exactly how it should be done. Nobody else on El Ranchito has the slightest idea how to beat the game and as a result your poor afflicted parent is growing an early crop of wrinkles and gray hairs. Haven't you any pity for your own father, Princess?"

The princess had no answer to this. Her woman's intuition told her that back of the jest lay a deadly and definite purpose—a thing she had never grappled with.

"She has no pity," His Majesty murmured. "Not a dog-gone speck."

The butler entered and informed the king that he was wanted on the telephone. When His Majesty returned from answering it his face was grave.

"There's the devil to pay in El Cajon Bonita, Mr. Burney," he announced. "We had two outposts down there—two men on each outpost, to salt the cattle, repair the fences, clean out the water-holes and keep an eye on the cattle. One of those four men has just come into headquarters. He's leaking a little and reports that yesterday morning he and his partner were ambushed. His partner fell out of the saddle, so I suppose he's dead, but the man who escaped made a run for it and got away with two unimportant wounds. He made for No. 2 outpost to warn the other two men, but the enemy had been there before him. He found their charred bodies in the ashes of the cabin they occupied, so he came in to headquarters to report."

"What a sweet hint to stay out of El Cajon Bonita," Mr. Burney murmured thoughtfully. "That makes it a little binding, doesn't it, Your Majesty?"

"It does. I can't send more men to their deaths down there, even if I had on my payroll men foolish enough to go." His Majesty's big fists clenched. "Oh, God," he ground out, "to be licked and have to like it. To see bandits robbing me in daylight and have to pretend it's an optical illusion."

"One is never licked until one is counted out and I never heard of any of my relatives getting counted out until they had first been in a fight, Your Majesty."

Ken Burney's gaze came to rest, almost sympathetically, upon the harassed king. The king stared back at him and, though no word was spoken, nevertheless His Majesty asked—with his eyes:

"Son, will you?"

AND, with his eyes, Kenneth Burney replied that he would, then murmured: "What a gory conversation we're indulging in! Your Majesty, you must not permit these worries to obsess you. Take my advice and pull out of El Cajon Bonita. The game isn't worth the candle."

One of his eyelids fluttered a ten thousandth of an inch.

One of the king's eyelids fluttered a ten thousandth of an inch also. Then: "You're right, son. I'm licked. I must abandon my favorite dream of seeing Miguel Gallegos entirely surrounded by German-silver handles. But I still have hopes of losing Martin Bruce."

"He's my personal concern, of course, sir. I will not go out of my way to meet him, but—"

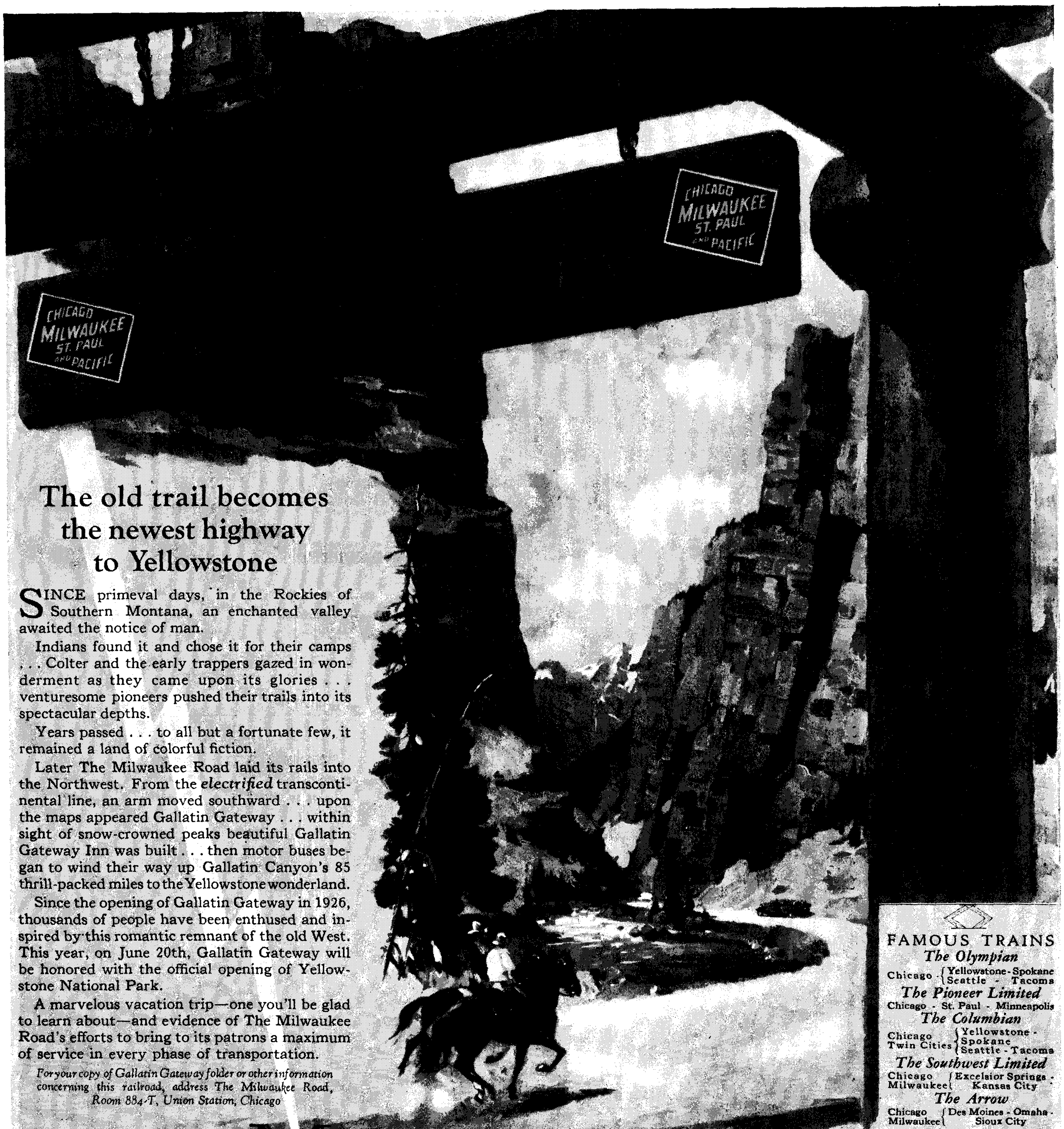
"I'll buy you five thousand pistol cartridges, young feller, and you practice pulling and shooting until you're as fast and as accurate as Martin Bruce. Your meeting is inevitable, but at least you can give yourself an even break. If you kill him I'll hire the best criminal attorneys in New Mexico to exonerate you. I'll protect you while I have a dollar left."

Mr. Burney beamed upon his host. "My father," he said, "always impressed upon me that it was exceedingly unmannerly of one to whistle at his meals —particularly at another man's table. And yet—"

Very softly, with a beautiful flute-like note, Mr. Kenneth Burney, his smoky eyes cast piously upward, whistled Chopin's Funeral March.

"And that's not for his own funeral, either," His Majesty whispered proudly to the princess. "I tell you he's a gift from God!"

(To be continued next week)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The old trail becomes the newest highway to Yellowstone

SINCE primeval days, in the Rockies of Southern Montana, an enchanted valley awaited the notice of man.

Indians found it and chose it for their camps . . . Colter and the early trappers gazed in wonderment as they came upon its glories . . . venturesome pioneers pushed their trails into its spectacular depths.

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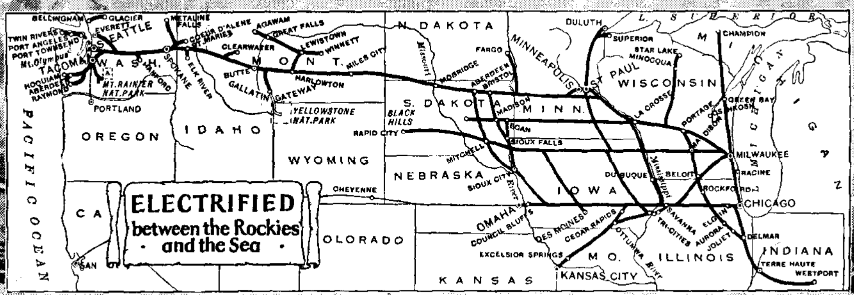
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Capt. George Fried,

"reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet"

"AN S.O.S. from the 'Florida'! We change our course. We on the 'America' strain to arrive in time to rescue the men on their sinking ship, 350 miles away. Through the icy, freezing storm and high seas we plunge on—all speed ahead! Then the night-time rescue, the whirling waves, the manoeuvering to get near the 'Florida.' Finally, the 'Florida's' crew coming off one at a time, pulling themselves through the water on the line our men had thrown them. These 32 men, dazed, many half clothed, needed reviving after their long exposure. Hot coffee, food and Lucky Strikes—these gave new life to many of them and we on board the 'America,' crew and passengers alike, found after the strain and struggle that there was nothing quite so comforting and relaxing as the inviting, toasted flavor of Lucky Strikes. Playing this game with 'Davy' is ever fascinating, ever thrilling. And we who follow the sea must be ever ready for adventure. Ours is an active life, demanding nerve control and physical fitness. In my health program I have found that Luckies are most important not only because they provide a respite for frazzled nerves and an exhausted body but because whenever I crave anything which is over-fattening, I say to myself, 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' In the toasted flavor of Luckies, I get complete satisfaction. And I find that toasting, by removing the irritants, protects my throat."

Geo. Fried
George Fried
Commander of "S. S. *America*"

"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

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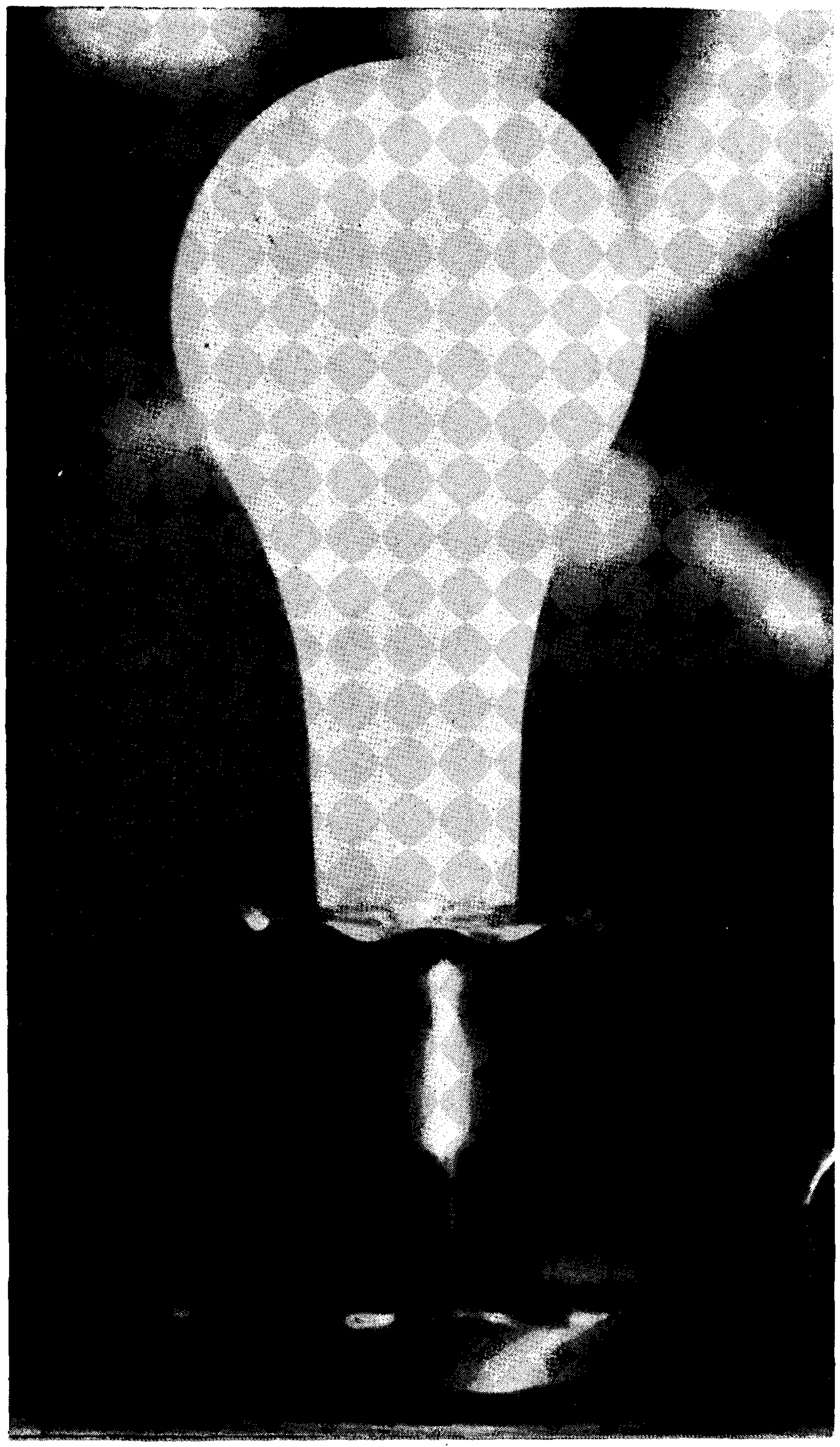
"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation–No Cough.

heroic rescuer, says:

LUCKY STRIKE
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.



You can enjoy the light of 134 candles from this 100-watt National Mazda Lamp for less than 1c an hour. Recommended for floor lamps, kitchen, basement, garage and wherever plenty of light is needed.

National Lamp Works of General Electric Co.
Nela Park, Cleveland

NATIONAL
MAZDA
LAMPS

Falling Up

Continued from page 20

singing comedian who had knocked them dead all the way from San Francisco and had been grabbed by Ziegfeld or Dillingham to be a New York sensation. Let's call him Jerry.

"Right then, as he waved at us humbler hoofers from a Pullman window, I decided that the stage was no place for me. I was born small of stature, and I figured that was meant for the small time. But I had a big-time impulse.

"My brother and I conferred in Chicago that night. We reviewed our separate careers over a few drinks in the old Majestic bar.

"There's a guy like Jerry," Will Mahoney remembers saying to his brother. "He hasn't got any more than either of us. I can lick spots out of his hoofing, even if my voice isn't so hot. You can take him in a singing contest and make him sound like a buzz saw. But Jerry's on his way to Broadway, and you and I—well, here we are."

More Money as Farmers

Ed agreed to all this. He added that he was homesick for his native Northwest. And casually Will remarked:

"We'd make more money as farmers."

There was magic in the line. A gleam entered Ed's eye, both eyes. Ed always read old home-state papers, and he had read about a farm to be bought cheap on a foreclosure sale.

"We got the farm," Will Mahoney admits ruefully.

"Thirty acres it was, with five hundred chickens, a cow and a horse.

"All our money went into the place and our fares to get there. Figuring that five hundred chickens could make their way and ours with an endless-belt output of fresh eggs, we ended by eating the chickens because there was nothing else to eat, unless it was the horse. The cow passed out of the scene the first week. We fed it the wrong things.

"Five hundred each was our salvage from the place. My brother went into business. For years he's been a successful salesman in the Northwest. Of what? Farm implements. What did I do? I went back to vaudeville, a hoofer. And then I made a simple discovery: that if you paid a railroad agent enough money for a ticket to New York—it didn't matter where you were or who you were—he'd sell you the ticket. I bought one and landed in the capital of show business with a bowler hat and no baggage."

The very first place he applied had a call for an emergency act, a double men's team of cross-patter and hoofing. Mahoney said he had a partner and grabbed the assignment. Seventy-five dollars for the pair. He dashed out on Broadway and lassoed the first unemployed hoofer he met. Agreeing to split the fee, they raced to the theater in Brooklyn and showed, Will borrowing stage togs from the other hoofer.

"We were not a riot," he confesses.

Three weeks later, which is a long, long time between lunches, the agency said the same theater needed an emergency act again. Mahoney took the job, but he couldn't find his impromptu partner. Time flew. He hurried over to Brooklyn after leaving word at the partner's room that he should follow with make-up and accessories. He didn't.

"There I was," Mahoney goes on. "Street clothes and a derby. Not even a pair of dancing shoes. The manager, figuring me a weak spot, pushed me on just because there was a bit of delay in shifting a scenery set for a following act. I went on, after first borrowing a pair of tap shoes from some good scout on the bill. Wearing my derby, and in the unaccustomed shoes, out I went before a packed house. The shoes slid under me, so down I went, the hat rolling miles away. That audience roared. I arose, flushed and sore. But the wooden soles were polished and slippery. I flopped again. Guffaws. The only way I could stay on my feet was by tap-dancing. I did this and sang at the same time, which isn't easy. When I stopped dancing I fell again. Terrific laughs. I concluded—and it was about time—that I had a funny fall.

"Ending my little act, I fell again, and rolled off stage. The cheering was loud, long and luxurious. Stage set for the next act, manager ringing to start it, star ready to go on! And there yours truly, a little pint-size comic who fell on his ear and got the mob's applause. A veteran in the wings whispered to me, 'You rate a call.' But it didn't seem as if I'd be able to make the precious second series of bows that helps so much at the booking offices. The star was waiting, and the manager signaled for lights and his appearance. Then the star did a strange thing. He walked deliberately from the wings to his dressing-room on the stage side. I had to go on and take an encore and half a dozen bows. Which made me talked of—and a hit in Greater New York!

"The name of that generous star was Harry Houdini."

From Brooklyn it was a quick step to Broadway. Will Mahoney had fallen to fame!

Less than four years after that $75 emergency appearance he rates $2,500 a week on contracts calling for fifty-two solid weeks in big-time vaudeville or else as musical revue star!

Hard Work and Risks

He has made the comic fall a widely imitated entertainment. He walks on stage in derby hat and street clothes, without a scrap of grease paint. He begins to sing his rollicking ditty about his Lily, a versatile young lady who vanishes every time she applies vanishing cream and reappears with the rouge. When he sang that song ten years ago in Spokane, the management forbade it. Now they insist on it. At the end of the song of his sweetheart he dances and falls. When he has tumbled all over the stage, blond hair sweeping, chasing a rolling hard hat, he sings as he climbs stairs only to fall from greater and greater heights. Swaying, teetering at the top of ten, twenty, thirty and forty steps, he suddenly satisfies a thrill-expecting audience. Down he plops, headlong, to the floor. But not quite headlong. From the tortoise he has learned a little trick. As he comes toppling down flights of stairs in a crazy fall he snuggles his head under an arm, which saves him from being knocked senseless.

"Comic talent," he said as we walked to the theater, "is not quite enough in this business. You must be industrious and ingenious enough to find and perfect some new trick. When I drop on my left ear the public relishes the surprise of my getting up on my feet to sing.

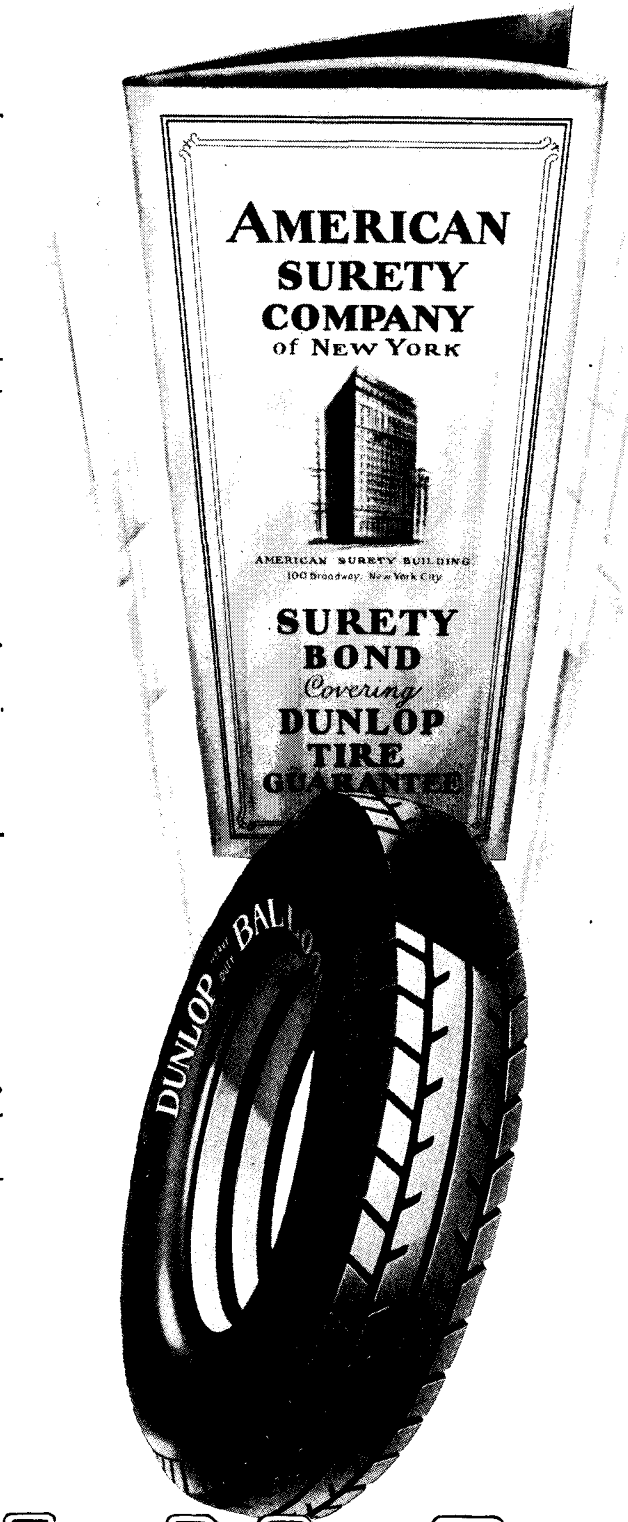
"Hard work and the risks—that and nothing else brings home the bacon."

We reached the stage door. A woebegone young man stood there waiting for Will Mahoney.

"That," said Mahoney, "was the chap, Jerry, I told you about. He's seedy, isn't he? Says they won't give him a chance."

This TIRE *is so* GOOD *it can be guaranteed and* BONDED ...even against abuse

DUNLOPS are built to stand abuse . . . that's why they can be bonded against abuse through this new Surety Bond . . . Send for a specimen Bond.



WHICH would you rather have . . . trouble-free tires, or the greatest tire-guarantee in the world? Why not have both?

Dunlop Tires are built to stand abuse. Plenty of rubber, superbly processed. Long-fibre Egyptian cotton, spun into cord in Dunlop's own mills. At every point, nothing is stinted to make Dunlop Tires the finest tires ever built. When you understand these facts, it seems only natural that Dunlops should carry the most amazing of all tire guarantees.

Why Dunlop Tires can be bonded

THERE have been hundreds of tire guarantees. But to *bond* a tire . . . with a Bond backed by a great institution like the American Surety Company . . . . . . the tire must be made good enough to stand up against such tire hazards as accident and abuse.

If Dunlop Tires were ordinary tires, no bonding company could afford to bond them.

If Dunlop Tires were just good tires, no bonding company could afford to bond them *against abuses*. Yet abuses *are* covered by this new Surety Bond, backed by Dunlop and the American Surety Company.

Guarantees even against tire abuses

THIS BOND covers not only ordinary tire troubles, but such things as rim-cuts, mis-alignment, curb-cuts, etc. More than that, it guarantees your tires against accident . . . collisions, broken milk bottles . . . practically every conceivable thing that can happen to a tire anywhere.

What does this mean to you? It means you can put Dunlops on your car and forget them . . . because you know Dunlops are built to stand the severest conditions you can possibly encounter.

This Dunlop Surety Bond simply proves the manufacturer's faith. It indicates his certainty that each Dunlop will make good.

And the measure of Dunlop's confidence is shown by the fact that this Surety Bond is the most sweeping tire guarantee ever made anywhere . . . that under its terms any Dunlop dealer anywhere in the United States makes good any claim . . . instantly!

Send for specimen Bond free

EVEN if you don't need tires immediately, you should know about this amazing Surety Bond guarantee. We are glad to send a specimen Bond for the asking. Simply clip the convenient coupon on this page, jot down your name and address, and we will put a copy of the Bond, marked "specimen," in the return mail. In that way you can see for yourself . . . at your leisure . . . exactly how this Bond protects you, even against tire abuse. You should know these facts. Why not send for a specimen Bond now . . . before you forget.

***Send for* SPECIMEN BOND *Free* . . . .**

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Please send me free specimen copy of the new Dunlop Surety Bond. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

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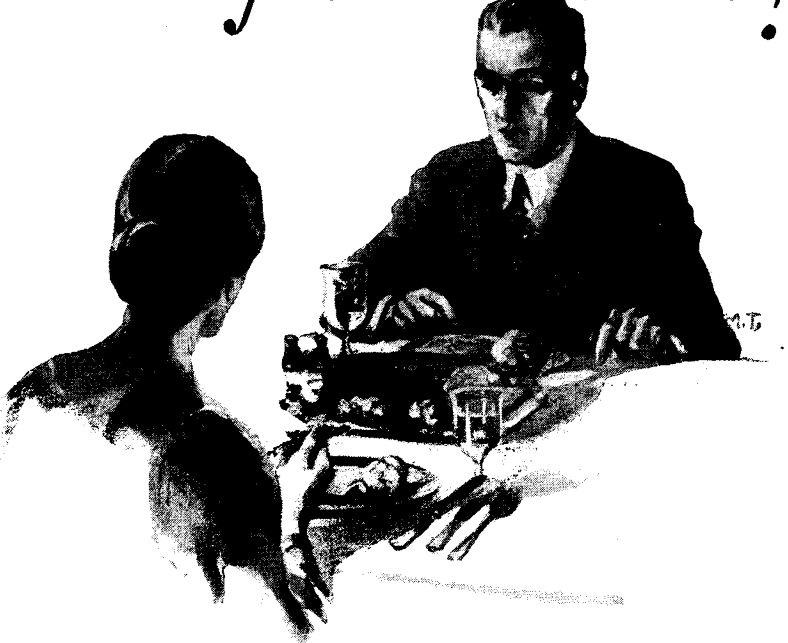
DUNLOP

Food *a-plenty* but a

Body *Starved!



a diet change may be imperative

Acidosis is as prevalent among people who believe themselves "well-fed" as among the poor. Abundant but unwisely chosen foods actually starve the body, lower vitality, stop clear thinking and create an Acidosis condition to which is attributed common ailments, forerunners of dangerous diseases.

Medical authorities point out, as never before, the real menace of the faulty American diet. Science has proved that a properly balanced diet will not only protect against illness, but will correct many minor ailments and build better health.

It is vital to the health of almost every man, woman and child that *less* acid-forming foods be eaten (meat, eggs, fish, breads and cereals) and *more* of the alkaline-reaction foods, such as oranges and lemons and other fresh fruits, fresh vegetables and milk. *The diet must be thus balanced.* Acidosis results unless over-acidity is curbed.

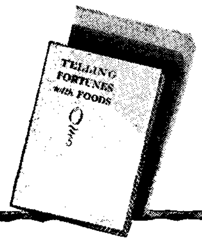
Acidosis appears in many forms. Science has proved that the liberal use of *fresh* juice of California Oranges and Lemons is among the most potent preventives and correctives of Acidosis. While acid to the taste, the juice of Oranges and Lemons has a *definite alkaline reaction* in the body and aids in establishing a normal condition, which means health.

If you are half well most of the time; sluggish, subject to types of headache, nausea, acid perspiration, nervousness, sour stomach, sleeplessness—you may need an entire change of diet. If your case is abnormal or of long standing, consult your physician at once.

Fresh Orange Juice, or Lemon (with water, sweetened or unsweetened) from one to three times each day is a definite health aid. Not only is its alkaline-reaction certain, but its content of vitamins and mineral salts is vital to good health. Orange salads and desserts are additionally beneficial. Any family can follow these simple anti-acidosis measures.

California Sunkist Oranges have richest juice and finest flavor. To be sure of uniform and dependable quality look for the trade mark "Sunkist" on the skin and wrapper of oranges and on the wrapper of lemons.

Normal and anti-acidosis diets are given by an eminent authority in a *free* book—"Telling Fortunes with Foods." Send for it immediately. This book discusses Acidosis in an understandable way and should be in every home. It also contains a chapter on Safe Reducing and gives a list of acid and alkaline-reaction foods for your good health guidance. Mail coupon for your copy.



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Dietetic Research Dept., California Fruit Growers Exchange,
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Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes With Foods.*

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Music Got to Moan

Continued from page 11

black body, alive with muscles and glistening with perspiration, shed the particles of bark and rosin that fell from the wood like a duck's feathers shed water.

The Georgia Pain, dressed in his white suit, stepped aside and watched with curious interest. It did not seem exactly proper that a musician, especially the band leader, should be doing such heavy, hot labor. And yet it seemed perfectly natural too, that a man built and dressed like Iron Man *should* be doing exactly that kind of work. He looked like a laborer—but there was music in his walk—a swaying trot that was more of a dance than a trot, and slower than an ordinary walk.

The idea that he should be in line with the others, toting wood, did not occur to the Georgia Pain, but the fact that he was the only man on deck not in line, made him feel out of place. And the way the old boss rouster glowered at him irked him indeed.

He wandered about, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible but forever getting in somebody's way. The wood-toting job was finally finished and the boat started up the river again. He would, he decided, resume the argument with the little band leader. It would be diverting, at least.

But Iron Man, like the rest of the rousters, had flopped upon the deck to rest and sleep, and efforts to open conversation were ignored.

"I bet I kin tawk to my sax," the Pain decided. "Hit's got mo' sense den all dese yuther niggers put together." And he found a comfortable seat on a coil of rope, unlocked the instrument case, adjusted the mouthpiece and began blowing the scale.

A thundering roar halted him before the scale was half run. "Yaah! You stop dat racket!" It was the old boss rouster, towering over him with an upraised stick and sputtering with indignant rage. "Dese men been workin' and dey got to rest. And dey can't rest wid dat racket goin' on. I seed you struttin' 'round de deck in dem white pants when us was workin'. I'm gonter ax de cap'm about dat, too—"

"Dat's awright, mister," the Georgia Pain assured the old driver. "I jest was—"

"Yeah, I hyared you," broke in the boss rouster. "You was tootin' dat hawn. And I better not hyar you again. You toot one mo' toot, and I th'ows you in de river. And de hawn, too."

After a thoroughly miserable afternoon, and an equally miserable night, the sun rose upon a new and what appeared to be a happier day.

Immediately after breakfast Iron Man explained to him with courteous disinterest that the day would be devoted to rehearsals.

"Us got a excursion on at Columbia tonight," he said, "and de nights us got excursions, well, dat day us band boys don't got to work none. Jest set around and practice up."

The musicians assembled toward the after part of the boat and the less talented rousters lined up to carry on the wood. Bugaboo Jones hesitated for a minute between music and labor. Then he darted up the forward steps toward the boiler deck.

"You, Bugaboo!" shouted the old driver, "whar you gwine?"

"Who, me?" Bugaboo turned innocently. "I'm goin' up to git me a washboa'd."

"For what?"

"To play in de band wid," he explained. "Ain't dat right, Iron Man?"

Iron Man explained in a thoroughly unprejudiced manner that as long as Bugaboo could borrow washboards, he was to be considered a member of the band, but that without a washboard he was no musician and was not entitled to the privileges accorded the others.

The old boss rouster appealed directly to the captain, who was standing on the hurricane deck.

"What about dat, suh?" he called.

"What about what?"

"Washboa'ds?"

"I don't know anything about any washboards," the captain replied. "I see half a gross on the boiler deck, but they don't go off here. They're billed for Miller's Bluff."

"Come on down, Bugaboo," ordered the driver. "I'll washboa'd you! I'll whelp you up wid dis hickory to you *looks* like a washboa'd!"

Bugaboo toted wood.

The musicians, extremely busy with their rehearsing while the wood was being carried aboard, were not having such a smooth time of it. The Georgia Pain had bragged and bragged about how good he was until every man had hoped that he was lying. And the thing that hurt so badly was the fact that he was not lying. The Georgia Pain was an artist. He was good. He was better than that. He was perfect.

For a quarter of an hour he kept the other musicians spellbound with his saxophone tricks. He made it talk; he made it moan and cry. He made it beg and blubber so realistically that even Iron Man had to confess his solos were good.

"'Cou'se dey's good," Georgia Pain agreed. "Jest listen whilst I blows dat song about Poor Selma. I was saxin' at a dance in Mobile one time—I and a corneter and drum and piano and bull hawn, and I got up and blowed dat song. And hit was a man at de dance which hyared me. So he got up and went home and shot his wife."

He settled down to the piece with his whole soul. It was a strange mixture of haunting sounds and savage rhythms, and it held the other four musicians spellbound throughout. No more than the mere title had been announced and not a line had been spoken, but when the Georgia Pain finished the tragic number, Egbert batted his eyes and remarked with conviction: "Any man is a fool to trust his woman," and Henry Lane added: "Dey'll do hit ev'y time; dat's how come I'm steamboatin' right now."

Iron Man had almost been carried away by it too. But not quite. He recognized in the saxophone rendition many phrases that he could duplicate on his harmonica, and he also recognized numerous groaning nuances which, he knew, were beyond the limits of his own instrument. He was not exactly jealous—but still he was the band leader.

"Dat purty good," he admitted, "but hit ain't no good for de white fo'kses' dancin'. Us got to play for de white fo'kses to dance. Now le's ev'ybody line up and git at dat Green Cawn song. You know dat song, Pain?"

"I speck so," the saxophone player admitted. "I knows mighty nigh ev'ything. But not by dat name. How do hit go?"

Henry, who knew more of music than any of the others, hummed the air, and then added: "Hit starts off in G. Den

(*Continued on page 61*)

Union Pacific

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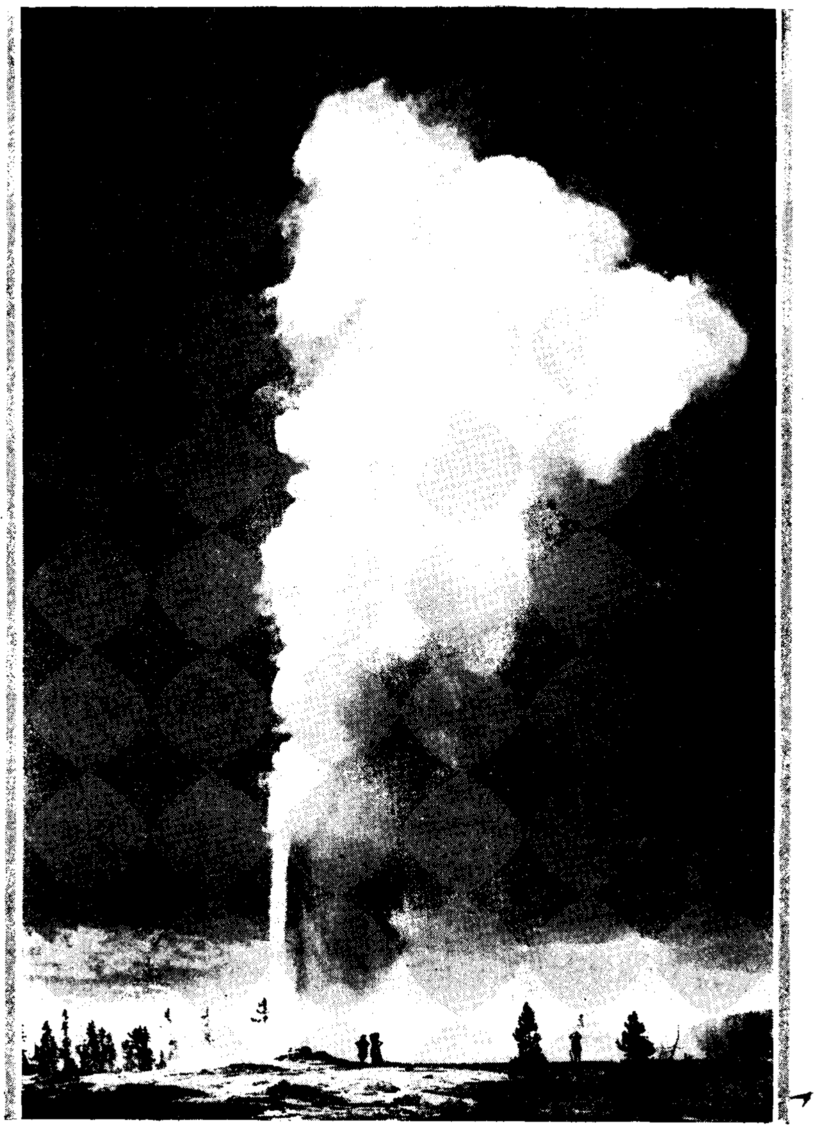
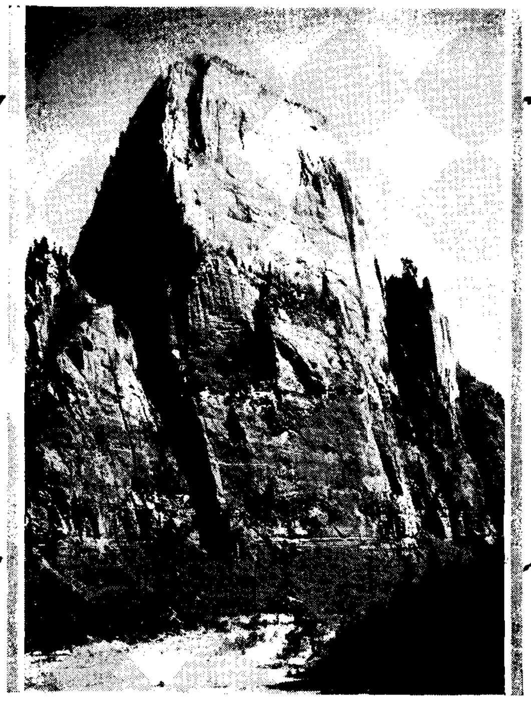
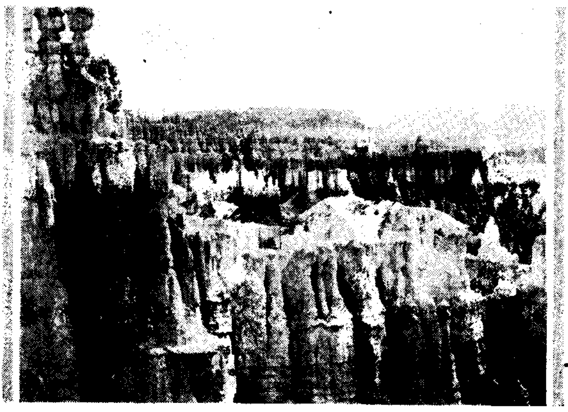


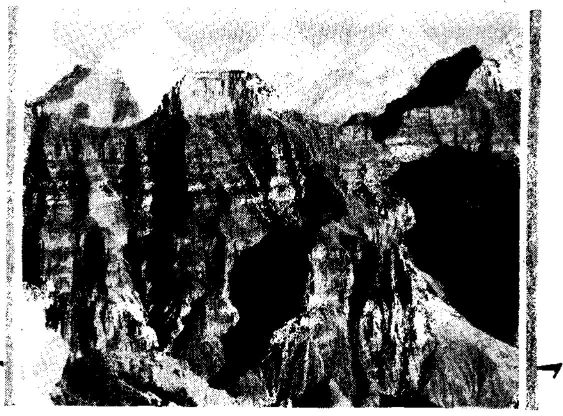
Old Faithful Geyser—Yellowstone National Park



Great White Throne—Zion National Park



Temple of Osiris—Bryce Canyon National Park



Grand Canyon from Grand Canyon Lodge

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"THE Alexander Hamilton Institute uses Collier's—for ACTION! not only because it is read by the type of man we are most desirous of reaching—but also because Collier's guarantees the highest visibility in a rapidly expanding market. In a recent visibility test conducted by five large universities Collier's ranked first among the leading weekly magazines—by a wide margin.

"We were particularly delighted to learn that the last two insertions of our advertisements in Collier's have brought bigger returns than any advertisements we have run in that magazine, similar size space, before."

Collier's—for Action!

now more than 1,900,000

Music Got to Moan

Continued from page 58

hit goes down to D. Den F sharp, and back to G again."

"I ain't never hyared hit," confessed the Georgia Pain, "but jest somebody start hit goin' and I'll jump in."

Iron Man started it on the harmonica. The drums caught the second beat, then the guitar and bass viol joined. The Georgia Pain nodded his head and listened until he had caught the swing of the swift tune and he "pitched in."

But only for a few beats. What he added to the piece was so clearly sour that even he stopped.

"What key y'all playin' in?" he demanded.

"G," explained Henry. "Iron Man's mouth harp is a G sharp and us tunes on him."

"LEMME hyar dat G," demanded the Pain, and the note was sounded. He sounded his own G and it was something between a half and three quarters of a tone off.

"Somethin' rotten," he announced.

"Well, I believe you," agreed Iron Man. "And hit's you. You jest don't know yo' own G."

"Dat's my G," insisted the saxophone player.

"Well, hit sho' sounds rotten. And you ain't gonter play no G like dat in dis band. Now you take dat purty hawn on away f'm hyar; us got to practice up for dat dance tonight."

The saxophone player retreated. He felt that there was something wrong and he had an idea that it was Iron Man's cheap harmonica which had been manufactured in a bastard key and stamped "G" because it was nearer to that tone than any other. He knew the stringed instruments could have been tuned to his correctly pitched saxophone and all sorts of dance music provided without the aid of the off-key harmonica. But he knew that Iron Man was proud of being the orchestra leader, and he had seen Iron Man's muscles, now bulky and hard, now willowy and supple, moving under his rubber-like skin as he toted wood. He decided not to offer any suggestions.

The boat had pulled away from the woodpile and was churning through the waters of the Black River. Soon it would be in the picturesque Ouachita, between high banks and higher hills, upon which stood stately plantation homes. But the Georgia Pain was too dejected to notice that. He wandered forward and sat down sadly upon the coil of rope.

"How come you ain't back yonder practicin' wid de band?"

The question came so unexpectedly and in such accusing tones that the Georgia Pain was startled out of his sad thoughts. He saw the big old boss rouster standing mountain-high before him—the same big boss rouster who had threatened to throw him into the river for blowing his horn the afternoon before.

It simply was more than he could figure out on so short a notice. In fact, the whole idea of steamboating was more than he could understand. The whole thing disgusted him beyond measure.

"I done quit dat band," he announced. "I's too good for 'em. I wouldn't waste—"

"You ain't in de band no mo'?" The old driver could hardly keep back a triumphant chuckle. Yesterday, the word was that he was an extra special musician, hired by the captain himself, and therefore, out of deference to the captain and until the point could be cleared up, he was not made to work like the others. But today—by his own confession—he wasn't anybody's special musician. He therefore was merely a black man, deadheading on the boat. "So you ain't playin' in de band no mo'?" he repeated.

"Not me." The Georgia Pain sensed friendliness, and he elaborated for nearly an hour upon how good he was and how rotten the others were.

The boat made one stop that afternoon. It was in the big woods, twelve miles below Columbia, where fourteen cords of loblolly pine had been stacked upon a high chalk bank. And at sunset, when she pulled into Columbia, the outraged Georgia Pain was the first man off.

"Uuunnhh!" chuckled Iron Man. "Look at him coonjinin' up de plank! He do dat mo' better today den he did when he comed on, yistiddy."

"He learned how to do dat back yonder on de woodpile," laughed Bugaboo. "Totin' dat wood. And de ole man's hickory. I thought de ole man gonter burn him up!"

For more than an hour the rousters and musicians lolled about the deck, while the business of steamboating, the crop prospects, ways of transporting freight from inland towns to the landings, was discussed between the captain and his local agent.

"And now this three-ringed circus tonight," suggested the skipper. "You handbilled the countryside?"

A handbill was produced, announcing an excursion dance from eight until twelve, with music supplied by a five-piece jazz orchestra.

"That's right," agreed the captain. "I hired a professional down the river to give the customers something for their money. By the way—" He leaned over the rail and called below:

"Are you band boys all set for tonight?"

"Yessuh, all set," Iron Man replied.

"That new man fit in all right, does he?"

Iron Man exchanged glances with Bugaboo. "Nawsuh, he done quit."

"Quit what?"

"Quit ev'ything. He left. He long gone."

FOR full five minutes a blue tempest whirled from the hurricane deck. Stripped of its trimmings, it was to the effect that a five-piece orchestra had been advertised, and when a five-piece orchestra was advertised a five-piece orchestra would be produced.

"Hit ain't but on'y four of us, suh," Iron Man insisted. "Jest me and Jesse and Charlie and Egbert."

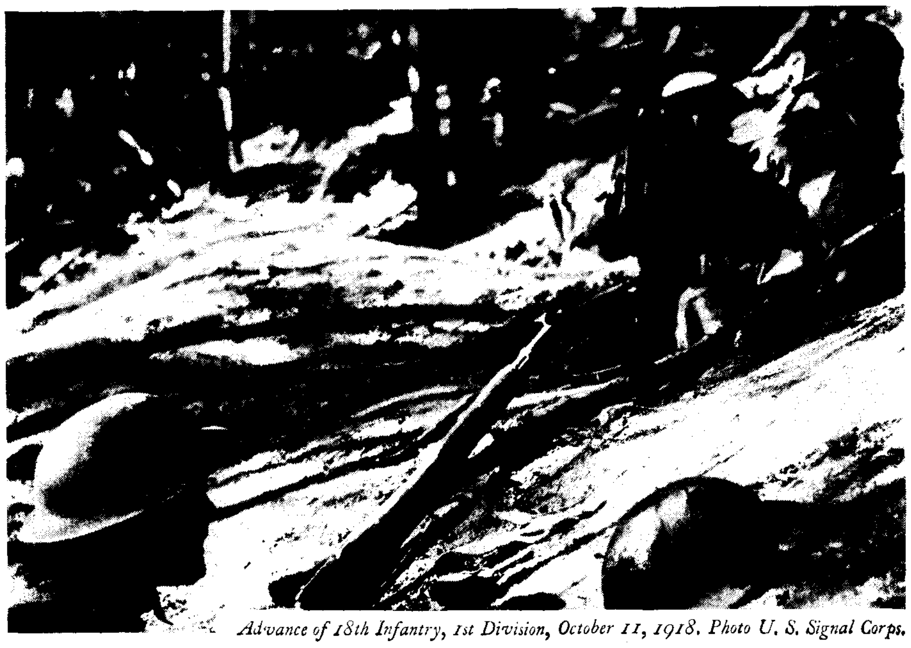
"And me," put in Bugaboo. "I kin play de washboa'd, suh, ef'n de cap'm loan me one."

"Yassuh," seconded Iron Man. "Bugaboo kin play de washboa'd but he forgits and busts hit up ev'y time us plays dat fast song which—"

"It sounds crazy to me," the captain declared, "but the whole thing is crazy, anyway, and if I've got to turn my steamboat into a lunatic asylum to pay expenses I might as well supply the washboards. There's half a gross on the boiler deck, if they'll last you through the night and make a five-piece orchestra too."

Bugaboo grinned in excited expectation to Iron Man, and Iron Man, with all the dignity of a maestro, stood up and addressed the boss rouster.

"Mister Ole Fo'ks," he announced. "F'm now on to de washboa'ds give out, Bugaboo b'longs to my band."



Advance of 18th Infantry, 1st Division, October 11, 1918. Photo U. S. Signal Corps.

The story of a typewriter that went to war

By a War Correspondent

IT was in July, 1916. The commander of the British Flying Headquarters at Saint-Omer took me for a flight over the lines.

Holding my Corona between my knees I wrote the first description of the front ever typed from the air. During a cruise in a British submarine I typed a complete magazine story while we were nosing about off Heligoland, a hundred feet beneath the surface. A description of the first Zeppelin raid over London I typed at a shattered window by the light of the fires from incendiary bombs.

Throughout my entire period at the front, all my writing was done on my Corona. Because of its portability and dependability, I made it a constant companion. Many a story banged off hot in a front-line dugout would never have been written if I had waited to reach a spot of greater convenience.

During my war-time work in Europe I typed an average of 15,000 words a week. In addition to this I typed the manuscript of four books. Yet, in spite of a number of emergency repairs made necessary by violent accidents, my Corona was still in highly serviceable condition when I arrived back in New York in 1919.

. . .

The above is only one of many astonishing Corona stories. We have received thousands of letters from Corona owners, telling about the strange and terrible hardships which Corona has gone through. A few of the exciting incidents described in these letters are as follows: How a Corona was struck by lightning. How a Corona fell out of an aeroplane. How a Corona was thrown from a hotel window. How a Corona was retrieved from the sea by a pearl diver. How a Corona went through a Texas sandstorm. In every case Corona survived in serviceable condition.

You owe it to yourself to drop into a store where typewriters are sold and see why Corona is the Champion Portable. The minute you lay eyes on it you will realize why a million people use it—why Roosevelt took one to Africa—why 30,000 Coronas were used in the World War—why more novelists, more newspaper men, more business men, more students in schools and colleges use Corona than all other portables put together. For a small down payment you can take a beautiful new Corona home with you today. Don't neglect this opportunity. Don't let another day pass without doing something about it. Know *now* the joy of owning a sturdy, speedy, smooth-operating Corona—the Champion Portable Typewriter of the World.

An interesting illustrated booklet called "Corona Typewriters," which describes Corona in detail and contains beautiful illustrations of the new color models, will be sent you upon request. No obligation. Simply mail the coupon below.

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1. STRENGTH: *The only portable with a rigid one-piece solid aluminum frame.*
2. SIMPLICITY: *Fewer parts than any other standard-keyboard typewriter.*
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4. EASY TO LEARN: *Corona design is the result of 20 years' study of the needs of beginners.*
5. WAR SERVICE: *An unequalled record for durability as the official portable of the Allied Armies.*
6. POPULARITY: *As many Coronas have been sold as all other portables combined.*
7. DURABILITY: *Coronas purchased 20 years ago are still giving satisfactory service.*
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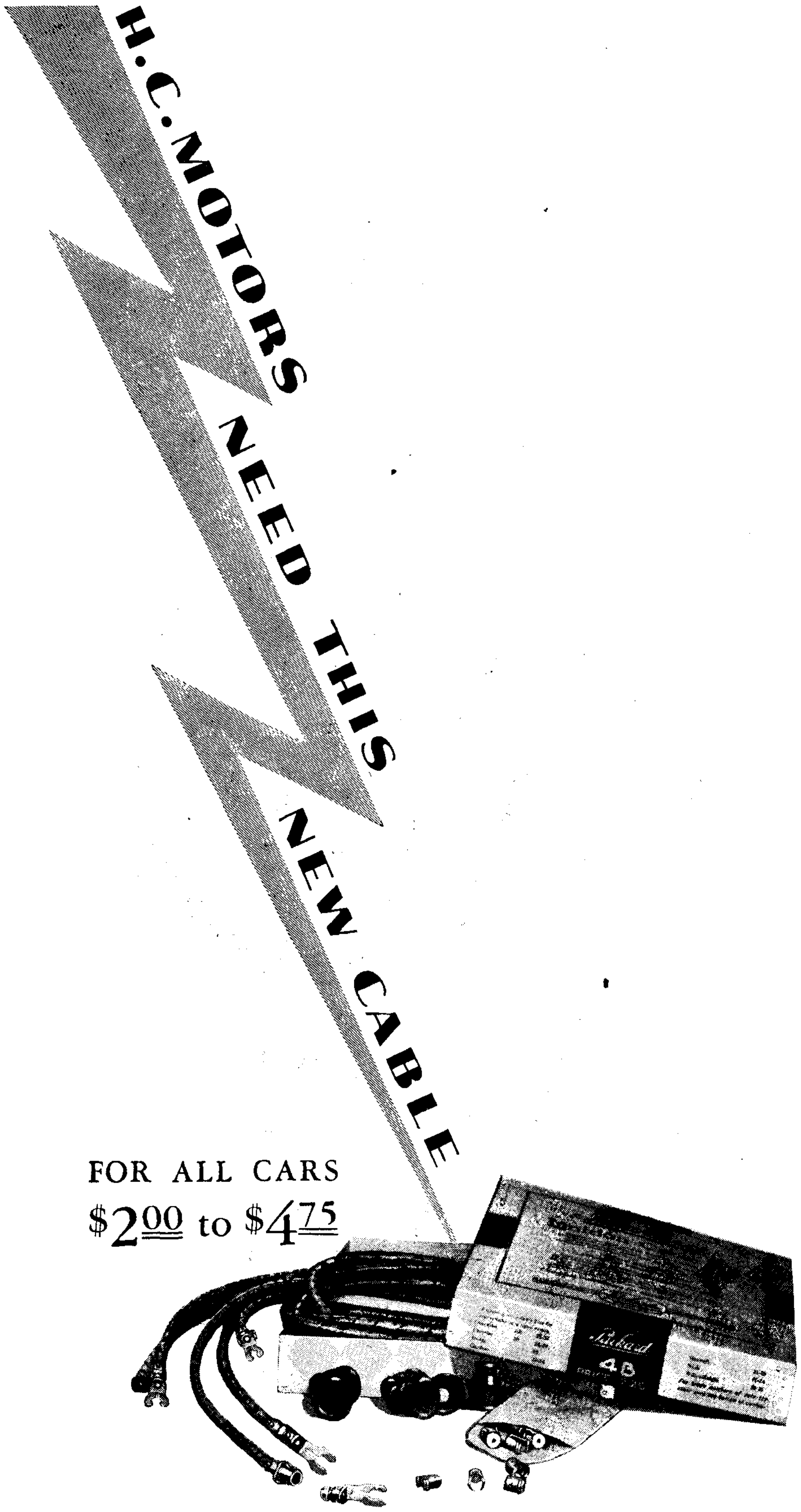

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Corona is an electrical phenomenon which is accompanied by the release of free ozone from the air. Ozone is a vital enemy of rubber, causing it to deteriorate rapidly by producing invisible cracks, and eventually opening the insulation through to the copper conductor The electrical leakage caused by even this slight deterioration seriously affects the power of the motor.

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Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 17

know," continued the major, holding his glass up to a light, "you have revived a very old ambition of mine—and that is a flight over Paris and the surrounding country. So what do you say if I roll you over to Neuilly tomorrow morning in my car; and then if you haven't time to take me up yourself, perhaps you will introduce me to someone who can."

Delavan's inspiration was conceived that moment—one of those children of fancy which are sometimes conceived, born and raised to maturity all in a few beats of the heart. With the major away from Paris, at least he wouldn't be able to give Mitzi any dangerous information! And quite as surely there must be some way of keeping him in the air long enough so that when he finally landed, he would have to make straight for Amiens in order not to overstay his leave.

"I would like nothing better than to give you a flight," said Dell, more earnestly than he knew.

DELL started the next day by seeing Joyce.

They had breakfast together at her hotel, and over the chocolate he gave her Mitzi's message.

"You saw her, then, last night, after you saw me?" Joyce quickly asked.

"She sent for me," said Dell. And rather dryly he added, "It wasn't exactly a feast of friendship, if that's what you mean." And he told her of Mitzi's suggestion for a friendly truce.

Joyce's hands touched his for a moment by the side of the chocolate pot.

"Are you going to see her this morning?" she asked in a gentler voice.

"No; I'm going to write her."

"I think I'd rather write her," said Joyce thoughtfully.

She sent the waiter for paper, pen and ink; and after a few minutes of earnest composition, she showed Dell the following note:

> DEAR MITZI: I have your message, which is very kind, but I would rather not promise anything. I expected a certain amount of danger when I came to France, and will simply have to put this with the other.
>
> If it's any relief to you, I haven't done anything yet but I simply can't bring myself to promise what you want.
>
> Sincerely, JOYCE.

They said good-by again.

"This is the third or fourth time—I've forgotten which," said Dell, "but each time I get the same smart in the nose—the same ache in the throat."

"You're not the only one," said Joyce, smiling up at him. And with an unconscious sigh, "You're going to see Mitzi now—to give her the letter?"

"No; I shall leave it with the concierge." He caught her unawares, with her smile off, and guessed that she was thinking that he and Mitzi were working on the same side.

"Now please don't worry," he said, "this war won't last much longer, and then we'll all be friends again." And seeing that this didn't lighten the sad look in her eyes, he added, "I'm going to do something funny this morning—one of the few jokes of the war. I can't tell you about it now, but some day I will; and if you don't laugh—"

On his way back, he left Joyce's letter with Mitzi's concierge, and then hurried to the Egyptiennes where he found the major waiting for him—his chummy little coupé in front of the door.

"Ah, there you are!" said the major, rising. "I was beginning to think that possibly you yourself had grown nervous at the last moment."

"When a pilot grows nervous, he stops flying," said Dell succinctly. He had paid his bill before setting out to see Joyce; so now they stepped into the major's car and were soon on their way to Neuilly.

As they passed the Hospital of St. Michel the wounded men were being wheeled out into the sunshine of the park across the street. The major's car crawled slowly among them.

"This damned war," he muttered; and turning to Delavan, "you know, as much as anything else, I despise it for the length of time it has taken—for the years of which it has robbed our lives. For you younger chaps, it doesn't make so much difference, if you pull through. But for us older ones, with only a few years of activity left before rheumatism and sciatica set in, it's altogether different. I like excitement—yes—I like it with a civilized background and a bit of sugar in it now and then. But this ruthless strafing, year after year, there are times when I feel like going on strike against it."

Colliergraphs

Nalani J. Coleman, 2109 Highland Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

Jimmy Talley, 2915 Barrett St., Shreveport, La.

"Don't worry," thought Delavan. "You're going on strike today—but you don't know it yet."

They reached the landing field beyond Neuilly a few minutes before ten. The major carefully parked his car on the left-hand side of the entrance.

"I always like to leave my motor where I can easily find it," he said.

"You won't find this one again so easily," thought Dell.

HE LED the way through the gate, showing his pass to the guard on duty. For the next five minutes they watched the planes arriving and leaving, Dell keeping close watch for a certain two-seated Flying Cloud with R. A. F. insignia on the underside of her wings.

"This looks like ours!" he exclaimed, watching a plane descending from the west as though just in from Croydon. "Yes, I thought so," he added, as a waspish little pilot jumped out a few minutes later.

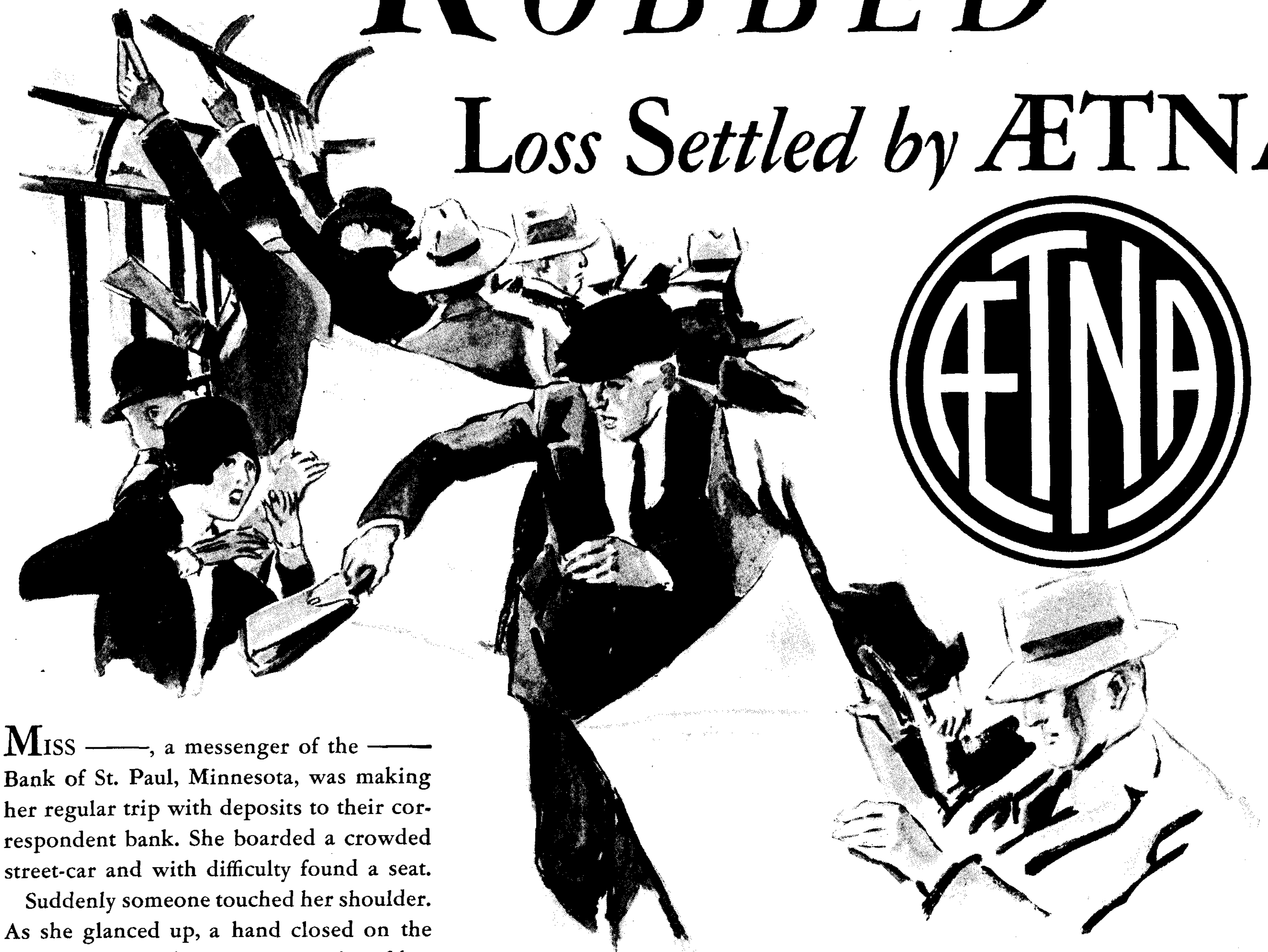
The pilot was talking to Emil when Dell and the major approached him, but at sight of Delavan and his company he came to attention and smartly saluted.

"Good morning, Sergeant," said Dell, his hands behind him on an unaccustomed swagger stick which he had bought that morning. "I've a passenger, but I think we can find room for him. I want to show him the country around Paris, and if there's time, we'll circle up to the front and back."

At this he significantly closed one eye; and turning his back to the sergeant, he called the major's attention to a new-

(Continued on page 65)

Bank Messenger ROBBED Loss Settled by ÆTNA



MISS ——, a messenger of the —— Bank of St. Paul, Minnesota, was making her regular trip with deposits to their correspondent bank. She boarded a crowded street-car and with difficulty found a seat.

Suddenly someone touched her shoulder. As she glanced up, a hand closed on the bag containing the money. In spite of her every effort Miss ——, speechless with fright, was jerked to her feet and the bag snatched from her hands. The robber slipped quickly through the crowd, and had leaped from the front entrance of the car before anyone realized what had happened.

It had all been so suddenly, so desperately done—there had hardly been time to cry for help. The bank deposits were gone. Miss ——, crushed by the disaster, reported the loss to the police and to the bank. But the —— Bank was fully covered by the Ætna. The robbery was fully investigated. The Ætna promptly made full settlement to the bank for the loss.

The case presented is an actual occurrence, full details of which are recorded in the Ætna files.

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Consult the nearest Ætna representative. You will find him equipped by experience and Ætna training to help you build an economical program of insurance protection.

The Ætna Life Insurance Company • The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company • The Automobile Insurance Company • The Standard Fire Insurance Company • of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection

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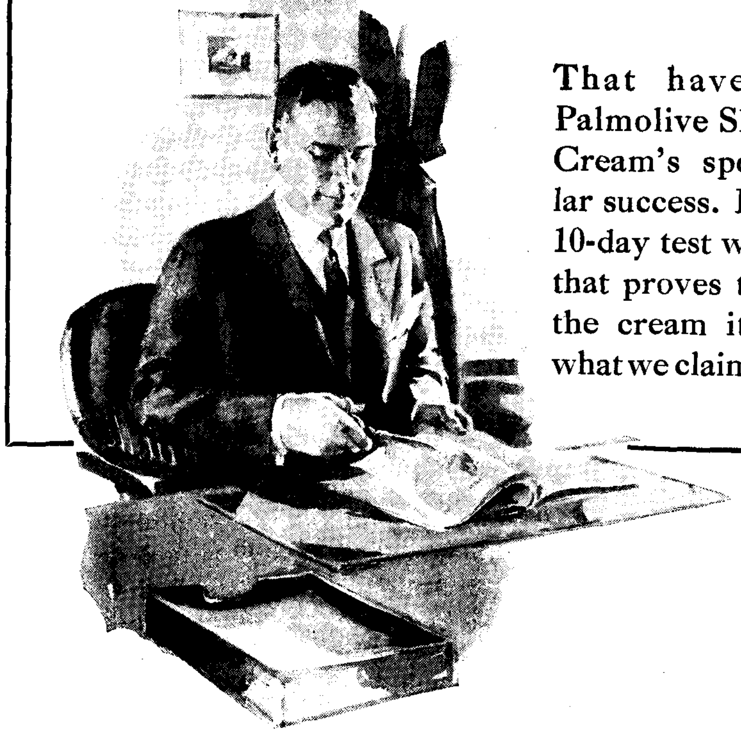
See the Ætna-izer in your community—he is a man worth knowing

It's not the ads



That have won Palmolive Shaving Cream's spectacular success. It's the 10-day test we offer that proves to men the cream itself is what we claim for it.

GENTLEMEN:

You can't shave with beautiful advertising, and no ad can succeed with a product that is not right itself.

So, when we first told you of the remarkable delights of Palmolive Shaving Cream, we advanced our claims modestly, leaving it to the product itself to "sell" you.

We told you, "Don't buy—yet." We asked you first to let us prove our case at *our* expense.

To the hundreds of thousands of men who mailed the coupon in, we sent a 10-day test of the shaving cream as its own best ad.

Once won, men have boosted it

The big majority of men, we find, who once give Palmolive Shaving Cream a trial, become wedded to it.

When we decided to create a new shaving product we first found out just where other creams were lacking — what men desired in a shaving preparation. 1000 men told us their wishes, and we set out to fill them.

When, after 129 failures, we found the formula, we exceeded the four things they asked, by adding a fifth. Our vast laboratories, skilled for generations in soapmaking, developed a shaving cream that men tell us is truly remarkable in its action and effect.

These 5 unique features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hair erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now mail the coupon

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Give us the opportunity to prove our case. The coupon is for your convenience — to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-3029, Palmolive, 595 Fifth Ave., New York City.

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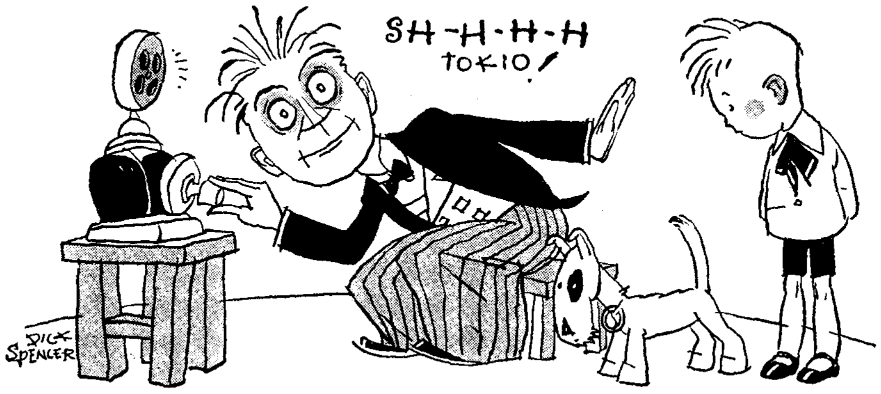
(Please print your name and address)



Strengthen the Chains

By Jack Binns

IN THE vast radio audience there are two types of listeners, the one who fishes for distant stations and the one who enjoys the best program available. It is quite clear from a careful study of available statistics that the DX fan (as the distance enthusiast is known) is now in the minority. That is the main reason for the growth of the national chains. It is a demonstrated fact that consistently good programs can come only from syndication, and obviously the greater the number of stations in a syndicate the larger will be the resources in the common pool for program production.

At the moment syndication of programs is developing along two well-defined lines. One of these is the linking of broadcast stations into a "chain" by means of a specially engineered network of interconnecting telephone lines. Both of the large chain systems have just completed their permanent telephone wire networks so that stations in every section of the country can radiate any program produced at the originating studio.

The other method is to produce programs at a special studio by the same method as now employed in "talking movies," and send the records to member stations for simultaneous release. This method eliminates the heavy expense of permanent wire connections between the stations, and to a certain extent makes the program appear more individualistic to the local listener. In both these cases the result is the same—the best possible programs are made available to listeners in every part of the country.

The Federal Radio Commission could render constructive assistance in this development, but for some unexplained reason its members have taken a decided stand against the chains. In fact one order of the commission (not yet repealed) if enforced would destroy the chains by making it economically impossible for them to operate.

There is no reason why the listener whose only enjoyment is fishing for distant stations, should be specially provided for. He can get far more thrills by purchasing a short-wave receiver and hunting foreign stations. What we need is a healthy development of high-class programs for every part of the country, and so far the only way we have been able to get them is by means of the chain systems.

Back to Childhood

A piece that comes to me from the WJZ chain declares: "In five minutes before breakfast, it is claimed, a woman can decide what to wear, sleep a little longer or make herself look a day younger. The latter practice is advised in a broadcast to be heard as part of the National Home Hour."

Looks like dangerous advice to me. Unless the fair lady takes an occasional day off from such practice she will find herself some morning before breakfast deciding to wear baby clothes.

Frightful Performers

Lambdin Kay, the veteran director who has been placing Atlanta, Ga., so entertainingly before the world these seven years through the medium of WSB, declares in an interview that children and persons who seldom speak are less subject to microphone fright than experienced performers. He cites a number of instances to confirm this conclusion.

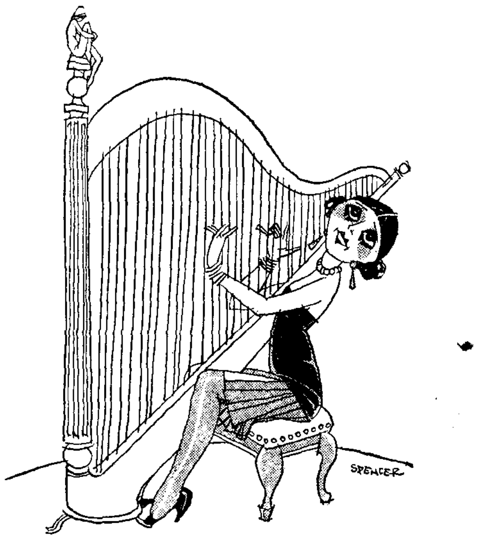
Judging from programs a large number of stations using up valuable ether space and time not only agree with this but take advantage of it.

The Harp Now Plays

Sometime when you are listening to Roxy's grand symphony orchestra, listen for the harp. You may be fortunate enough to hear it in solo passages. While you are listening try to visualize the ensemble of one hundred and ten musicians following the baton of Erno Rapée—all men, except the harpist.

The lady who plucks the strings of music's most graceful instrument is Florence Wightman, a native of Philadelphia. She made her first appearance as a soloist at the age of eleven, and six years later won first prize in the Welsh Festival and an honorary membership in the Philadelphia Orchestra. This was followed by the first prize in a contest conducted by the National Federation of Musical Clubs.

She studied under Carlos Salzedo at the Curtis Institute and later became his assistant instructor. Listen for the strains of her harp when Roxy broadcasts and then you will understand why she was chosen for the Cinema Cathedral.



Wings of Destiny

Continued from page 62

model Wasp which was then arriving. His hands, still behind him, were waving a letter; and properly guessing that this was intended for him, the sergeant quietly took it and then followed the attendant to make sure that his plane was properly serviced.

Ten minutes later, when they had hopped off, Dell was at the control stick, and the major and the sergeant were crowded together in the rear cockpit.

The major had brought a pocket map of Paris; and conversation being difficult, he produced the map and busied himself by comparing it with the scene below.

The sergeant said nothing, but stared at the top of the major's cap with concentrated attention. Presently the major pointed to Argenteuil on the map and gave the sergeant a questioning look.

THE sergeant nodded, then glanced covertly up his sleeve at a hammer which he seemed to be holding there in some strange manner of concealment.

"I must be careful," thought Dell. "I mustn't give the signal too soon."

And indeed the proper treatment of his guest had kept him awake more than one hour of the previous night. It had been his first idea to pretend a forced landing—this too late to enable the major to return to Paris before the expiration of his leave.

But the major might telephone for a day's extension—especially with his car parked at the entrance of the Neuilly landing field. And even if he couldn't return to Paris and Mitzi, there was nothing to stop the latter from making another visit to Amiens.

No, the only way to keep him quiet was to carry him north of the lines as a prisoner. "Better for him," Dell had tried to justify this harsh treatment of a guest, "and certainly better for the Allies."

And so, as briefly as possible, he had written his letter of instructions to the sergeant.

". . . When I raise my hand and rub my shoulder," he had written, "you are to tap him over the head with a hammer—but only enough to make him unconscious—*no more*"—these last two words were twice underscored. "Then you are to tie his hands behind his back and keep him quiet until we land at Charleville."

Still sweeping northward, the plane passed over Taverny, Beaumont, Liancourt; and soon after leaving the latter behind them the unmistakable snake-tracks of the trenches came into distant view.

Delavan turned to the west, as though beginning a long circle which would take him back to Paris; but when he neared Compiegne, he reached up and rubbed his shoulder.

The gesture might have released a spring. Dell's hand had hardly touched his shoulder when he heard a dull crack, and the next moment Major Morin was nodding forward as though Nature's nurse had suddenly weighted his eyelids down and steeped his senses in forgetfulness.

"I'll tie his 'ands behind his neck so he can't fight," shouted the waspish little sergeant, not caring much, in his triumph, whether Dell could hear or not.

It wasn't the major's struggles, though, as much as his reproaches that Delavan was dreading. After all, this man was his guest.

"And I can't tell him that I'm doing him a favor, that I'm keeping him from Mitzi," thought Dell, "or he'd wonder what in the name of Heaven I was doing back of the German lines!"

Delavan drew a sigh of relief when the Flying Cloud finally came to rest at the airdrome. He left the major in charge of the pilot, and hurried off to report to Herr Hauptmann.

"If there's to be any trouble about Goya, now," he thought, "I'll soon know it."

But if the Chief had trouble in mind, he certainly showed no signs of it when he greeted Dell, a quarter of an hour later, at his office in the Lion d'Argent.

"I've been receiving some good accounts of you," he said. "Come in and tell me about your holiday!"

It wasn't long before Delavan was telling him about the major. "I had to bring him, really, because he was growing suspicious," he said; "and yet, as you see, he may have saved my life. So I'm going to ask if he can have special attention—some good camp for officers like the English have at Shrewsbury."

"We'll take care of him," nodded the other comfortably. "A blow with a hammer, eh? A good thing you didn't choose a sword!"

Dell knew that this was the cue to tell about Goya; and when he had finished, the Chief comfortably nodded again.

"He'd been asking for it a long time," he said. "The war wears them down and they go to pieces. They all reach the day sooner or later—from the generals down to the army mules. And speaking of mules and such, how did you find the morale of our friends the enemy? And how were they being affected by the arrival of the Americans?"

"I imagine there's always a lot of horse-play among any soldiers in Paris," said Dell, considering, "but underneath that I think that many of them have reached a state of mind where they believe in nothing so far as the war is concerned. It seemed to me that they feel much as I do—a more or less concealed contempt for everything and everyone that helped to bring it on."

"It's the same on our side," said the Chief, thoughtfully nodding. "More than ever now, we must get this war finished quickly. And not because of the usual argument—that we must complete our victory before the Americans arrive in strength. But because if the war continues another year, the whole world may go Bolshevik—like a once-tame elephant pulling up his chains and starting a new career by killing his keepers."

HE MADE a wide gesture as though dismissing an unpleasant subject.

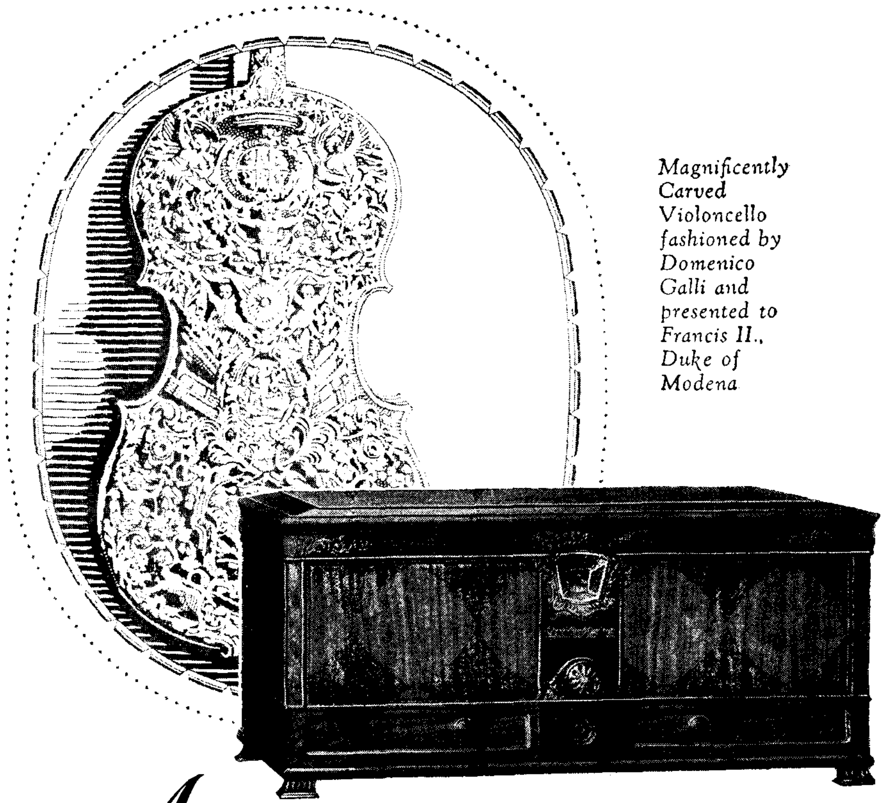
"But now to return to business," he said. "I don't know whether you noticed it yet, but the American planes are beginning to arrive. In fact, we caught one the other day. Or at least it caught itself—it came down back of our lines.

"As soon as I heard of this captured plane I thought of you. Our mechanics have overhauled it. They tell me it's good as new again. And with the plane we captured an American uniform which I think will fit you. You are still to be a lieutenant—Lieutenant Anderson, I think the name is. His papers are in the pocket of the coat—"

He paused; and when he spoke again, it was in a lower voice.

"Foch has called an Allied Council," he said. "The British have already had a consultation with Pershing—of which

(*Continued on page 66*)



Magnificently Carved Violoncello fashioned by Domenico Galli and presented to Francis II., Duke of Modena

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For *its* tone—a Stromberg-Carlson is as worthy of being decorated by a Galli as any musical instrument made in any age. There has never been, can never be, a musical instrument the tone of which a Stromberg-Carlson cannot re-create in its entirety.

And—there has never been any musical instrument in which greater acoustical knowledge, finer design, more painstaking workmanship or finer materials were combined, than in a Stromberg-Carlson. *Illustrated, No. 635 Stromberg-Carlson Treasure Chest, $185, (East of Rockies.)*

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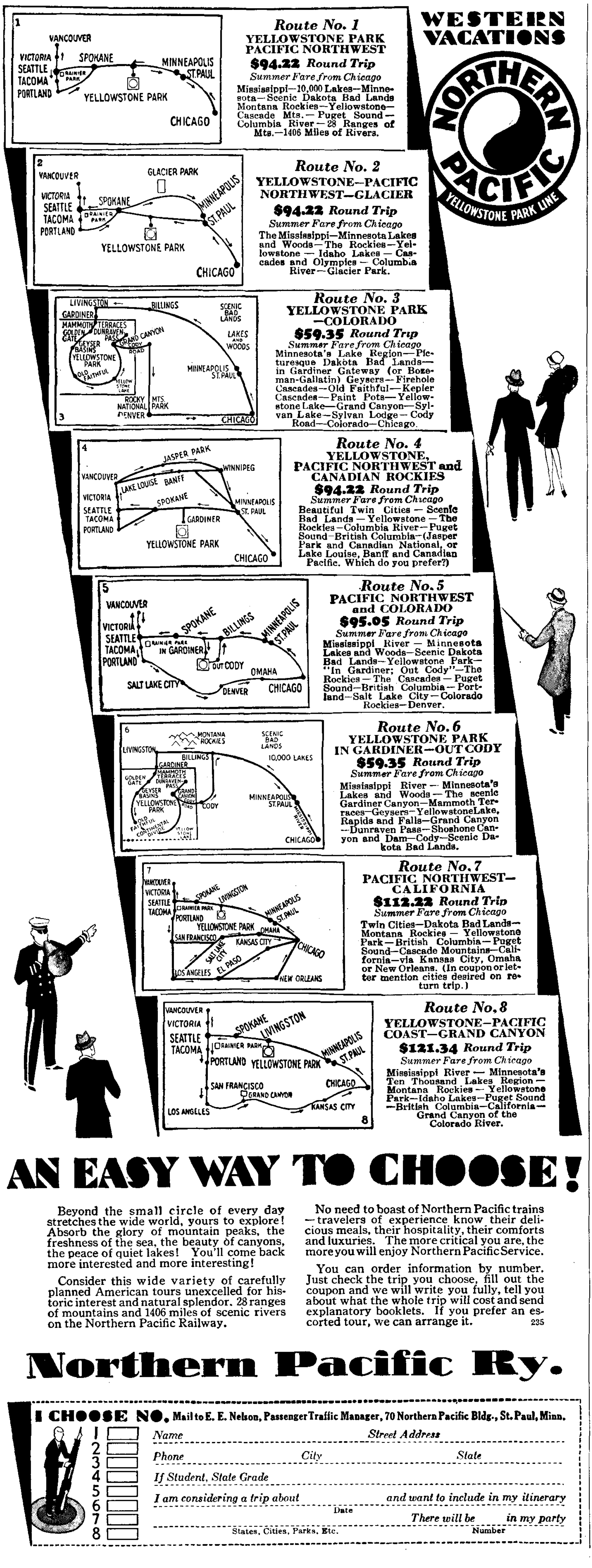
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GOLDEN GATE
DUNRAVEN PASS
GEYSER BASINS
GRAND CANYON
CODY ROAD
YELLOWSTONE PARK
OLD FAITHFUL
YELLOW STONE LAKE
SCENIC BAD LANDS
LAKES AND WOODS
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ROCKY NATIONAL PARK
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DUNRAVEN PASS
GEYSER BASINS
GRAND CANYON
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LOS ANGELES
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8

WESTERN VACATIONS

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Route No. 2
YELLOWSTONE—PACIFIC NORTHWEST—GLACIER
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Summer Fare from Chicago
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Route No. 3
YELLOWSTONE PARK—COLORADO
$59.35 *Round Trip*
Summer Fare from Chicago
Minnesota's Lake Region—Picturesque Dakota Bad Lands—in Gardiner Gateway (or Bozeman-Gallatin) Geysers—Firehole Cascades—Old Faithful—Kepler Cascades—Paint Pots—Yellowstone Lake—Grand Canyon—Sylvan Lake—Sylvan Lodge—Cody Road—Colorado—Chicago.

Route No. 4
YELLOWSTONE, PACIFIC NORTHWEST and CANADIAN ROCKIES
$94.22 *Round Trip*
Summer Fare from Chicago
Beautiful Twin Cities—Scenic Bad Lands—Yellowstone—The Rockies—Columbia River—Puget Sound—British Columbia—(Jasper Park and Canadian National, or Lake Louise, Banff and Canadian Pacific. Which do you prefer?)

Route No. 5
PACIFIC NORTHWEST and COLORADO
$95.05 *Round Trip*
Summer Fare from Chicago
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Route No. 6
YELLOWSTONE PARK IN GARDINER—OUT CODY
$59.35 *Round Trip*
Summer Fare from Chicago
Mississippi River—Minnesota's Lakes and Woods—The scenic Gardiner Canyon—Mammoth Terraces—Geysers—Yellowstone Lake, Rapids and Falls—Grand Canyon—Dunraven Pass—Shoshone Canyon and Dam—Cody—Scenic Dakota Bad Lands.

Route No. 7
PACIFIC NORTHWEST—CALIFORNIA
$112.22 *Round Trip*
Summer Fare from Chicago
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Route No. 8
YELLOWSTONE—PACIFIC COAST—GRAND CANYON
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____ (States, Cities, Parks, Etc.) *There will be* ____ (Number) *in my party*

(*Continued from page 65*)

I hope to receive detailed information any hour. But now there is to be a high, decisive conference between Foch, Pershing and Haig."

"Sounds important," thoughtfully nodded Delavan.

"This conference is to be held at Meaux," continued the Chief. "I have written your instructions here. But first I would like you to see if Lieutenant Anderson's uniform needs alteration."

Delavan found it waiting for him in an adjoining room—found, too, that he had a bitter feeling of distaste at putting on again a uniform of which he had such tragic memories.

"Dismissed the service"—the words kept rising to his mind with a mocking intonation. "It will be my luck to get caught in this, and shot out of hand, as a double-crossing traitor to my country," he told himself.

THE uniform fitted as though he had been predestined to wear it. He read the papers in the pocket. Lieutenant Anderson had evidently been attached to the Argonne sector—and therefore far enough away from Meaux so that his change of identity would not be discovered. A portrait of a girl with a keen face and a friendly smile was inscribed on the back: "I shall wait for you forever, Mary."

"Babs retires from the scene and Mary takes her place," thought Delavan. "But they'll all wait forever—or possibly a few days less. . . ."

In his mind then arose a picture of Joyce, watching him with wistful eyes, as he had last seen her in Paris.

"This damned war!" he muttered to himself, his fooling suddenly forgotten. "The major isn't the only one who wishes it were over!"

Delavan's instructions were simple and soon memorized. Again he was to be a courier, with the hotel proprietor of the Tête-de-Bœuf his point of contact at Meaux.

"I wonder if Mitzi will be there in all her glory," he thought. "She'll miss her English major, if she is!"

Before he left for the flying field, the Chief shook hands with him and wished him good luck.

"You'll be good to my prisoner?" said Delavan.

"I'm going to phone for him as soon as you're gone," nodded the Chief. "He shall have a castle on the Rhine if he wishes it."

The captured American plane, Dell discovered, was an Arrow Humming-Bird. It seemed good to be back of an Arrow control stick again, to see the well-known grouping of the indicators on the board—to feel the familiar touch of the rudder-bar beneath his feet. The pursuit planes, waiting to chase him over the line, seemed clumsy, almost elephantine, by comparison.

"*Fertig?*" said Delavan, after strapping himself in the driver's seat. "*Aufsteigen!*"

The Humming-Bird skimmed along the field, her wheels hardly touching the earth after the first hundred yards. Then, midway along the course, as lightly as a ballet leader in a butterfly dance, she left the ground and swept up into the air—as unmistakably in her own element as a fish in the water, as a bird released from a cage.

"Soissons, Longpont, La Ferté and then down the Ourcq to Meaux," Delavan presently told himself, repeating his memorized instructions.

The Forest of Longpont was unmistakable—as green and great as in the days when the Grand Monarque hunted there.

La Ferté, too, soon identified itself, with its ruined castle on the wall above the town.

As he neared Meaux, Dell watched for the cathedral and presently caught sight of it among its bower of trees—mighty, majestic, mysterious—a silent but tremendous prayer in stone. Looking toward the north, Delavan could just discern the far-off haze of the battle line.

"There they are—both sides of the contest," he thought, looking back at the cathedral. "How much longer will they keep it up?" But more immediate problems called for solution. "No landing field," he told himself. "That's a good-looking meadow, though, on the other side of the river, and I think I see a ship among the trees."

His engine stuttering a protest of his manipulation of the ignition key, he flew low over the town. Then, barely clearing the tops of a row of houses, he soared down the river and came to rest on the meadow which he had seen from above.

"Another ship—I thought so—" he nodded. Jumping out, he tinkered briefly with his magneto. Presently the pilot of the other machine—a Brequet—strolled over to see him, but didn't arrive too soon.

"*Bon jour*, Lieutenant," he said.

"A good day, yes," said Delavan, looking up with a rueful smile and speaking French, "but a bad magneto!"

"I heard you coughing as you came down the stream."

"Now," said Dell, walking to the propellor, "let's try it again."

This time the skipping and exploding were worse than before.

"I shall have to wire for repairs," said Delavan with an eloquent frown of disgust. "Can you tell me where I'll find the telegraph office?"

The pilot told him—then helped him taxi the Humming-Bird to the side of the field—the popping of the engine sounding at times like quick-firing artillery. At the telegraph office, Dell wrote the following wire to the American Aviation Supply Base at Colombey, this also according to instructions, in order to establish his identity if anyone should be curious enough to question it:

Obliged to make forced landing at Meaux because of faulty magneto. Please ship new magneto type G P 7 immediately my address Hotel Tête-de-Bœuf. Lieutenant G. T. Anderson.

"That would be a lie in times of peace," thought Dell, "but now it's strategy. I'll give them a week to answer, and long before then I'll be over the hills and far away."

THE Tête-de-Bœuf, he found, was on a small park overlooking the river. On the other side of the park was the city hall—the local Hotel de Ville. Here the council of Allied generals was to be held that evening.

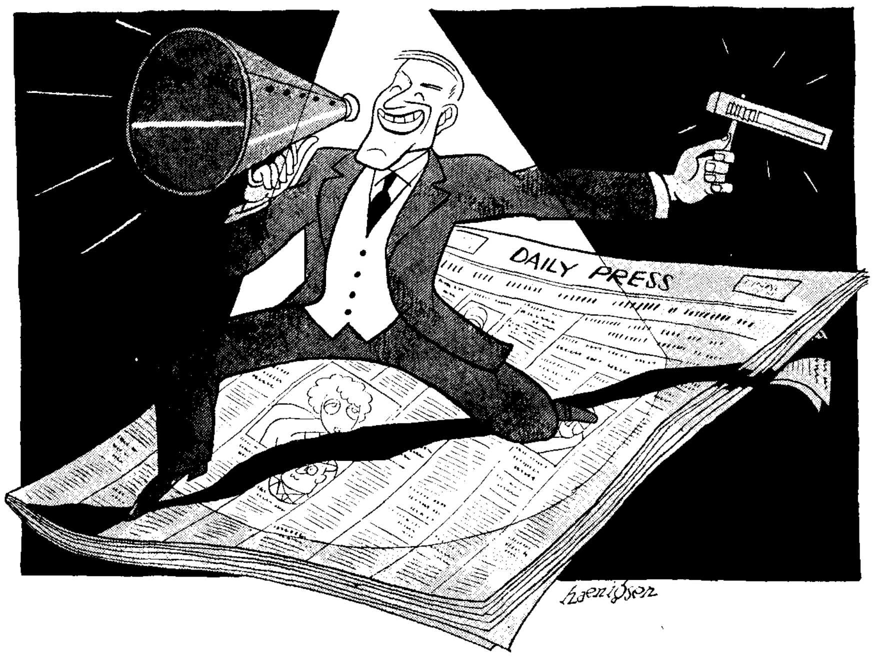
As he approached the hotel, a French military car rolled past him, and in the back seat Delavan was sure he caught sight of the hawk-like nose and imaginative eyes of the Allies' generalissimo.

"This is getting close to it!" he told himself, a thrill running over him.

Closer, perhaps, than he had thought. He had hardly entered the hotel when he saw Mitzi with an elderly French general—an elderly general who nevertheless had a youngish eye, and who at the moment was gallantly engaged in that much-gestured art of conversation which may have had its origin in charming both the ear and eye of Beauty. Mitzi gave Dell the indifferent stare which is generally exchanged between strangers and then she turned again to the gallant old warrior by her side.

"I think that's wonderful—Marshal Foch being here," Delavan heard her saying. "Do you think that I might meet him—before he leaves?"

(*To be continued next week*)



Front Page or Bust

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

CONGRESSMAN FRED A. BRITTEN—Fred is right, for that is the way it is in the Congressional Directory—Chairman of the House Naval Affairs Committee, counts that day lost whose low descending sun sees no mention of him in the first pages of the newspapers. Since, upon the death of Thomas S. Butler, long chairman of that committee, he succeeded to the chairmanship, few suns ever rise without seeing Fred Britten somewhere in the headlines.

President Coolidge once in an idle moment was looking out of the window of the executive offices connected with the White House and saw the other naval Freddie, Chairman Hale of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, coming down the cement walk. "Heavens," he said, "There comes the entire United States Navy," and he rushed into the circular executive room in order to properly receive so important a factor in war and in peace.

He was mistaken. A more important part of the United States Navy is the other Freddie; to wit, Britten of the House.

Freddie at the north, or senatorial, end of the Capitol, was born to the purple, which is a disadvantage. The Freddie of the south end of the Capitol was brought up in what Bill McGeehan calls the "cauliflower industry." He was once a prize fighter. Accident made him an arbiter of the peace of the world instead of the successor of Tex Rickard, the stage manager of the "pugs"; and you will admit that this is an advantage in training for the great business of filling a certain space almost daily on front pages. If you look at him now, you will see that he has a chin to resist the best-placed left that was ever delivered behind a feint with the right.

It's Easier Now

Fred—the two dictators of naval affairs are distinguished, with a certain poetic justice, as Fred and Freddie—has risen in the world, and it is easier for him to command publicity than it used to be when that distinguished Quaker, Thomas S. Butler, ruled the House Naval Affairs Committee and discriminated against the second member on the committee by leaving him out of all sorts of parties.

It used to be hard for him to command the attention he deserves. He comes from Chicago, where the racketeers are hard to crowd off the front pages. In those days he would summon the reporters of the Chicago newspapers and hand them a story, always with the injunction, "Be sure to mention the name of Congressman Fred A. Britten of the Ninth District of Chicago."

Someone said of Congressman Fred, "If you shut the door against him he will come in by the window." It was a compliment, at least it was meant as one. He works both sides of the street. At one moment he is our greatest pacifist, outdoing Borah in his efforts to make this world perpetually free from carnage. At another he is the biggest of the big-navy advocates. There is doubtless a consistency in these two positions, but I do not pause to reconcile them. Neither does Fred.

The Uses of Peace

A short time ago he conceived the idea of sending a bid for a peace conference to the British Government. That was good for one story. The annoyance of Secretary Kellogg at being ignored as the proper means of communication between this government and Great Britain was good for another. Premier Baldwin's puzzlement at what to do with a letter from Congressman Fred was good for another. Peace hath its uses no less than war.

A little later he announced that Mr. Hoover, then President-elect, disagreed with President Coolidge on the cruiser bill. That was good for one story. Mr. Hoover's inevitable denial that he disagreed with the then occupant of the White House was good for another. In both, the name of Congressman Fred A. Britten of the Ninth District of Chicago was prominently mentioned.

Tim Sullivan used to say that "they tie horses to congressmen in Washington," mistaking them for hitching posts. Nobody could tie a horse to the agile member from the ninth Chicago district. The rule socially in Washington is, "Little congressmen should be seen and not heard." Mr. Britten demands stridently to be both seen and heard.

Well, you have the perfect working out of two systems. Freddie at the north end of the Capitol inherited his chairmanship of naval affairs. His father had it before him. Fred, at the south end of the Capitol, got his by the hardness of his chin. Whether there is war or peace, you may be sure that Fred and Freddie did it.

S-M-A-C-K!

Under the Canoe He Went

You'll Enjoy This Fisherman's Thrill When You Read His Story

A TOUGH BREAK! The tip of my bait-casting rod bent suddenly downward, and under the canoe went the bronze-backed small mouth bass. The only four-pounder that had ever smashed at one of my plugs.

I'd managed to cast into a bunch of lily pads near shore, and had retrieved the plug almost to the canoe, when

...SPLASH!

He had followed the plug clear in—struck when I had begun thinking of the next cast! Oh! they do it! And it's always a heavy fish, too! I got a long breath-taking view of the four-pounder, dancing across the surface on his tail. Maybe he hadn't caught me napping! So much so, that I inadvertently gave slack, and a nasty loop double-hitched itself around the reel-handle. There was I...a four-pound bass, and ten feet of line to play him; a short baitcasting rod, in a canoe!

Two lightning rushes; smack—smack of that big tail; a lunge; and he was under the canoe. I didn't dare lean farther over the side. You hate to take a spill in twenty feet of cold water, especially when you're dressed for chill winds and weather, and your boots are heavy! But I didn't want to lose that smallmouth. So I held the rod as far out from the canoe as I dared—and just let that bass work himself into a frenzy on ten feet of line.

What a Rod!

The rod bent almost in a complete circle. Scarcely two feet separated the tip and the butt. And all the time he was tearing things up. I could feel every slap of his tail, until finally he sailed straight ahead, to break water just ahead of the bow of the canoe. Out and up! Another dance on the water! At last the guide netted him.

"Lemme see that rod a minute," said the guide.

I passed it to him, and he inspected it. "Must be good stuff in that rod!"

"It's a Montague*," I said.

*Montague—a name that has been known to thousands of great fishermen for years. In addition, countless thousands of other fishermen have used Montague Rods without knowing that they originally came from Rod Headquarters in Montague City, Mass.

Because of the superiority, strength and marvelous craftsmanship of Montague Rods, the Montague Rod & Reel Company now makes more than half of the entire world's supply of split bamboo fishing rods. Because of the growing demand on the part of fishermen, for definite identification of these rods, Montague Rods now bear the Montague trade mark. They are featured by the best sport goods dealers everywhere—better rods cannot be had at any price.

HE WON A NEW CAR FREE

Charles Hickey earned—a new Chevrolet, fountain pen, Gladstone bag, Elgin watch, Crosley radio—and $4,930 showing car owners an amazing new kind of protection against blinding headlights! Test a sample at my risk.

Employment for 500 Men at Once!

Do you need extra money? Here is a wonderful opportunity. Here are free extra bonuses Charles Hickey earned in six months' spare time work: A new Chevrolet, fountain pen, Gladstone bag, Elgin watch, Crosley radio—and $4,930! He made it by selling 4,000 car owners an amazing new kind of protection against blinding headlights! Agents and car owners can test a sample at my risk. Simply mail coupon below.

Glare Kills Thousands!

WHAT car owner doesn't feel nervous when driving at night and headlights suddenly flash in his eyes. Glaring headlights cause thousands of accidents each year. A Face-A-Lite on your car is better than paying insurance and costs only a fraction of the premium. And every night you drive you face this constant danger, imperiling your life and your wife and children.

FITS ANY CAR

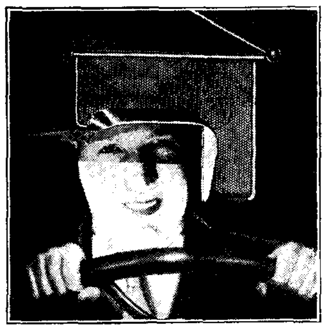
Face-A-Lite fits any car, open or closed. You can install it yourself in a jiffy. Simply set Face-A-Lite so you can look under the hood of the screen. The tiny pin points break up the shaft of light. Face-A-Lite throws a shade over your eyes so you can steer safely around a hairpin turn. You can see every inch of the road ahead without blocking your vision, or cocking your head to one side.

OVER 200,000 USERS

Although Face-A-Lite is out only a short time, already over two hundred thousand car owners now use this new safety device. Joe Lasker, Anoka, Minn., writes that a Face-A-Lite saved him from a serious collision with another car, stalled on the road ahead without lights. A Buick dealer writes enthusiastically that he is installing Face-A-Lites as standard equipment.

"Saved Seven Lives"

". . . we were rushing around a slight curve at great speed when we were face to face with two other cars side by side coming at full speed. No time to stop or think. Face-A-Lite kept our driver from acting blindly. He turned the car up the bank and rolled out safely into a clear opening. Without a Face-A-Lite this would have been impossible with four glaring headlights smack into our eyes." A. S. Asbury, Whittenburg, Texas, reports that seven lives were saved in this incident.



"Avoids Bad Smashup"

Let the headlights blaze in your eyes on the darkest, narrowest road. With a Face-A-Lite shading your vision, you can drive right on without slackening speed, without the slightest bit of danger.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER

Simply mail coupon below and learn how you can test a Face-A-Lite on your own car without obligation to buy. Chas. Hickey wrote for this no-risk sample offer. It started him on the road to success.

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Catching up with the World

M.D.
DICK SPENCER

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

Rejuvenating an Immortal

THE 40 members of the French Academy have always been called "The Immortals," but this has hitherto been understood in a literary, not a literal, sense.

But now one of them (name not revealed) has been rejuvenated, and so his mortal life has been extended by the surgical operation of Dr. Serge Voronoff. Anyhow so says Dr. Voronoff in his book, The Conquest of Life. He meets the skeptics with the statement: "My adversaries have not been able to prevent more than a thousand persons in the last seven years from recovering, thanks to monkey glands, the vital energy abolished by age." The Collège de France has given him an official position by naming him Director of the Laboratory of Experimental Surgery, but the School of Medicine still refuses him recognition. This also is the general attitude of the medical fraternity in other countries toward the claims of Voronoff and his teacher Steinach. In the United States several scientists who have repeated his experiments have failed to find them successful.

In Algeria the French Government gave him a free hand for experimenting on 3,000 sheep, and it was reported that amazing results had been attained in restoring decrepit rams to youthful vigor, and in increasing the growth and wool clip of flocks by grafting them while young. I gave an account of these experiments in Collier's for January 21, 1928. But when the Board of Agriculture of Scotland sent a committee of experts to examine the Algerian sheep, they rendered on their return a canny Scotch verdict of "not proven."

So there is as yet no certain evidence that the universal desire of mankind for unlimited length of life or the recovery of lost youth is possible to satisfy. Nor is it certain that it would be as desirable as it seems. The experiment of Faust turned out disastrously, as least for Marguerite. The undying but always aging Struldbrugs whom Gulliver encountered in the land of Luggnagg were unenviable creatures. Nor are we persuaded by Shaw that Back to Methuselah is the path of future progress, for neither the archbishop at the age of 283 nor the housemaid at the age of 274 had a very happy time.

Better to have a general and gradual lengthening of life than such exceptional and sudden cases, and that is what we are getting through the application of sanitary science. In England in 1834-1854 the average expectation of life at birth was 40.88 years. In 1920-22 it had risen to 56.95 years. Such extension of life of a whole people can doubtless be considerably continued. Meantime we can get used to living longer.

A One-Way Providence

THE early settlers in America had the rare good fortune to find a fertile continent from which the aborigines, who at first appeared formidable, vanished with a rapidity that seemed miraculous to their pious minds. The Rev. Jedediah Morse, father of American geography and founder of the Association for the Reformation of Morals, calls attention to this providential interposition in his first schoolbook, Geography Made Easy, which was published in 1794:

"In 1763, on the island of Nantucket, in the space of four months, the Indians were reduced by a mortal sickness from 320 to 85 souls. The hand of Providence is undoubtedly in this surprising evidence of mortality among the Indians to make room for the English. Comparatively few have perished by wars. They waste and molder away. They, in a manner unaccounted, disappear."

In Canada devout Catholics noted the same marvel. Madame Guyard, founder of the Ursuline convent, said in 1639:

"When we arrived in the colony, the Indians were so numerous that it seemed as if they were going to grow a vast people; but after they were baptized God called them to Himself either by disease or by the hands of the Iroquois."

Nowadays, when the whites are no longer in danger of being wiped out, the Indians are increasing.

In Mexico the Spanish conquest was also facilitated by disease, as Friar Toribio wrote in 1541:

"God smote and chastised this land and those who found themselves in it, natives as well as strangers, with ten burdensome plagues."

The first of these ten plagues of New Spain was smallpox, which killed over half the people in most of the provinces. The second was measles, introduced eleven years later. But the other eight scourges enumerated by Friar Toribio were due to the ill treatment of the Indians by the Spaniards.

Better than Fame

Continued from page 28

it was a man who had passed or merely a memory she had glimpsed. At last she said, almost abruptly:

"Isn't it strange how sometimes things come back to you with extraordinary force. Little things and great things. Ronnie, if you ever love anybody very much, be humble, whatever happens. Don't ride off, thinking that you're strong enough to go alone. Don't do it! There's advice for you!" She stopped, laughing. "How terrible of me to talk like that! It's because I'm excited and tired. Forgive me! But it's true enough, and I meant it. I'll say it again."

But she did not repeat that which had sprung from her heart a moment earlier. Instead, she caught some stammered words from her companion. What were they? He was saying something in a dry voice, something terribly in earnest. Jessica did not know what it was. But she knew that the car had stopped, she knew that she was home at last, and that Pagan was helping her to alight, guiding her blindness past the portals of the block of flats in which she lived.

They were within doors now, and her maid had taken Jessica's cloak. They were alone, in the lovely room with the glistening wall-paper and the softness and mellow lights which made Jessica's home so exquisite.

". . . get you away from it all . . . makes me ashamed to see you . . . get married . . . take you away. . . ." Why, he was proposing to her, this young man with all the talents and all the wealth of the Indies! Proposing marriage, when she had supposed him merely expressing anger at the fuss of the evening.

"I BELIEVE you're asking me to marry you, Ronnie!" exclaimed Jessica. "And I've never even given it a thought. Oh, my dear boy! You know this is *very*—" She laughed. "So sudden!" she teased. But Pagan did not laugh.

"Jessica!" He turned away. A young man deeply in earnest. She must not laugh. She did not want to laugh. But to marry him! Well, why not? Why should he not love her? Why should she not love him? She was a little breathless.

"Ronnie, you've surprised me. I don't know what to say to you, my dear—" Her mind said, "Why not?" Her heart had its own secrets.

"We'd be so happy!" he declared. "Jessica! Say 'yes.'"

With those ardent eyes so close to her own, Jessica hesitated. Then she shook her head decidedly.

"No. No, Ronnie. I'm not just being silly and coquettish. I know exactly what's in my mind."

"You're not married, are you?" he begged, his cheeks haggard.

At that, Jessica gave a little laugh. "What a boy!" she exclaimed. "No, nor ever have been! There!"

"But you love somebody?"

"I wonder. I'm not sure. I did. Perhaps I still do—"

"Jessica. I'll take the risk. That risk; or any other!"

She gave a smiling groan.

"And if I did. And if *he* did—" she murmured. "But perhaps he never did. He let me go." She was speaking to herself. "Perhaps he never did." Her face had grown bitterly sad.

The young man listened impatiently. Twice he attempted to speak. At last he stammered:

"Give me a chance, Jessica! That's all I ask. This other man—" He checked his tongue. "Come down with me—"

"Come down! But where?" Jessica was amazed. "Are you going away, then? I hadn't counted on that. Oh, don't leave me!"

"Tomorrow. I must. I hate to leave you. But I'm going home—at least, I'm going to visit my mother. Do come! She'd love you. She'd love to have you as a daughter-in-law! Jessica!"

"Perhaps—" She hesitated. "It's very tempting. There, Ronnie, I'm tempted!" She was laughing.

"Jessica!" he cried. His eyes sparkled. His hands were outstretched.

"Where is your home?" Jessica demanded quite suddenly.

"I'm going to stay with my mother, down in Shropshire," he muttered. "Near Tanchester."

"What!" exclaimed Jessica, sharply. An extraordinary flush darkened her cheeks. "Where did you say?"

HE SAID again: "Tanchester." She had changed. He knew that she had changed and grown cold, because he had said that name. But why?

"Jessica!" he pleaded again. "Come with me!"

She was quite white again, and held her head as if she were listening, remembering.

"I can't . . . Go now. My dear, don't think me unkind. I can't think. My head's too full of noise and excitement. I'm quite dazed. Good night, now. Good night."

She was alone.

"Tanchester," she murmured to herself. "Tanchester."

Mechanically, Jessica picked up from a small table near the door a newspaper, which had come that day through the post. Its wrapper was still about it, and she tore the flimsy covering away and unfolded the paper. It was The Tanchester Chronicle.

"Tanchester!" she said again, thoughtfully; and stretched her arms wide as she opened the paper in the middle. It was a small sheet, badly printed, with blurred headlines, but she scanned the ugly type as if she sought a meaning in every word of the paper.

And as she read here and there in the center pages, she caught a short headline which brought the blood to her cheeks. Her eyes dropped below it to the tipsy print:

". . . Much regret to announce . . . wife of our popular doctor. . . ."

What more there was, Jessica did not know. She carried the paper close to the light, for her eyes were suddenly blurred. . . .

AMID much coughing, half a dozen patients were waiting in the surgery of Doctor Gerrard, which lay somewhat back from the High Street of Tanchester.

One by one, as the previous comer was sent away; those who remained edged nearer to the doctor's door. At last only two still sat waiting. One of these was a large stout man who gave a groan—a very startling groan—from time to time. The other was a small, neat little woman dressed plainly in black, whose black hat hung over her eyes and who continued to sit with her eyes fixed upon the floor even when she had been left alone by the exit of the stout and groaning man. She looked as though she was prepared to wait until the last trump without moving.

Suddenly the doctor's door was sharply opened, and the stout man shambled

(Continued on page 70)

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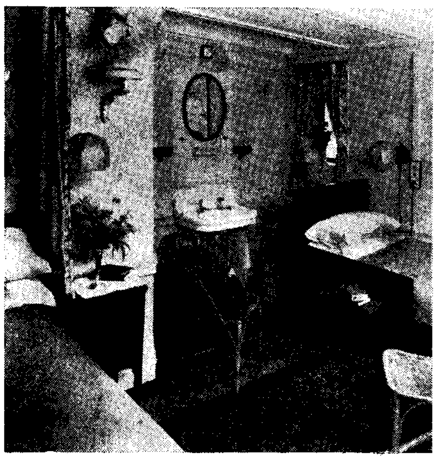

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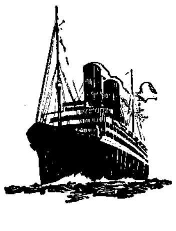

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(*Continued from page 69*)

out. He no longer groaned, but his cheeks were rather redder than they had been, and his pursy lips were folded together in a curious look of mingled relief and discomfiture. Upon his heels came the doctor himself; and at his coming the little woman who was waiting sat bolt upright. She no longer looked at the floor, but now stared straight before her. She seemed to tremble, as if she felt dread of the interview which was to follow.

"Come in, will you?" requested the doctor. It was a low-voiced command, and the tone was pleasant. But the doctor did not look at the little woman. He still seemed to be thinking of what he had said to the stout man—or perhaps he was thinking of something else altogether—something that had happened long ago. It was his customary manner, grave, unsmiling, but kind and abstracted. He was a tall, thin man, a little gaunt, rather gray at the temples, but not yet elderly. Indeed, there was a litheness in his movements which at times gave an impression of youth; and if only he had not been so careworn he might have been extremely handsome.

Some perception of this may have struck the little woman who was waiting for him, because she gave the doctor a quick and very searching glance before she followed him into the inner room. But as soon as she was there her eyes were once again dropped, and her face was hidden beneath the shadow of her hat.

"What is the trouble?" asked the doctor kindly. He half smiled at the quaint little figure before him; then he turned his eyes away as if he would be able to hear better what she had to say of her symptoms if he did not look too closely. Or it may be that this was tactful habit, so that patients should not feel embarrassed by his gaze while they talked of their troubles.

The little woman moved her hands helplessly, and began to answer his question in a little simpering voice.

"Well, Doctor," said she. "It isn't really any trouble I've come about—in one way. And yet it is, if you understand me. The real fact of the matter is, if you'll allow me, is that I—well, I heard of your trouble, and—well, I thought you might be in need of a good housekeeper to look after you. I mean to say, I'm very experienced and I'm used to all sorts of things."

The doctor interrupted her.

"Housekeeper?" he asked, rather vaguely. "Oh, but I think that's all settled."

"Oh, no, it isn't, if you'll excuse me, sir," persisted the little woman. "I went to Miss Clarence; and she told me you had asked her to look out for someone; but when the lady who was coming heard that it was a doctor, and a widower, she said she really, well, couldn't think of it. So Miss Clarence said I might come along and—well, try my luck, sir."

THE doctor looked away from the little woman.

"Oh," said he, dryly. "A doctor and a widower, eh? And you didn't find the same drawback?"

"Well, no, sir," said the little woman. "You see, sir, if I may say so, nobody would *look* at *me*, sir. *Would* they?" She paused, as if for reply. Then, when the doctor in fact did not look at her, she continued: "Whereas this other lady, it appears, was quite a beauty, and, well, it seems she had some expectations, sir, from another gentleman."

The doctor gave a short laugh.

"Besides," continued the irrepressible little woman, "she heard that you wanted a nurse for your motherless little girl." And as she said this, the little woman bit her lip, as if the tears had started to her eyes. Neither the doctor or his companion looked up. But the doctor sighed very faintly.

"That's true," he murmured. "Well, and the thought of that doesn't frighten you, eh?" He shot a sudden glance at the lowered head. "What's your name?"

"Mrs. Jones, sir."

"When could you start?"

"Now, sir," quickly answered the little woman, with a jump.

"There's one thing I must ask you," said the doctor. "At least, you said—I think you said you were fond of children?" He had come to a halt, and was listening with eagerness for her answer. "You did, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then—you won't mind, will you—we must see how Jessica takes to you."

"Jessica?" faltered Mrs. Jones.

"My little girl," explained the doctor.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Mrs. Jones. "Jessica, of course, sir."

A slow crimson seemed to spread in her thin cheeks, which until that moment had been so pale under the shadow of the large hat.

A WEEK later, Tom Gerrard, passing up the stairs upon his return from morning calls upon his patients, heard his little girl laughing with delicious merriment. As a rule, such happiness was the result of his own companionship; and Jessica had not taken kindly to any of the well-intentioned people who had tried to be kind to the doctor's motherless girl. He stopped upon the stairs, listening, a faint smile upon his lips, lighting up the rather serious expression of his face, and making him appear to be younger than one would have supposed from his ordinary demeanor. But Tom loved his six-year-old daughter. He adored her, and had done so ever since she could walk and talk.

A little clapping of the hands came from within the room. Then a murmur. Somebody was singing in a very low voice. Tom could distinguish neither the words nor the tune, but he guessed that the song was an old nursery rhyme. When Jessica's voice again became audible, as if she too were singing, Tom could resist no longer the impulse to peep into the room. An astonishing sight met his eyes.

In the center of the room stood Mrs. Jones, her skirt—that long black dowdy skirt—slightly lifted, and one foot pointed out. Opposite to her, very serious now, stood Jessica, in a similar attitude. Her tiny hands were at the edge of her short frock, her toe was pointed, her fair head was thrown forward. She looked the daintiest little dancer in the world; and her face was radiant. But her companion! Tom Gerrard could hardly repress laughter at the quaint sight she presented. That skinny little figure, with the ugly buttoned boots and the rusty old skirt, the corkscrew curls of very coarse gray hair, was something too ridiculous for straight faces.

He turned away with a smile, and continued upon his way up the stairs. Who could have guessed this? He had said to Mrs. Jones that they must "see how Jessica 'took' to her." Well, they now saw. Such a thing had not seemed probable to Tom, he now remembered. And this was the first time he had looked at the new housekeeper. If he had looked at her earlier with the same attention, he would have supposed that she never could hope to please his fastidious little daughter. And yet—It was marvelous! The tired face of Tom Gerrard relaxed again. He almost grinned. This was great!

Ten minutes later, Jessica came creeping into his room.

"Oh, Daddy!" she exclaimed. "And

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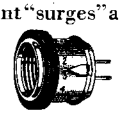

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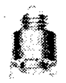

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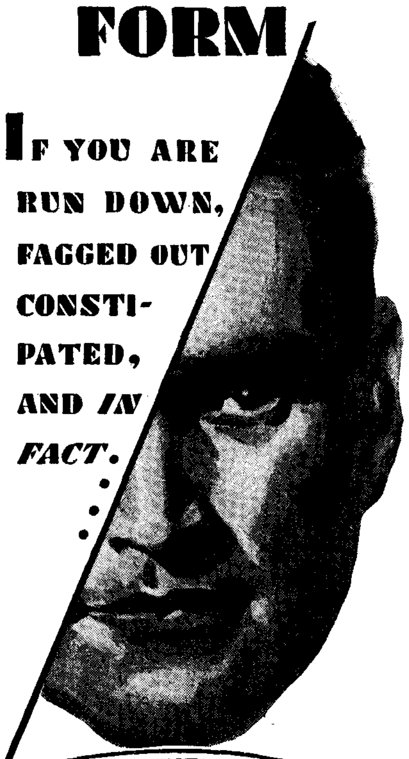

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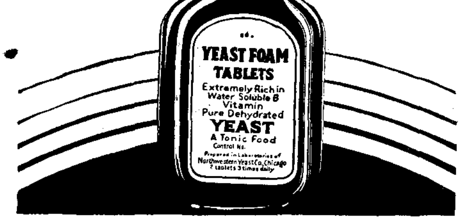

I didn't know you were home! If Joan hadn't sent me up to see, I should have gone on practicing."

"Joan. . . ." murmured Tom. "Practicing. . . ." He seemed to be bewildered.

Jessica came forward like the little fairy she was. She climbed up on his knee.

"Joan," she explained; "that's what she says I may call her. Her name's really 'Mrs. Jones,' but we thought that was such a bother. And, oh, Daddy! She's teaching me to dance. It's lovely! Look!"

Like a feather she had left his knee and was gravely standing before him in just the same attitude as the one in which he had seen her earlier. Tom watched, amazed. The little witch had extraordinary grace. She held herself so well!

"But you really want music," she told him. "That's what Joan says. Joan sings to me; and I dance—Joan says I dance beautifully."

"So you do, my darling," cried Tom. "Beautifully!"

"But you ought to see Joan!" exclaimed Jessica; and burst into a tinkle of laughter. "Oh, Daddy; she's so funny!"

"I'm sure she is!" agreed Tom, grinning again. He had not grinned for a hundred years; and he had done it twice within ten minutes. Once at the sight of "Joan," and once at the memory of her. "What a queer old stick!" he thought. "Somewhere in that withered old body she must have a heart about as old as Jessica's!" Aloud, he said: "And what is Joan doing now?"

"I think she's getting the lunch," explained Jessica. "She said I'd better run along and see if you were in."

But Mrs. Jones was not getting the lunch. It was not yet time to do so. She had still a good deal of work to do in the house, for in the months of illness preceding the recent death of Mrs. Gerrard everything had fallen into sad neglect. The doctor had been compelled to take what service offered, and as he was naturally careless of his own comfort, and as he was in addition an exceedingly overworked general practitioner, the house was in a pickle. Sighing as she tidied and dusted, Mrs. Jones was rearranging innumerable knickknacks upon a bureau—photographs and little vases and little mats which had probably been dear to the dead woman—and as she came upon a photograph of the doctor's wife she held it up to the light, scrutinizing the features with close attention. Not a kind face, she thought. A rather hard face, in fact. But the face of one who would snatch at her chances. Mrs. Jones nodded to herself as she laid the photograph down again.

"I wonder if he wants this out," she murmured to herself. "It might be better to put it away."

HESITATING, she tried to open the bureau, in order that she might hide the photograph of the late Mrs. Gerrard. It was locked. But in the lock was the doctor's bunch of keys, left there, evidently, because he had absent-mindedly forgotten to take them with him. Mrs. Jones gave a quaint grimace. Then she opened the bureau, and saw that here, too, there was some tidying to be done.

"Yes, but if he found me here," murmured Mrs. Jones. "Well—"

She hastily opened the lowest of the small drawers, and was about to thrust therein the photograph of Mrs. Gerrard. But the drawer was full. Lying upon the top of everything else there was an unframed photograph, face downwards.

"Another!" gasped Mrs. Jones. Then she gave a cry. The other photograph was not that of Mrs. Gerrard. It was the photograph of a young girl, taken perhaps fifteen years before, and now very faded. A young girl with roguish eyes and an indescribable piquancy in her expression. Curly hair worn in the fashion of the day before yesterday. But Mrs. Jones seemed to ignore the fashion. She was staring at the face.

"How on earth did he get that?" she was muttering. Then, almost feverishly, she threw down the photograph and seized the little bundle of papers which lay below it. Letters! Not much faded. They had been kept from light and air for ten years or less. And the handwriting brought a low whistle to Mrs. Jones' lips. Her eyes were round—round and full of tears. Her cheeks were scarlet.

"What a man!" she exclaimed. "What a man! Was there ever!"

Beneath the letters was a small lace-edged handkerchief, rather crumpled, but neatly folded. A telegram. And in the corner of the drawer some small object folded in a piece of paper—an object that was hard as well as small. Mrs. Jones took it in her fingers, her head bent, her breath coming unevenly. Upon the paper packet she read, in the doctor's script: "Jessica's ring."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Jones. "Ah, ah!" She had half turned away from the bureau, as if she were stifling. Then, suddenly, as if she could do no otherwise, she caught these old treasures in her two hands, and convulsively pressed them to her bosom. Her thin shoulders were bowed. She was crying.

LORD PAGAN jumped from his handsome limousine, which he had himself driven into Tanchester at high speed. He looked once again at the red lamp outside Doctor Gerrard's surgery, and walked up to the front door and rang the bell. In a few moments Pagan saw the big door slowly open and a child about six years old, a fairy child with blue eyes and golden hair, stood before him.

"Will you come in, please," said this child, very courteously. "My daddy is out just now. But Mrs. Jones—"

"Here I am!" came in another voice. Lord Pagan looked up sharply. Before him stood a little wizened woman in a black bombazine dress which was beginning to turn a mixture of green and brown. Her gray hair was arranged in corkscrew curls, and her face was pale and thin. Who was this woman? Pagan frowned.

"I want to see the doctor," he said, impatiently. "It's very important that I should do so at once. I've been trying to telephone; but something seems to have happened—"

"I know," agreed the housekeeper. "I know. Sickening, sir, isn't it! Out of order! It got knocked down this morning, and—"

"When will the doctor be back?" questioned Pagan. "My mother, Lady Pagan, is very ill, and I'm told Doctor Gerrard—"

"Doctor Gerrard is a very good doctor, sir—I mean, of course, My Lord—" said Mrs. Jones.

Something in that speech, or perhaps in the tone in which it was spoken, caused Pagan to look at this elderly woman with a glance which was not one of mere hauteur. She continued:

"The doctor will only be a few minutes. Will you wait to see him, or will you let me give him a message?"

Pagan did not answer. He was staring at the face of Mrs. Jones.

"Have I ever seen you before?" he asked abruptly.

A puzzled expression came into her eyes; the brow was wrinkled.

"You should know that, sir," said she.

He still examined her face with an air of suspicion and started toward her.

(*Continued on page 72*)

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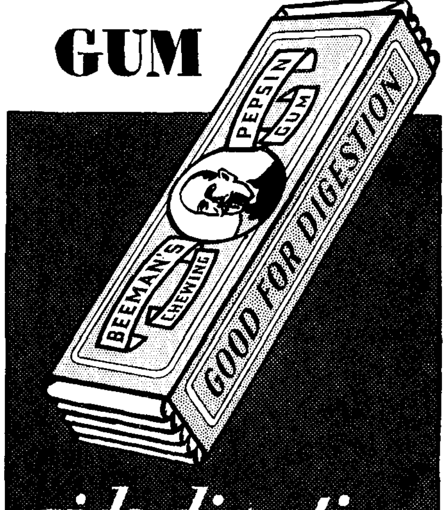

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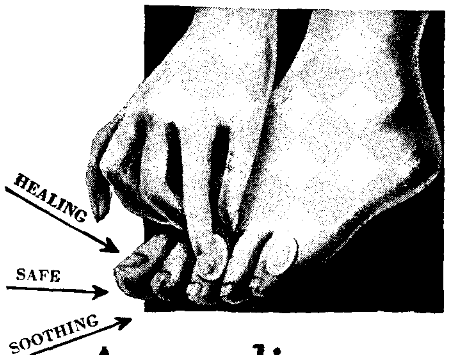

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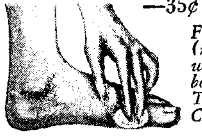

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(*Continued from page 71*)

He did not notice little Jessica in his path, and knocked against her.

"You know, I have seen you before," he began. Then he noticed little Jessica, who had stumbled at contact with his leg. "Hullo, have I hurt the child?"

Mrs. Jones had stooped, and little Jessica's arms were about her neck.

"Jessica mustn't cry," said Mrs. Jones.

"Jessicas are always brave," responded the little girl. "Aren't they?"

"Well, what I said was silly," answered Mrs. Jones. "Silly, but wise in time."

The little girl laughed her tinkling little laugh, and rubbed her golden head against the gray curls of the kneeling woman. Pagan, his lip curling, listened to the nonsense. But as he listened he continued to watch Mrs. Jones, and he saw something very peculiar. The gray curls were twisted. And beneath one of them was a streak of gold. At once his doubts were gone. He knew where he had seen the old dame.

"Jessica!" he cried, vehemently. "It *is* you!"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said Mrs. Jones, taking a step backward.

"It's *me* that's Jessica," eagerly interposed the little girl. "You see, it's me. That's what my daddy calls me!"

BUT Lord Pagan did not cease to stare at Mrs. Jones.

"Jessica!" he cried, peremptorily. "You can't—" He caught at her hand. It was small and exquisitely delicate. "I *know* it's you. Oh, for heaven's sake, my darling! Forgive me!"

Mrs. Jones tried to free her hand from his clasp. Her cheeks were slightly flushed. In an instant, breathing rapidly, she was standing erect at a yard's distance from Pagan.

"My dear, what's the meaning of this masquer—"

"Ssh!" cried Mrs. Jones, with a sharp glance at Jessica. Pagan grew very pale. His hands trembled.

"To hide your beautiful hair!" he groaned. "It's monstrous!" His eyes glittered. It was with the utmost effort that he refrained from approaching her once more. "If you knew what these last days of torture have meant to me!" he continued with emotion. "No word of you. Everything I could do a mockery. My mother ill, you missing. I've been nearly out of my mind. Jessica, how could you! How could you do it?" He held out his twitching hands to her.

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Jones, in a low tone. "Poor boy. I'm so sorry for you." She no longer stood apart, but came nearer to him. Her hands were in Pagan's hands, cool and gentle.

"But this!" he groaned. "To find you here, disguised. My dear, I can't bear you in this horrible wig!"

As he said these words, Pagan made a sudden irresistible snatch at the gray curls around Mrs. Jones' face. Mrs. Jones drew back. A tug, a jerk, and the wig was off. The curly hair of Jessica Mowbray was revealed. Instantly her whole face was changed.

"Oh, Joan!" cried little Jessica, in an ecstasy. "How lovely you are!"

"Who is this child?" demanded Pagan, in agony.

"And what does this mean?" said a low voice behind them.

Tom Gerrard stood there, his face curiously drawn. He had come into the house very quietly, had paused at the open door, and had been as one transfixed.

From Pagan's face to Jessica's his eyes roved. Then he started. But he did not say anything. He looked directly at Lord Pagan for the second time.

"I am Lord Pagan," said the latter. "My mother is staying out at the Grange, near Worpleford; and she has been taken suddenly ill. I want you to come at once if you will. We can't discover what is the matter. I have my car here—"

Tom Gerrard had not heard a word of his explanation. He seemed to be listening, but the voice he heard was not that of Lord Pagan. It was a voice he had heard ten years before.

"Is it you, Jessica?" he murmured. "And you were here—looking. . . . And I didn't know—" A puzzled frown crossed his face. "Why did you come? Was it in kindness or—no, it was in kindness, I am sure."

"Will you come?" insisted Pagan, who was deadly white. Sneeringly, he added: "*I* recognized her at once."

It was jealousy which moved him—bitterest jealousy. But of that Tom Gerrard took no heed. He hardly heard the words; he certainly did not understand their meaning.

"Yes, he'll come," answered Jessica, impatiently. "He'll come at once. But he's waited ten years to see me. I'm sorry, Ronnie. So sorry. But I broke his heart ten years ago—and never knew it. And I'm *not* going to do it again. Nor my own heart— Go now. My dear—" Her voice softened: "It was never any good. Never possible between you and me. It was always Tom. Go now. He'll come to you. Please—"

"But he didn't *know* you!" stammered Pagan. "He didn't know you—all this time— Ah, God!"

With a groan, he turned away, and was gone, while Tom continued to stand there, as if he was dreaming still.

"Tom," Jessica said, "I sent you back your ring ten years ago. My finger's been cold ever since. And my heart colder. Will you forgive me, and let me try again?"

"But you're a great woman now," he murmured, shaking his head. "I'm afraid of you now. You're so great and so famous that a little surgery—"

"I suppose I can do as I like?" demanded Jessica with some of the old fire. "Good gracious, don't I give satisfaction? Isn't your home clean and tidy? Aren't your clothes mended? Can't I cook well enough for you? Ungrateful man!"

SHE was scolding him, and the tears were all the time in her eyes, although she was smiling.

"A surgery with you would be better for me than the whole world without you, Tom," said she. "I know that, because I've tried the other. And I've come back. May I stay? It's for you to decide."

"For me?" He shrugged, doubtfully. "And that fine young fellow who's just gone, is he of no account?"

"None. He might have been, but he made me think of you. And I knew I'd got to come back and see if you still wanted me—if you ever had really wanted me. Do you? Tom, you do *still* love me a little, don't you?"

Tom was smiling slowly. Desperately Jessica went on:

"And, after all, little Jessica does 'take' to me. Don't you, darling!"

"I love you!" cried little Jessica, in a loud voice.

"Can the father do less?" asked Jessica the elder.

Apparently he could do no less, for as she moved toward him Tom took her hands into his own. Across his face there spread that marvelous broad grin which he had twice before within the last week revived, as it were, from his former life.

"Hurrah!" cried little Jessica. "Me too, Daddy!"

They were all three in each other's arms.

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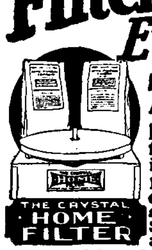

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"I can never forget, nor would I if I could, the packages of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE that were sent to us in France from the U. S. A. about Easter time during the War.

While we were shaking in our shoes this healing, antiseptic powder for the feet, the remark frequently went 'round: 'It isn't the A. E. F. that's winning this war — it's the A. F. E.!' Napoleon once said: 'A foot-sore army is an army half defeated.'

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"KLUTCH" forms a comfort cushion; holds the plate so snug it can't rock, drop or be played with. *You can eat and talk as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. Klutch will end your troubles. 50c at druggists. If your druggist hasn't it have him order it for you. If he will not, don't *waste money* on substitutes but write us for a box. Send us 60c when satisfied.

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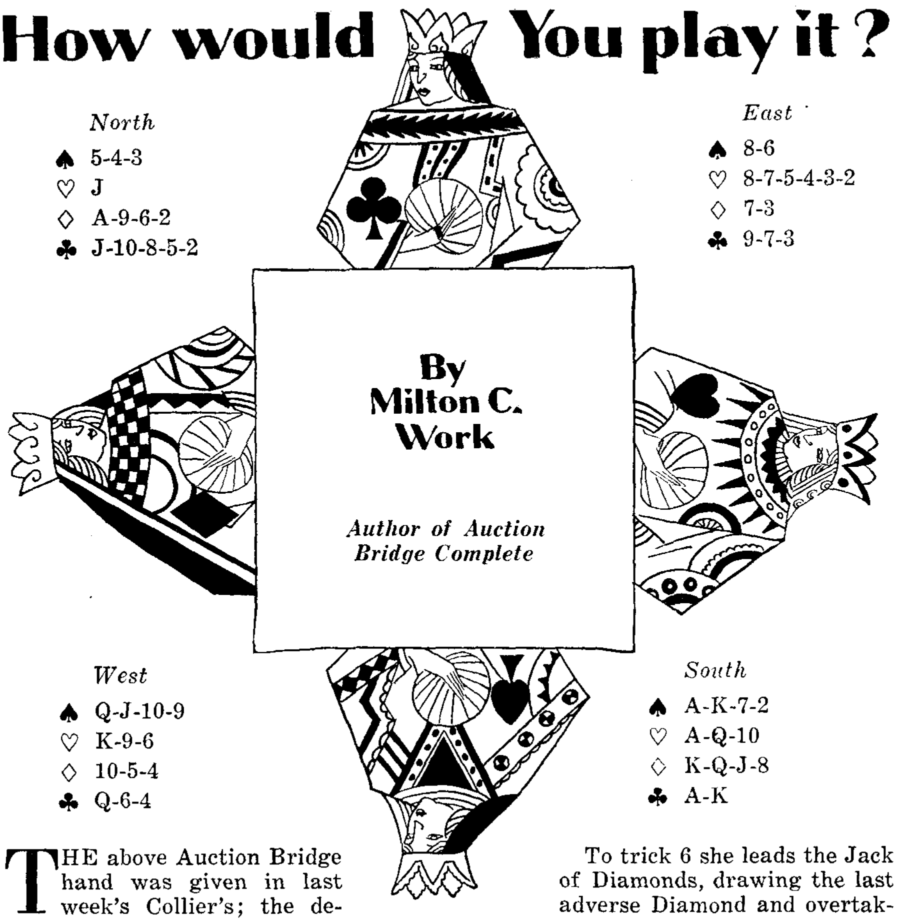
How would You play it ?



North
♠ 5-4-3
♡ J
◇ A-9-6-2
♣ J-10-8-5-2

East
♠ 8-6
♡ 8-7-5-4-3-2
◇ 7-3
♣ 9-7-3

By Milton C. Work

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

West
♠ Q-J-10-9
♡ K-9-6
◇ 10-5-4
♣ Q-6-4

South
♠ A-K-7-2
♡ A-Q-10
◇ K-Q-J-8
♣ A-K

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description of the game follows:

The Auction

South bid one No Trump; West, North and East passed. If North's singleton had been accompanied by strength on the side, so that the hand furnished a good major suit bid, that bid would have been wise. But with the North holding, it would be foolish to think of bidding two Clubs. There could be little chance of game in the combined hands at Clubs and the danger from the Heart suit is not serious enough to justify making a bad bid in order to avoid it.

In Contract South, with a count of 26 and with every suit stopped at least twice, has a hand which needs but little assistance across the table to produce a Slam. Its holder could not expect North to be strong enough to make any declaration suggesting a Slam if South should start with three No Trumps or less, so she must bid three No Trumps and be satisfied with game, or try for a Slam by bidding four No Trumps. If the latter bid should be made, North, with a count of 6, would bid either five No Trumps or five Diamonds, depending upon whether, after her partner's bid of four No Trumps, she believed it advisable to indulge in Ace-showing. Ace-showing was very much overdone when Contract was new, but under such a condition as this it is doubtless the most informatory method of indicating strength. If South once started on a Slam career, she doubtless would bid six after North's bid of five Diamonds. The showing of that Ace would add greatly to South's confidence. It is doubtful whether she would bid for a Slam if North should bid five No Trumps.

The Play

West leads the Queen of Spades, which South wins with the Ace.

To trick 2 South leads the King of Diamonds; and to trick 3 the Queen of Diamonds. When both adversaries follow to both tricks, it becomes evident that North has two Diamond entries and that her Clubs can be both established and run.

Consequently to trick 4 South leads the Ace of Clubs; and to trick 5 the King of Clubs.

To trick 6 she leads the Jack of Diamonds, drawing the last adverse Diamond and overtaking with the Ace in the Closed Hand; and to trick 7 Dummy leads the Jack of Clubs, forcing the adverse Queen and establishing two Clubs in the Dummy hand with the Nine of Diamonds as an entry with which to cash them. South discards her Ten of Hearts, hoping to tempt West to lead a Heart.

Trick 8, West leads a second Spade, establishing that suit in her hand and hoping that the King of Hearts will prove an entry; but to trick 9 South leads the Eight of Diamonds, taking in Dummy with the Nine, West discarding her Six of Hearts.

To tricks 10 and 11 Dummy leads the Ten and Eight of Clubs respectively. It matters not what East discards, but on trick 10 South discards the Deuce of Spades, watching keenly for West's card. West, feeling it necessary to keep her King of Hearts guarded, now lets the Nine of Spades go; and the Declarer draws the inference that West holds the Ten of Spades and the guarded King of Hearts. However, Dummy has another Club to cash on trick 11, and South on it discards her last Spade.

Now West dare not discard her Ten of Spades; if she did, Dummy would have a thirteenth Spade and the Small Slam would be easy for Declarer. She therefore discards her Nine of Hearts. Declarer consequently leads the Jack of Hearts from Dummy and, when East plays the Seven, refuses the finesse. Of course it is possible that West has been clever enough to false-card in Hearts, holding 9-8-6. South's play of the Ace is, therefore, not a certain winner; but it is more probable that West has the lone King than that the deceptive play above named has been made.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. Q-J-7-2	S. 5-4-3
H. 5-4	H. K-J-9-7
D. 6-4	D. J-9-7
C. A-9-8-7-3	C. 6-4-2
West	*South*
S. 10-9-8-6	S. A-K
H. Q-10-8-6	H. A-3-2
D. K-10-8	D. A-Q-5-3-2
C. K-5	C. Q-J-10

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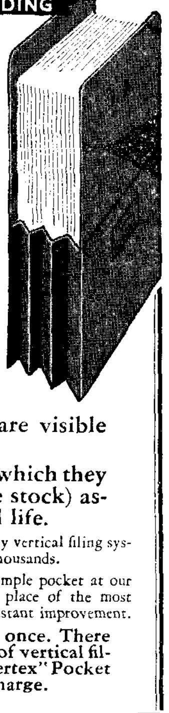

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Just before his last fight, Tunney said: "I started taking Nujol internally seven years ago. The first month Nujol brought remarkable changes in my physical condition. My elimination became active and normal. My appetite increased and a desire for intensive training was created. Since that time I have taken Nujol about five nights a week. I have regulated myself to the amount necessary to keep my elimination normal. If I discover that I have taken an overdose I stop its use for a couple of days when I renew my daily practice of taking a swallow from the bottle before retiring. I have found during my seven years' experience with Nujol that it is not habit-forming, or in any way unpleasant or harmful."

Nujol is not a medicine. It contains absolutely no medicine or drugs. It is simply a pure substance—perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York. It not only prevents an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them) but aids in their removal.

You want to be 100% fit as well as the next man. Nujol will help you do it.

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Gene Tunney

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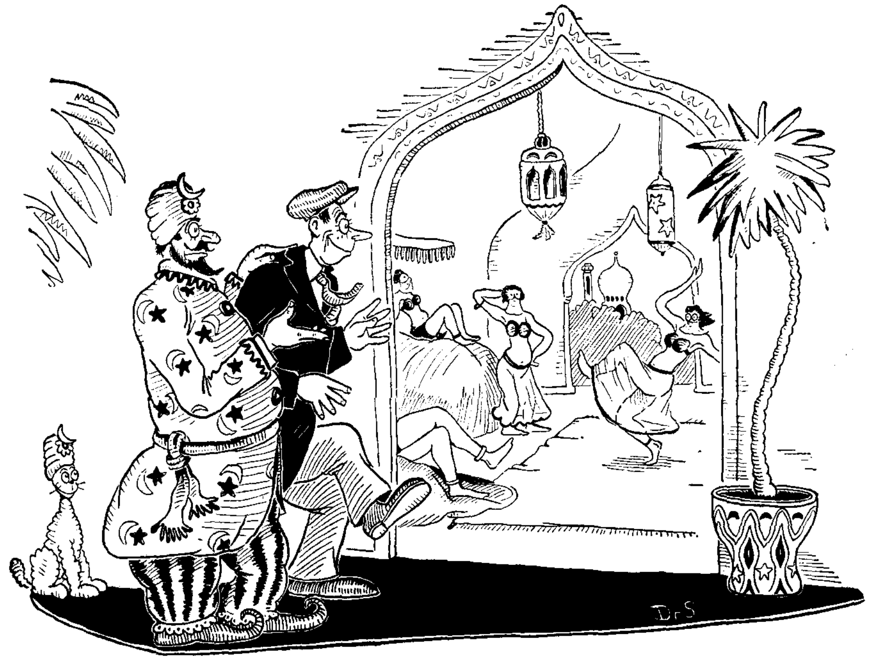


Sultan (showing visitor around)—Our big worry here is the mosquito problem. If anyone solves it, every harem girl in the place will fall on his neck.

Visitor—Out of my way, big boy! My Flit gun is in the hotel just around the corner! (Advertisement)

Pluck and Luck

Continued from page 13

owners wired Jim Callahan, manager at Pittsburgh: "What will you give for Ruth?" He wired back: "Don't want her. Am married."

They wired Frank Navin at Detroit. He wired back: "Thanks. Already have a pitcher."

The White Sox experienced a stroke of tough luck. They sent Ted Sullivan to the Maryland metropolis to take a look at the young prodigy. Ted went on to Annapolis through a misunderstanding and witnessed a game between the Navy and Penn State. The Navy, which Ted thought was the Baltimore club, had a terrible left-hander, who Ted thought was Ruth. In four innings, the left-hander was hit for a total of seventy-eight bases and gave twenty-two bases on balls. Ted reported by telegraph to Mr. Comiskey that he did not consider Ruth quite ready for fast company.

"The Babe's in the Woods"

On the train leaving Annapolis Ted was told that he had not spent the afternoon in Baltimore, but was now headed thither. When the train pulled into the City of Magnificent Tunnels, Ted sought a hotel and stayed there all night, determined to see Ruth pitch the next day's game.

But next day, at Oriole Park, he discovered that Ruth had pitched the preceding day's game and was now on one of his long walks with Mencken. "The Babe's in the woods," was the way they expressed it. Mr. Sullivan had to hurry home to Chicago to attend a clinic. And a week later Ruth was sold to the Boston Americans for twenty thousand dollars in anonymous checks.

The Babe has been in nearly every world's series since and it may be cheering news to the National League that if the Yankees don't win the pennant next year, they are going to lend Ruth, for the duration of the series, to whatever American League club does.

He used to hate autographing baseballs, and if any of you people think it ain't a job, gather a crowd of fifty thousand lunkheads around you some day and while they are sitting on your shoulders or running up and down your back, try to sign your name on eight thousand globules. Babe grumbled and grumbled till one time Charley O'Leary, who had been seated on the Yankee bench ten years reading a book, said to him: "Shut up, you big ox! Suppose your name was Alyosha Karamazov."

It is estimated that if all the balls autographed by Mr. Ruth were placed one on top of the other, the second one would roll off the first one before you were ready to pile the third one on top of the second one.

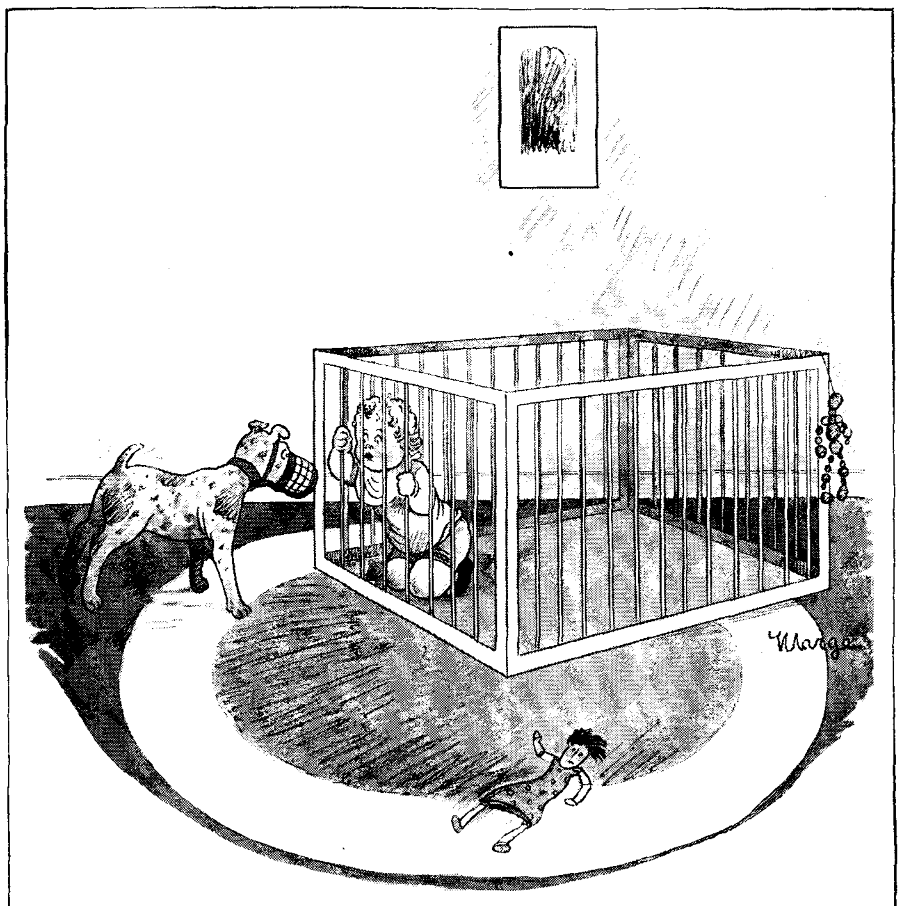
There was a season when it was said that the Babe was not taking proper care of himself and that his days as a big-league star were numbered. But he fooled everybody by suddenly cutting out cosmetics, reducing his waistline to three laps to the mile and beginning to run bases like Ty Cobb on roller skates.

"My habits," he explained, "were not affecting my prowess as an athalete, but they were raising h—l with my ability as a writer. You hear that Edgar Allan Poe, O. Henry and other great experts did their best writing while under the influence of balsam or catnip. But, believe me, a man can't consecrate unless their head is void. I am not going to burn out my brains with prophylactics. I don't need brains in baseball, not against our competition anyway. But some day my ankles will realize what they have been standing up under all these years, and then it will be necessary for me to make my living with my pen."

"What will you write?" inquired a bystander. "Short stories, a play, novels, articles?"

The bystander strolled off without waiting for the reply, which was:

"No. Just mash notes to the baseball fans of St. Louis."



The one in the muzzle sympathetically: "Say, brother, what're YOU in for?"

Under Mr. Volstead's Nose

Continued from page 9

be like. These are Taft's words issued before federal prohibition went into effect and repeated by Maas in his campaign speeches:

"'I am opposed to national prohibition. I think it is a mixing of national government in a matter that should be one of local settlement. I think this law will vest in the national government and in those who will administer it so great a power as to be dangerous in political matters.

"'I would be in favor of state prohibition if I thought prohibition prohibited, but I think, in the long run, except in local communities where the majority of the citizens are in favor of the law, that it will be violated.

Cheering Mr. Taft

"'I am opposed to the presence of laws on the statute book that cannot be enforced and as such demoralize the administration of all laws. I am not in favor of a national amendment which should force twelve or fifteen great states into a sumptuary system which the public opinion and the real practices of the people of those states would not enforce. . . . I think it most unwise to fasten upon the United States a prohibitory system under the excitement of war which I do not hesitate to say—'" and Maas would repeat this amazing prophecy slowly with great emphasis on each word—"'which I do not hesitate to say every sensible supporter of prohibition in the end will regret. . . .

"'The business of manufacturing alcohol,'" Mr. Maas was quoting Mr. Taft at a still later date, "'liquor and beer will go out of the hands of law-abiding members of the community and will be transferred to the quasi-criminal class. In the communities where the majority will not sympathize with a federal law's restrictions large numbers of federal officers will be needed for its enforcement. The central government now has very wide war powers. When peace comes these must end if the republic is to be preserved.'"

Maas' audiences always cheered these words. And further quoting from Mr. Taft, Maas would say:

"'The reaching out of the great central power to brush the doorsteps of local communities, far removed geographically and politically from Washington, will be irritating in such states and will be a strain upon the bonds of the national union. . . . There will be loose administration in spots all over the United States and a politically inclined national administration will be strongly tempted to acquiesce in such a condition. The politics of the nation will be demoralized as the politics of states have been through this cause. The issue will never be settled.'

"They're not cheering me, they're cheering Taft," Maas would tell his friends on the platform as his St. Paul audiences would vociferously applaud his eloquent reading of Mr. Taft's forecast.

The voters in Maas' district, on election day, were all-fired set to have a wet Congressman. They didn't seem so determined about a wet President, because Hoover got 53,054 to Smith's 56,807—not a great wet Presidential preference.

But how the 110,000 voters of that district did work for a wet congressman! Maas, the wet Republican, got 39,648 votes and his Democratic opponent received 31,521. This makes a total of 71,169 wet congressional votes out of the 110,000. There were dry congressional candidates to vote for, too: a Farmer-Labor-Dry, who polled 23,068, and a Republican who thought that St. Paul Republicans would be dry and who polled only 15,365.

Wet congressional candidates, 71,169; dry, 38,433—that's how effectively Maas' quotation of Mr. Taft's position on the dangers of federal prohibition fixed public opinion in this district. DAYLIGHT APPEARED TO HAVE COME TO THE PEOPLE OF MAAS' DISTRICT. WITH HIS HELP THEY REALIZED THAT NO PRESIDENT CAN CHANGE THE FEDERAL PROHIBITION LAW. ON THE OTHER HAND THEY REALIZED THAT A CONGRESSMAN HAS THE POWER TO TRY TO DO SO. AND THAT ENOUGH CONGRESSMEN AND SENATORS MIGHT END MAKE-BELIEVE FEDERAL PROHIBITION IN ST. PAUL.

Over at the federal building where Federal Prohibition Administrator Qvale has his offices and where, as a subordinate to Qvale sits Andrew Volstead, author of the Volstead act, I tried to apply Mr. Taft's prophecy, as it concerned the weak activities of federal prohibition policemen. For these activities are only too obviously weak in the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis and in the state of Minnesota.

Mr. Qvale had an explanation of course—a quick one and a very good one. Talking to him I could readily understand how it was that my St. Paul and Minneapolis friends were drinking without molestation.

"Congress," Mr. Qvale complained to me, "didn't intend to have Uncle Sam police the United States at the time the prohibition law was passed. The government was supposed only to control withdrawals of alcohol, regulate permittees and direct necessary output of alcohol. We find that where local authorities coöperate the law can be enforced. It goes without saying [Mr. Qvale did not specifically mention the police departments of St. Paul and Minneapolis or of any other wet cities or towns in the state] that there are certain sections where coöperation is not good. Local authorities could better conditions if they would."

Why can't Mr. Qvale's federal policemen better conditions? The answer is ridiculously simple:

Wet Local Option Does the Trick

"This prohibition district," Mr. Qvale told me, after having his secretary prepare the figures especially for me, "consists of the states of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and two thirds of the state of Wisconsin. It is known as the Fourteenth District.

"It contains 253 counties. Each county, in addition to a sheriff, contains an average of seven or eight deputy sheriffs.

"Cities, villages, towns and hamlets in that district number 6,275.

"The population of the district is five and a half million. There are 272,610 square miles to cover.

"Our Canadian border line extends 1,095 miles along Manitoba and Ontario. We have 350 miles of water border on Lake Superior.

"FOR THIS TERRITORY I HAVE A FORCE OF ONLY 59 FIELD MEN." I have only to add that records of the office do not show that all of Mr. Qvale's 59 field men have always been dry themselves.

If 2,024 sheriffs and deputies do not

(*Continued on page 76*)

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Instant Sleep Now Utterly Without Drugs

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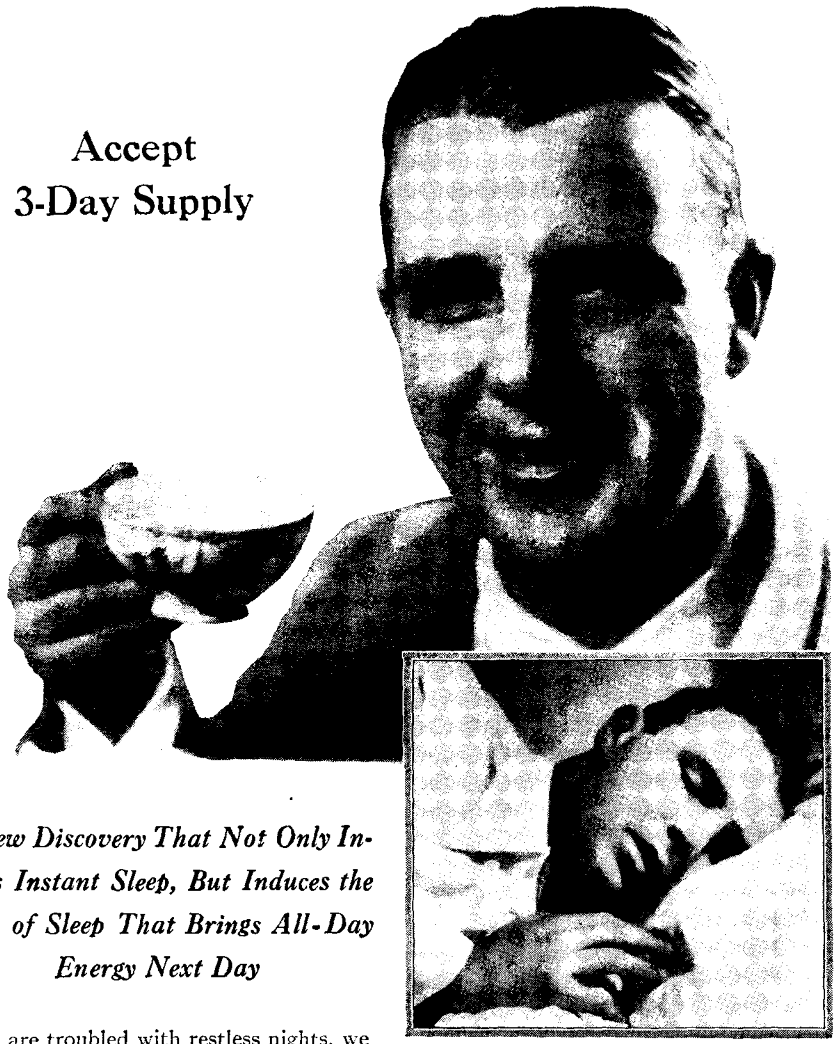
3-Day Supply



A New Discovery That Not Only Induces Instant Sleep, But Induces the Kind of Sleep That Brings All-Day Energy Next Day

If you are troubled with restless nights, we urge you to accept the test offered here. Doing so has made a great difference in the lives of thousands of nervous people.

On doctors' advice, millions are employing this new way. For it is as free of drugs as the bread you eat or the milk you drink. And does far more than simply induce sleep! *It rebuilds your wasted tissues while you sleep.*

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a scientific food concentrate developed in Switzerland by a scientist of world-fame. You take it in a cup of warm milk at bed-time; a super-delicious drink.

First it induces sleep; sound, natural sleep. The kind that rebuilds and rejuvenates.

Then *while* you sleep, Ovaltine resupplies your system with the energy lost the previous active day. For it contains practically every building element necessary to life and energy, in a form which the human system can easily absorb while you sleep.

You can take it night after night and not only not form a habit, as with drugs, but build up your health as well.

Do you wonder then, that people are flocking to its use? New to America, Ovaltine is being recommended by over 20,000 doctors. Used over 30 years in Europe, its use has spread to over 54 different nations. It marks one of the most important scientific findings of its time.

Accept Test

Doctors urge it not only for sleeplessness, but for all nervous and run-down conditions. They recommend it, too, for nervous, underweight children. Thousands of busy people take it during the day to relieve fatigue. A few weeks' use will make an amazing difference in the way you feel.

Believe or not what people claim for Ovaltine. *Try it.* Obtain at any drug or grocery store, or use coupon for special 3-day test.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

Make this experiment. Drink a cup of hot Ovaltine before retiring, for three nights. Note how quickly you go to sleep; how refreshed you feel when you awaken; your unlimited energy next day. Mail coupon, with 10c for a 3-day introductory package.

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day package of Ovaltine.

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YOU SHOULD WRITE FOR
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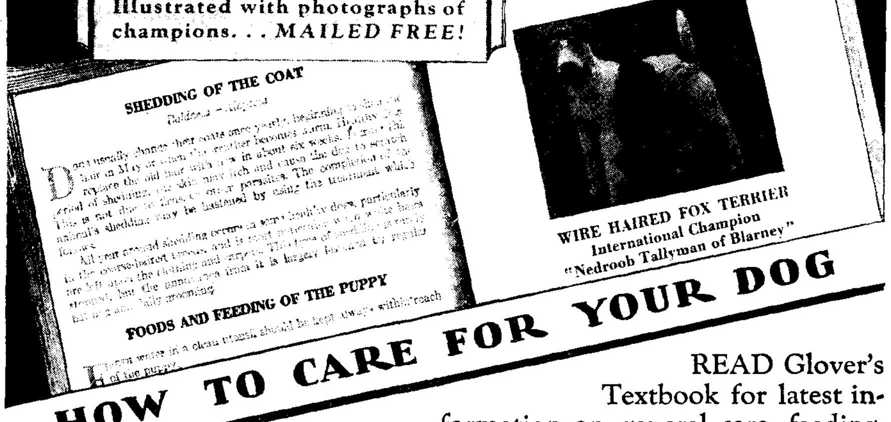

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR DOG

READ Glover's Textbook for latest information on general care, feeding, diseases and treatments. Insist upon Glover's Imperial Medicines for safety and highest efficacy. This is the best way to insure the health and happiness of your dog.

NO dog is immune from sickness. But most dogs can be kept healthy by giving them this expert care. Treat him for round worms which afflict almost all dogs from early puppyhood. Use Glover's Laxative Pills—and tone him up with Glover's Condition Pills. Keep him free from fleas with Glover's Kennel and Flea Soap and Glover's Flea and Insect Powder.

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The all-around man is the fellow who learned how to move sure and fast while a boy. That's why every boy should put time on his target practice—an invaluable training in the art of making your mind and muscles work together on the split second.

Richard Dix

Richard Dix in his latest Paramount Picture, "Redskin" produced in color.

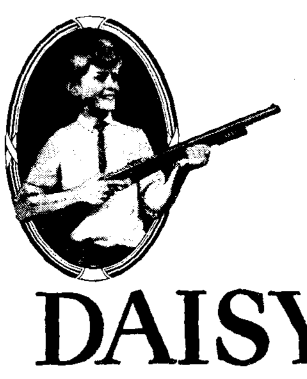
A Message on Boy Training from Richard Dix

THOUGHTFUL parents are more and more impressed by this method of training their boys in alertness and good sportsmanship. The makers of Daisy Air Rifles receive reflections of their interest from every corner of the nation. Parents feel the need of centering the youth's attention in definite ideas—such as the idea of consistent target shooting.

Many prominent authorities have said that rifle practice sharpens the senses, quickens the link of action between mind and muscle, and helps to develop a boy's traits of decision, speed and judgment. All this is aptly summed up by Richard Dix, star of "Redskin" and many other well-known films, in his remark that "target practice is an invaluable training in the art of making your mind and muscles work together on the split second." Like hundreds of other successful men, Richard Dix, as an athlete and marksman, is convinced that rifle practice is good for growing boys.

Try this idea in boy training! Speak to the dealer in your community who sells Daisy Air Rifles. For 40 years the Daisy has been the standard boys' rifle, improved today with every modern refinement. Let your dealer show you the rifle illustrated—for *your* boy—the Daisy Pump Gun, a 50-shot repeater for $5—and other Daisy Air Rifles, a model for every age, from $1 to $5—or sent direct on receipt of price.

BOYS! Get your FREE copy of the Daisy Manual from nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer. It tells how to be a crack shot!



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

(*Continued from page 75*)

keep the 253 counties in this quarter of a million square miles dry, how can 59 men who draw their salaries from Washington instead of from county treasuries do so?

Why don't the sheriffs, then, with their army of deputies, keep the counties dry? For the simple reason, so it seemed to this investigator, that there is a sort of wet local option in Minnesota, which exists elsewhere in the United States as well and is rapidly spreading. This wet local option tacitly insures that a community which wants to be wet shall be wet without shrieval interference.

I quote a dispatch in the Pioneer Press, a "dry Republican" newspaper:

> To the strains of Ain't She Sweet? and Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here, two hundred relatives and friends celebrated the "home coming" of Mrs. George Friermuth of Hampton, who returned Friday night after an absence of 11 months. Mrs. Friermuth is 68 years old. The woman was greeted by tooting automobile horns and music on her arrival. The guests gathered on Highway No. 20, now being paved, and enjoyed a pavement dance while an orchestra from Red Wing furnished the music. To make it a real celebration the committee in charge of arrangements furnished a fireworks display.
>
> Mrs. Friermuth has just returned from serving a sentence of 11 months in the Mankato jail for bootlegging.

Mrs. Friermuth, who had evidently served the community with much efficiency, had been arrested not by local authorities, who evidently knew of the voting power of the 200 possible welcomers of Mrs. Friermuth, but by federal officials from distant St. Paul.

Then and Now

Now the puzzle will be, in your old home town, when you compare old wet days with present alleged dry ones: "How do the people who want to drink get their liquor?"

In St. Paul, Billy Hamm's brewery is making near-beer. How many saloons Hamm used to operate in St. Paul no one ever really knew except Billy; Hamm was a power in politics then. Booze handling was safe for Hamm in the old days. Brewers and saloonkeepers didn't kill each other for business reasons. Today it's a little different. For instance only a few weeks ago "Dapper Danny" Hogan, a celebrity in St. Paul, known as a booze dealer, put his foot on the starter of his car and was blown to death by an electrically operated nitroglycerine bomb.

Over in Minneapolis the officials of the Minneapolis Brewing Co. tell you that their crew of near-beer salesmen has been cut down, and that near-beer isn't selling as well in their community as it was several years ago.

Benz' wine and liquor store and Michaud's, where the rich people used to get their fine liquors, are out of the liquor business. So are all the bottle houses.

Who would ever have thought on that day nine years ago, when they were all closed up by federal prohibition, that St. Paul could get its liquor from any other sources than these? At one stroke Uncle Sam cracked the Twin Cities' liquor-making and liquor-distributing machinery.

What a wise prophet he would have been (and yet William Howard Taft made just this prophecy) who could have said, at that time, to the Twin City folks:

"Another liquor-making and another liquor-distributing system will arise, operating secretly, which will take the place of what has been wiped out."

Each community—this is the newest and latest fact about America's drinking—is developing its own local liquors, based on and peculiar to its own local natural resources.

I have shown in a previous article how the sugar beet is yielding vast quantities of local liquor in Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico and adjoining districts. I wondered whether my old home state would have developed a similar local ingenuity.

Why should I ever have doubted Minnesota?

"Minnesota Thirteen"—that's the top-notch local drink, when you can get it (and it sells at a premium), in the Twin Cities and elsewhere about Minnesota and the Dakotas.

It's a whisky made of corn.

Investigation discloses that some years ago the state agricultural department of Minnesota, after long and expensive experiment, developed a certain corn peculiarly adapted to the climate of Minnesota, a cold-resisting, enduring, early-ripening corn. It was named "Minnesota Thirteen," indicating the number of the laboratory experiment which produced it; at least scientists knew it by that name.

However, "Minnesota Thirteen" is a noun that has passed into common use; distillers discovered that this corn yielded a moonshine whisky that found a seemingly instant demand.

"It's in the St. Cloud district," a federal prohibition official told me, "that they make the best 'Minnesota Thirteen.' We take as many as four stills in one day on farms in that district, but almost all the farmers thereabouts make the stuff and it's hard to catch them, especially when almost everyone in the community seems to be in favor of the farmhouse distillers.

"The farmers up in those parts are of foreign extraction. They began making their own whisky out of their 'Minnesota Thirteen' corn. They would really let it age, too. Well, in time, when the bootleggers came across some of this real corn whisky they found that it pleased their customers. The farmers would make the liquor in the late fall, let it stand until spring and then 'distribute' it before the spring plowing.

"The liquor got a reputation. The demand for it became so strong that automobile rum runners, who used to come down to Minneapolis from the Dakotas to get industrial alcohol, shifted their runs to St. Cloud and Stearns County and picked up cargoes of 'Minnesota Thirteen' instead.

"Of course this success of the Stearns County farmers is spoiling them and their whisky, as you might expect. They've stopped aging it, as they used to. They're aging it by steam now. Steam aging plants have been established and the farmers take their 'Minnesota Thirteen' to these plants just like they take milk to the local butter-making plant. The aging plant ages the liquor by steam within 24 hours, gives it a color and it is then put out on the market. That's the story of 'Minnesota Thirteen.' "

They Keep the Money at Home

A group of men bought a farm 15 miles from Winona. There was a huge, high barn on the place, which was exactly what these men wanted, for the taller the distilling tubes the clearer the alcohol.

These men spent $35,000 to erect three distilling plants in the great barn. That seems a large sum to spend on a "bootlegger's chance." But consider these facts:

That $35,000 plant was capable of producing 2,000 gallons of alcohol every 24 hours. This alcohol could be sold readily, in a seller's market, at $6 a gallon.

A gross profit of $12,000 every day on an investment of $35,000 beats the wildest of lucky stock gambling. That's four and a third million dollars a year—if it keeps up.

A net profit of two million dollars a year was what the distillers expected to take out of the old barn.

Everything might have gone well with them, except for the fact that they needed too much water. The well on the place didn't yield enough. Someone in buying the place hadn't thought of that.

Profits $1,000 a Day

When well-drilling operations on a great scale were begun and the story spread throughout the countryside that such gigantic operations could have nothing less than a flock of oil wells in sight, the mystery in the old barn was disclosed and the place was raided.

"The most we ever got was only 180 gallons a day," complained one of the arrested distillers.

But that production yielded a gross profit of over $1,000 a day—$365,000 a year on a capital investment of $35,000.

People seem to want to drink out in my old home district, just as they do elsewhere. It pays to supply this want—pays well. The profits are becoming local profits; drinking money is staying in the community, not going abroad to distant bootleg rings.

Frankly, as an investigator who, on this occasion, was especially well-fitted to make comparisons between the old and the new, I don't see how, as federal prohibition is now geared, it is going to affect drinking and liquor-making in my home town and home state.

They have a form of wet local option there—and local option seems to operate as efficiently for the Wets as it used to work in local option states for the Drys.

Truly, the Drys have thrown into the discard the sharp-edged tool of local option and have asked far-away Washington to be their prohibition policeman. Local option is becoming an efficient wet method in many places in America.

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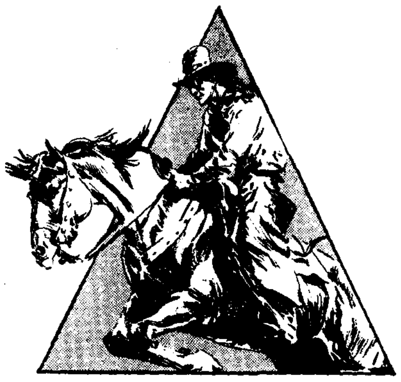

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You feel perfectly safe in your present employment — but are you? Remember that business inevitably goes through alternate periods of expansion and contraction. Some time the pendulum will start on the downward swing. How far will it go? Who can tell?

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Of course you can! You've noticed that the more capable men are always retained when a cut is necessary. Therefore, why not make yourself a better workman than your fellows? You want a higher position some day—but you ought first to make your present place secure. Building for the future will be safer and easier because of it.

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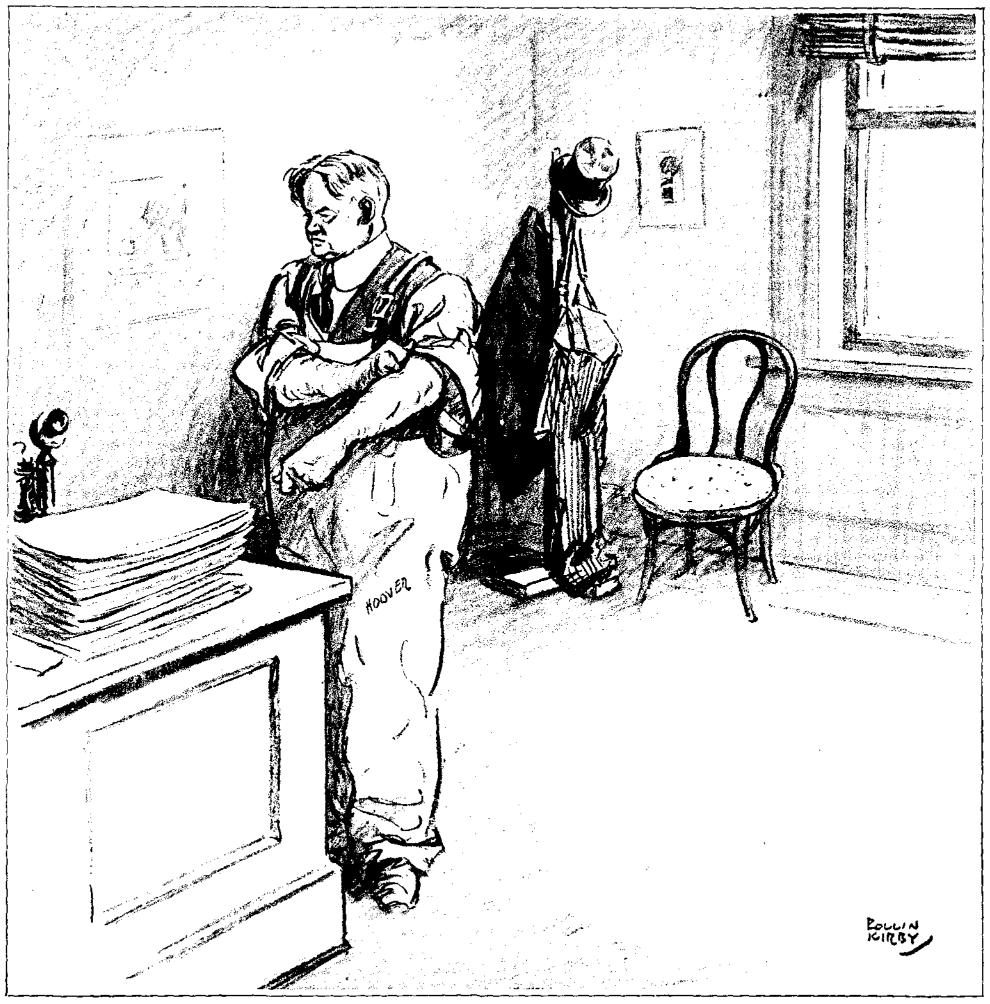
Good Luck, Mr. President!



YOU are enjoying your honeymoon time in the White House, Mr. President.

These first few days of your Administration will be among the greatest and most memorable of all your varied experiences. As you look out through the windows of the White House across stately lawns to the great buildings and the reminiscent monuments which make up your Washington, you will be overwhelmed by a sense of responsibility and power. No man so placed has ever escaped it. You are the center and the focus of our public life. Much has been given you and more is expected of you. Your entire people now wish you well.

You have come to power singularly well equipped for the many and taxing duties of your high office. You are the first President in more than seventy-five years to enjoy the support and the good will of all sections of our spacious country.

Your election marked the break-up of the Solid South. The fears and the prejudices which two generations inherited from the Civil War are being dissipated. This change gives strength to your hand.

More than that, you are a Westerner. Iowa and California nurtured you during the formative years. Your youth was spent in regions peopled by the most adventurous of your countrymen. The West taught you to look ahead and not backward. Your education and your profession drove you to pursue opportunity around the world. Your election brings a new kind of man into supreme responsibility. It marks the maturity of our nation.

You will need everything you have during the years in front of you. Your country has come to a parting of the ways and you must lead. The reconstruction and the economies which gave opportunity to Mr. Coolidge belong to the past. Other issues lie before you.

The happiness and well-being of millions of your fellow citizens will be largely influenced by your thoughts and your actions. Upon your courage, your intelligence and your wisdom much depends.

The fading out of all animosities set millions of Southerners free to support you. You have a great opportunity to prevent the crystallization of new hatreds and prejudices which now threaten to supplant the old. By your leadership you can prevent the development of bitter antagonisms between Wets and Drys, between farmers and business men, between various racial and religious groups which contend for supremacy, and between the East and the West.

Building your program on facts, the basing of legislation and of proposed legislation upon reality which cannot be disputed, is the surest way of preventing the growth of sectarian prejudice. As an engineer and a business leader you know how to get at persuasive facts.

Your country looks to you, Mr. President, for guidance through these difficulties. Inevitably you must deal with the farmers. They have not shared equitably in the national prosperity. You are confronted with prohibition in all its dark phases. The business struggle between West and East was never more acute.

You cannot hope to please everyone whatever course you adopt in these vexed affairs. Prohibition alone has divided your party and the opposition as well into bitterly antagonistic camps. Unrelenting partisanship will not resolve these difficulties. Open-minded investigation plus a courageous adoption of whatever plans reason recommends is your refuge.

You have the training and the technique which may enable you to lift these issues out of the field of passionate controversy. Your countrymen hope that you will present programs so convincingly built upon reality, so obviously fair to all concerned, that your recommendations will carry their own warrant of acceptance.

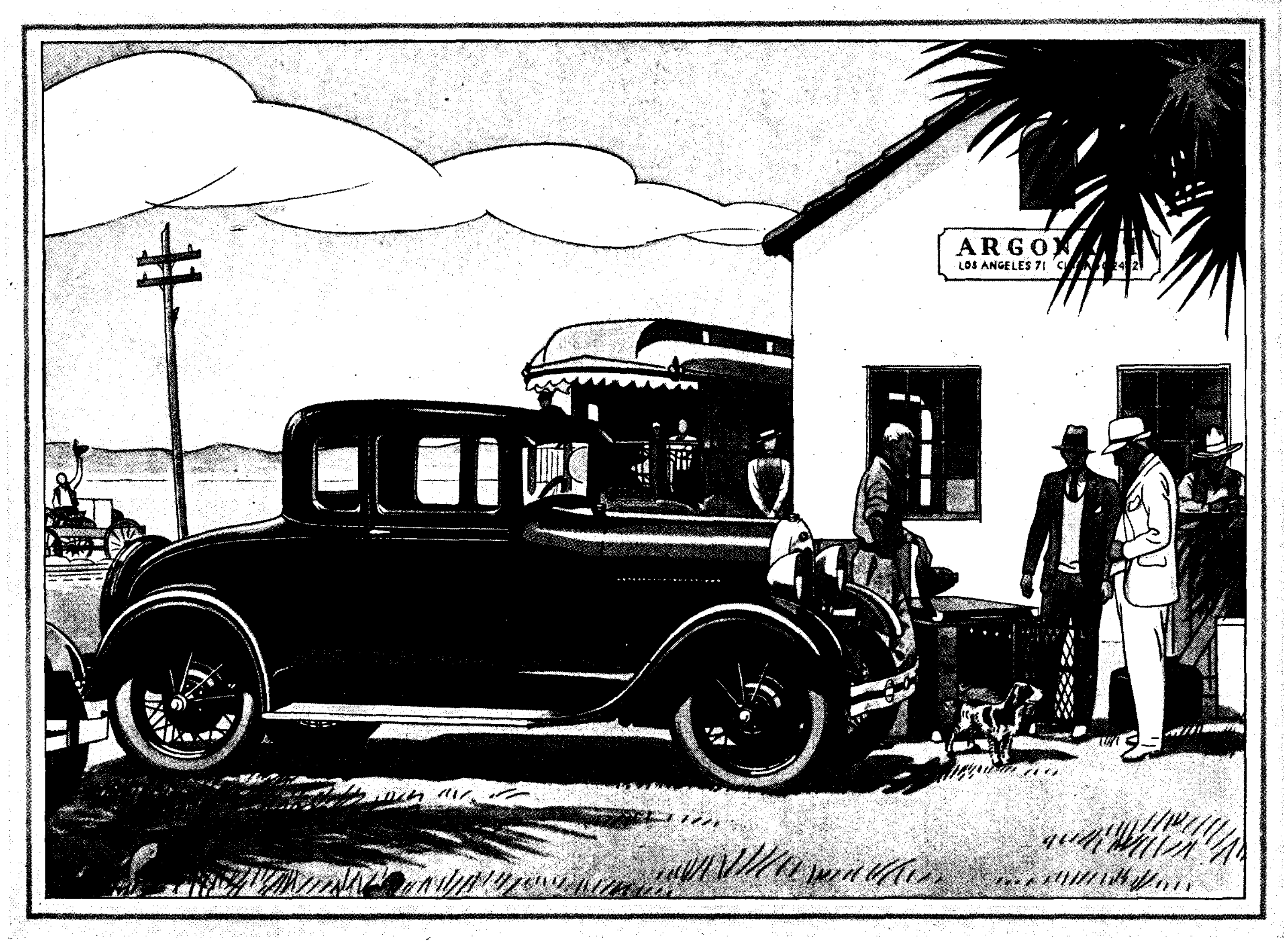
Like most other peoples, your countrymen prefer peace but, like most other governments, ours by neglect or imprudence can awaken the sleeping suspicions and fears which drive nations to war.

No one needs to recount to you the horror and the waste of international conflict. Your eyes have witnessed the tragedy and you first became known to your people for your efforts to relieve the suffering and the stricken. Your nation looks to you to travel the broad road along which we and other peoples may expand our international business and develop friendly relationships.

Many of us will come to you asking favors which you cannot grant, advocating courses of action which you cannot approve, representing claims less wide than the national interest. It will not be easy to deny the importunities of unwise partisans, but when you stand up courageously for the public right, Mr. President, you will find the great silent majority of American men and women arrayed solidly behind you.

You can call upon your fellow citizens for support, Mr. President, and, if we understand, we will sustain your hands as our predecessors upheld all of the great men who in times past called upon the nation for help in a good cause. Appeal to the best in us and we shall put our resources at your command.

Good luck, Mr. President, your people wish you well!

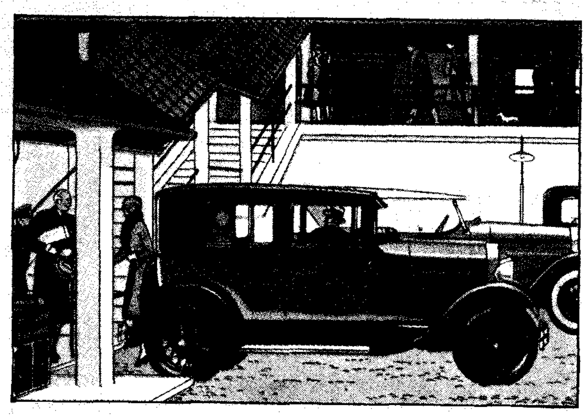


Simplicity of electrical and ignition systems a feature of the new Ford

Every time you step into your automobile and start your engine, you put an electric light and power plant to work. With but a turn of the ignition key and the pressure of a foot, you set many parts in motion.

The electrical and ignition systems of the new Ford are particularly reliable in action because they are simple in design. Many features are exclusive Ford developments.

The dynamo-type generator is an example of this trouble-saving simplicity and its influence on continuously good performance.



An unusual feature of the new Ford is the fact that all body types are offered in a choice of two-tone color harmonies without extra cost. Shown here is the beautiful new Fordor Sedan, finished in Rose Beige. The riding comfort of this car is as important as its safety, speed, acceleration, economy and reliability.

Practically the only thing you need do is to have the charging rate adjusted as the seasons change or for special driving conditions. Oiling is necessary only once a year and there is no possibility of oil getting into the commutator. Ford engineering has eliminated the need of a bearing on the commutator end.

Closely allied to the electrical system is the ignition system. It, too, is of new mechanical design in the new Ford. There is but one high tension cable and that connects the coil on the dash with the distributor. Even cables from the distributor to the spark plugs have been eliminated. Special care has also been taken to make the distributor water-proof, thus preventing short circuits from rain, etc.

The electrical and ignition systems of the new Ford are so simple in design and so carefully made that they will give you surprisingly little trouble.

Water in the storage battery should be maintained at the correct level and the connections kept clean. The generator charging rate should be adjusted as indicated. Spark plugs should be cleaned at regular intervals. Distributor points should also be kept clean and the distributor cam given a light film of vaseline every 2000 miles. These are just little things, but they mean a great deal to your car. You can have them looked after at very small cost by the Ford dealer when you take the car in for oiling and greasing. A thorough checking-up at regular intervals will lengthen the life of your car and give you many thousands of miles of carefree, economical motoring.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Michigan

FEATURES OF
THE NEW FORD CAR

Beautiful low lines
Choice of colors
Remarkable acceleration
Smoothness at all speeds
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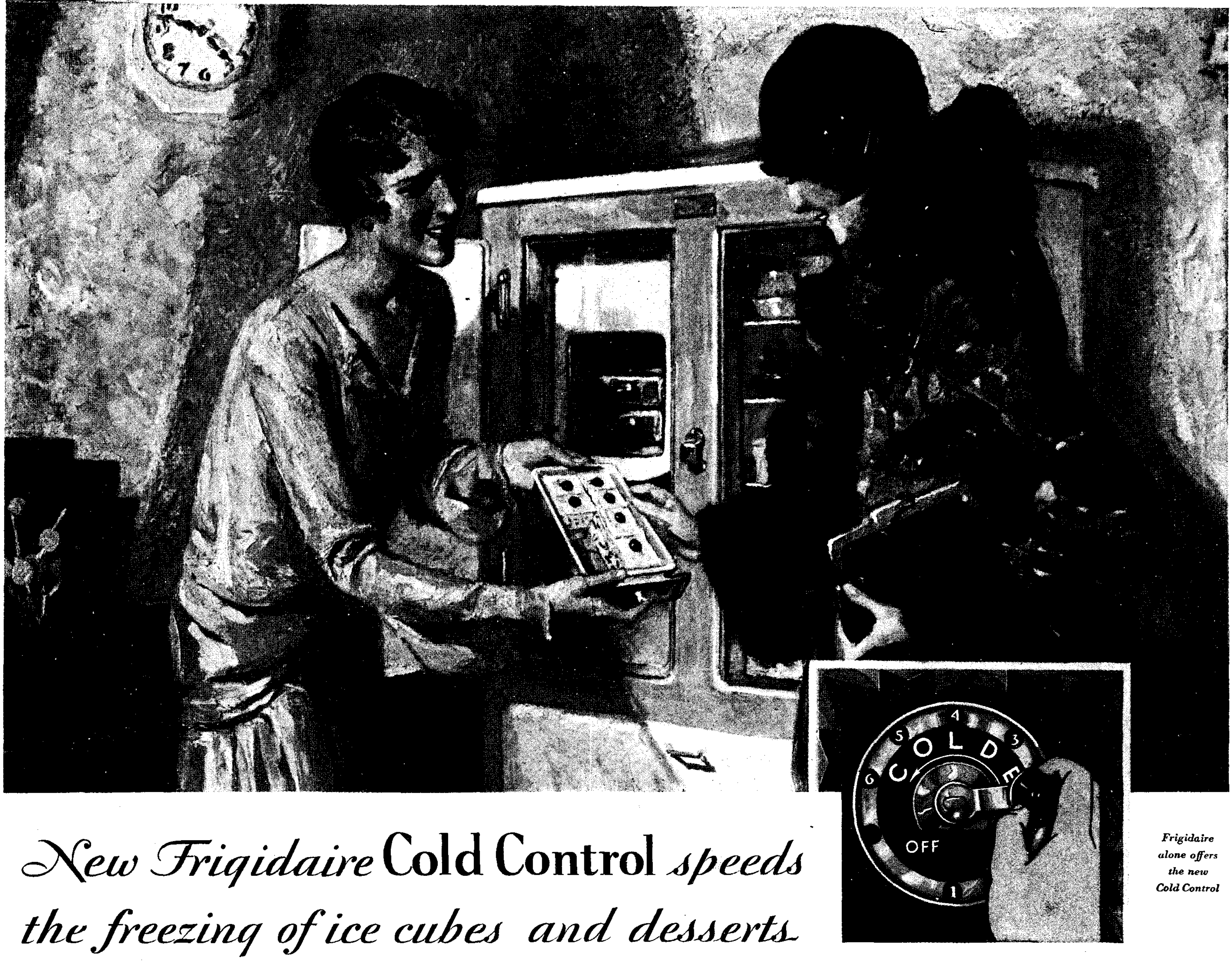
Fully enclosed, silent six-brake system
Four Houdaille hydraulic shock absorbers
Triplex shatter-proof windshield
Economy of operation
Reliability and long life

Turn it to colder *and it is!*



Frigidaire alone offers the new Cold Control

New Frigidaire Cold Control *speeds the freezing of ice cubes and desserts*

A tiny lever, turned by the movement of your finger tips, regulates the temperature of the freezing compartment of the New Frigidaire.

SIX FREEZING SPEEDS

And this is what it does. If ice cubes are needed quickly, just turn the lever to "Colder", and a generous quantity of full-sized Frigidaire cubes are frozen with even greater speed. In the freezing of desserts, this same simple device gives you control of freezing time.

The new Frigidaire Cold Control brings flexibility of operation and supplies the freezing speeds demanded by home owners.

OFFERED ONLY IN FRIGIDAIRE

This is just one of the outstanding advantages of Frigidaire. It is one of the mechanical superiorities that makes Frigidaire automatic, practical, simple and serviceable—superiorities that have made Frigidaire the choice of more buyers than all other makes of electric refrigerators combined.

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If you are one of those who have delayed the purchase of an electric refrigerator because you have felt that it was expensive, we want you to see the New Frigidaires. Quantity production has enabled us to offer new, low prices . . . and values far beyond former standards. The New Frigidaire is more beautiful, more convenient than any former models, and it is unbelievably quiet. You don't hear it start, stop, or run. The New Frigidaire can be placed anywhere. And it can be bought today on the easiest of terms.

We want you to see the New Frigidaire and find out about the new Cold Control . . . how it operates, and the added convenience it affords. We want you to learn about the new desserts that can be frozen so easily and quickly in Frigidaire.

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